

THE TREASURE OF THE FEW

Silver Screen

February



Loretta Young

MOVIE MAGIC MAKES THEM GREATER



LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them faster . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.



Now a finer Cough Drop
by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated



Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

SHE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of “Pink”

When you see that tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble—but *let him decide*. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And

usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling*. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



IPANA
Tooth Paste

*The fragrance of
her camellias intoxi-
cated his senses . . .*



*"Crush me in your arms
until the breath is gone
from my body!"*

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
Robert **LOVES**
TAYLOR

IN

CAMILLE

with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
ELIZABETH ALLAN • **JESSIE RALPH**
HENRY DANIELL • **LENORE ULRIC**
LAURA HOPE CREWS

*A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel
"La Dame aux Camélias" (Lady of the Camélias) by Alexandre
Dumas. Directed by George Cukor*



Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
EditorELIZABETH WILSON
Western EditorLENORE SAMUELS
Assistant EditorFRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	PAGE
PRIZE CONTEST <i>Fit adjectives To The Stars</i>	12
LIFE IS LIKE THAT..... <i>A New York Artist Observes The Picture Folks</i>	14
IS HE A STUFFED SHIRT?..... <i>Bob Taylor Is Put To The Test When He Visits His Home Town</i>	16
MOVIE MAGIC MAKES THEM GREATER..... <i>The Hollywood Influence</i>	18
PROJECTIONS <i>Loretta Young</i>	20
MRS. GRUNDY REGRETS..... <i>A Social Blunder Sometimes Proves An Asset</i>	22
READY FOR LOVE..... <i>Olivia de Havilland Looks Pleasantly Upon Marriage</i>	25
THE TREASURE OF THE FEW..... <i>Imagination Is A Priceless Quality</i>	26
THE LADY OF TRILLS..... <i>Lily Pons Is Gifted With The Loveliest of Voices</i>	28
THE STARS AND THEIR FLYING MACHINES..... <i>You Can't Keep A Movie Star On The Ground</i>	30
JUST "LUCKY"..... <i>Fred March Never Forgets The Time He Got The Breaks</i>	51
ON THE GRAND BANKS..... <i>Fictionization of "Captains Courageous"</i>	52

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	6
A SMART HAIR "DO"..... <i>Becoming Coiffures Of The Movie Girls</i>	8
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	10
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	13
PICTURES ON THE FIRE..... <i>Visiting The Sound Stages</i>	32
REVIEWS OF PICTURES.....	54
MENUS FOR THAT PARTY MOOD!..... <i>St. Valentine's Day Offers An Opportunity To Go Gay</i>	56
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	82
THE FINAL FLING.....	82

ART SECTION

WILLIAM POWELL..... <i>He Is The Screen's Personification Of A Gentleman</i>	35
THE FIGHT AGAINST SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS..... <i>Hollywood Trains Them To Forget About Themselves</i>	36-37
THERE IS DRAMA IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE..... <i>Where Plots Come From</i>	38-39
DANCE IF YOU WOULD HAVE A PERFECT FIGURE..... <i>A Swing Orchestra Is The Best Beauty Doctor</i>	40-41
PRELUDE TO EXCITING EVENINGS..... <i>A New Trend In Fashions That Go Places</i>	42-43
BEAUTIES OF THE SCREEN..... <i>The Loveliest Girls In Pictures</i>	44-45
THE CROWNED HEADS OF HOLLYWOOD..... <i>Every Game Has Its King Or Queen</i>	46
"OFF-STAGE SHOTS"..... <i>Out Of The Ordinary Photographs Taken On The Lots</i>	48-49
LOUD!..... <i>Checks And Plaids For The Heroes</i>	50

COVER PORTRAIT OF LORETTA YOUNG BY MARLAND STONE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Walton Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1937 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

for FEBRUARY 1937

The Opening Chorus



Joan Crawford

A Letter from Liza

DEAR BOSS:
I don't know what it is, maybe prosperity finally staggered around the corner or something, but all the movie stars are getting frightfully gay these days. You just can't count on a prima donna being prim any more. They do the most amazing things. Those beautiful Glamour Girls, who used to be quite content to stretch their chassis luxuriously over a chaise longue with yards and yards of chiffon, get awfully mad now unless the director lets them take at least one fall during the picture. As for the Wonder Boys, unless they can push around a lot of mugs and get all mussed up they won't play. Oh, I am sure nothing good will come of this!

Of course the biggest surprise was when Grace Moore, who, less than a year ago, pouted for weeks because Herr Von Sternberg asked her to milk a cow, decided to sing "Minnie the Moocher" in her newest picture, "Interlude," with gestures, yes, my dears, gestures. Wait until the Metropolitan hears about *that*.

And my poor eyes nearly popped out when I saw Joan Crawford, she who used to say, "My deah, cawn't you, really—" in the best English drawing room tradition, dancing the bumps like a wild young thing in "Love on the Run." And excellent bumps too. Imagine my horror (but delighted horror) when the debonair and suave Mr. William Powell, always so immaculate, suddenly started floundering around in the water during that elegant fishing sequence in "Libeled Lady," making himself look utterly ridiculous. Dignity be darned, said Mr. Powell. And so said Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild" as he smeared blackberries across his handsome face—yes, our Mr. Douglas who used to be so serious that you spoke to him in a whisper, when you had enough courage to speak to him at all. And Irene Dunne, who for years has been the "lady" of the screen, not only bit her finger nails in the same picture but ordered a straight whiskey and did the best slightly tight scene we've ever had on the screen.

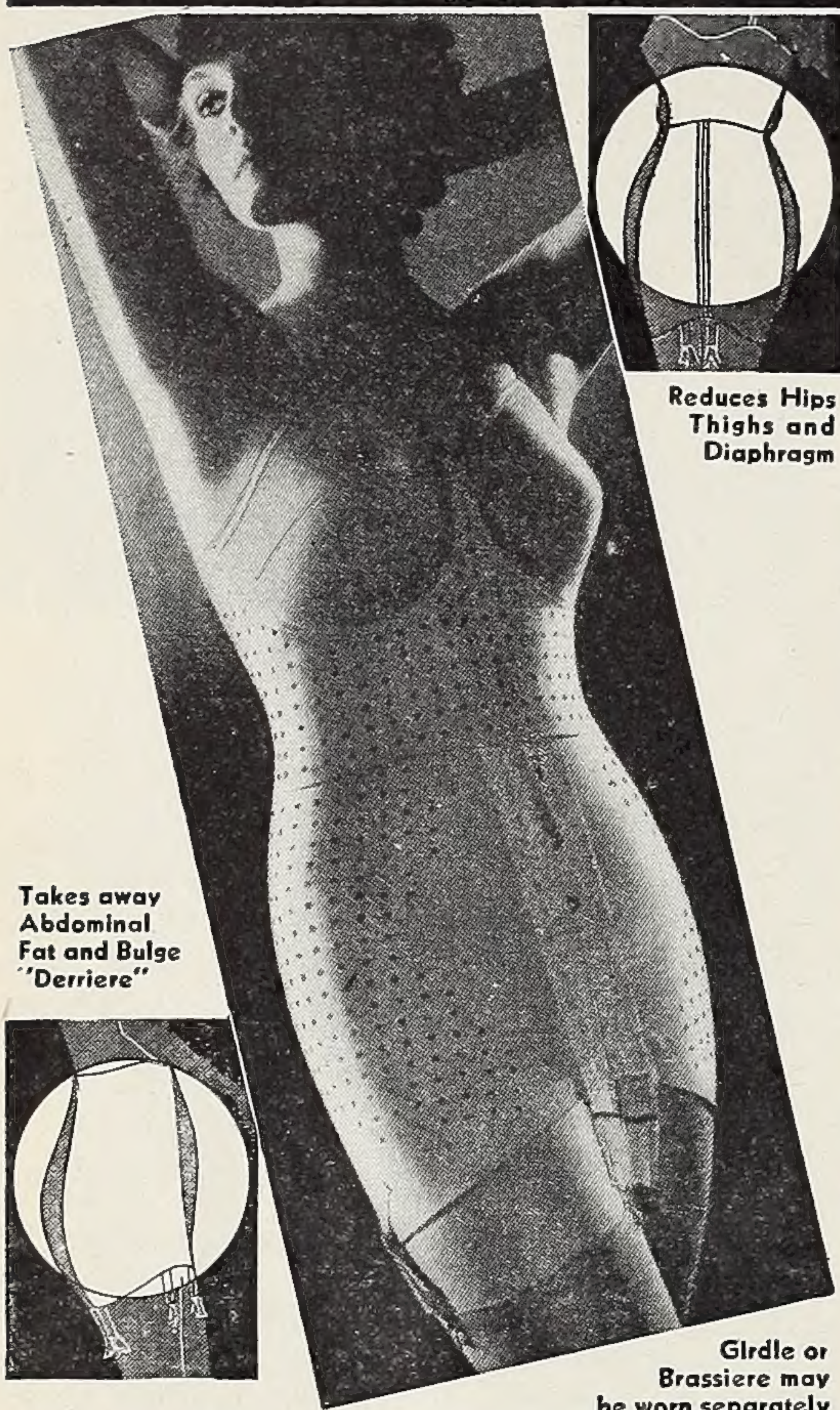
In "After the Thin Man" the charming and discreet Myrna Loy gets herself locked up in the jug, and Madge Evans in "Piccadilly Jim" takes the most divine fall of them all. . . . Madge who has been so sweet and proper.

No, nothing good will come of this I hope.

Liza

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Girdle or
Brassiere may
be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm...the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks...safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 732, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

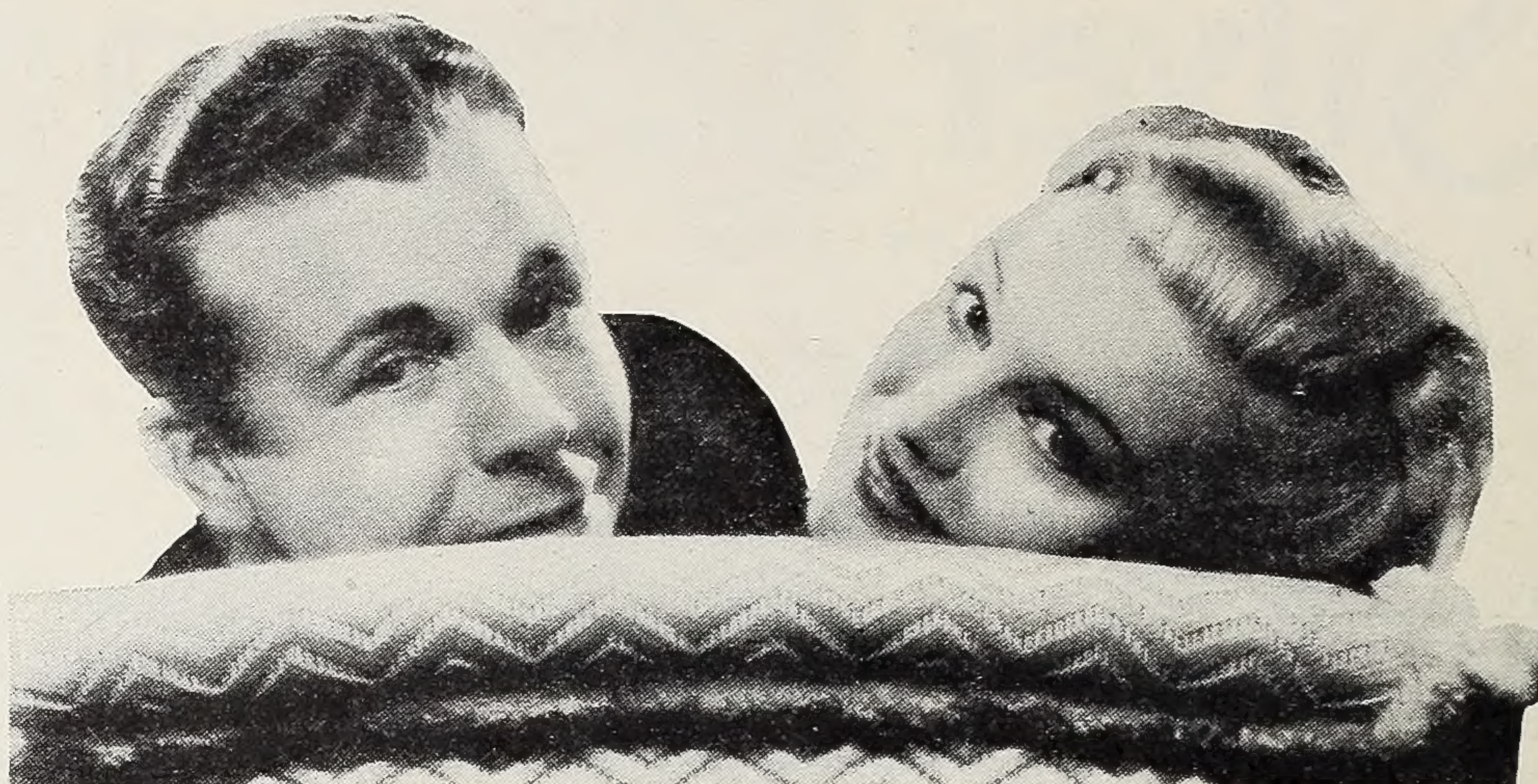
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

"You're Telling Me?"



DEAR EDITOR:

We never know what becomes of the players who once upon a time were photographed in palaces of luxury between their glorified screen appearances. Where do they go to? You tell us.

Eileen Raymond,
St. Louis, Mo.

One we can account for anyway. Gloria Swanson soon will probably be in a stage play on Broadway—"Lovers' Meeting." And we wish her good luck.

To the Editor:

I read where "The Garden of Allah" grossed \$84,200 the second week at the Music Hall in New York City. Do the people go to see the stars or to get familiar with the story from which the film is adapted, or to see the theatre?

Of course, I know the answer. They go for entertainment first of all and that means the story, background, and so on. But second, the public goes to see the players. We have seen them so often that they seem like old friends and it is a real pleasure to see them again.

That, in my inexpert opinion, is the answer to the mystery of star appeal.

Christine Webber,
Ozone Park, L. I.

You enjoy the movies in proportion to your imagination.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps here is one bit of news you do not know. As a ticket agent I hear something now and then.

Bobby Breen's next picture, "Boy Blue," may have a musical score by Oscar Strauss. At any rate, Sol Lesser, the producer, has left for Vienna on the "Normandie."

Anthony Quinn,
Tacoma, Wash.

We have had the pleasure of shaking Mr. Lesser's hand. To such men go our respect and admiration.

Dear Editor:

In the movie theatre that I go to they show double bills and some people do not like the custom. Of course it is more for

Clever Dick Powell and beautiful Madeleine Carroll are co-starred in "On The Avenue." They seem surprised. Perhaps they never before read letters that speak right out.

the money. But we still have the very much admired newsreel, so why two feature pictures?

Speak Oracle!
Ed Gallen,
San Francisco, Calif.

If you enter the theatre when a picture is half over you spoil your enjoyment of the photoplay. If there are two pictures showing and you go in during the middle of one, at least you see the other as it should be seen.

Why does Irene Dunne change to comedy? Are there no more "Back Streets" or "Magnificent Obsessions?" I have read of comedians who wanted to play the melancholy Dane. Is it true that a star who has stirred the sympathies of millions, now yearns to bring laughter to those whose lives are spent in the lonely paths of serious reality?

I thought she was a real comedienne in "Show Boat." What I want to know is this: does that show greater ability on her part or does that indicate that she has slipped a bit?

Roy Jones,
New Orleans, La.

Anyone can be serious, in fact we are, but it takes a gifted artist to command your laughter.

Dear Mister Editor:

I have been a frequent visitor to the movie theatres and right now, because of the many simultaneous parachute jumpers that I saw in a news shot in Russia, I can visualize how an army can be placed in an enemy country to burn the cities and do damage. Also, because of "Lloyds of London," I know an old English coffee house as though I had travelled abroad in a previous century. I learned about "Into the Valley of Death" from Errol Flynn's "Charge of the Light Brigade." "Mutiny on the Bounty" taught me the exciting story of Pitcairn Island, and my respect for Dr. Pasteur is a fixed part of my beliefs. (Now I know what pasteurized means.)

Louise Babcock,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Thanks for your letter. You show how the movies have really advanced.

Write A Letter To This Page. Say What You
Think, Provoke Discussion, Proclaim Your Beliefs.

SILVER SCREEN

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style



The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"



S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys



Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number



Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

A Paramount Picture with

Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda

Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank

Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . . Veloz and Yolanda

SYLVIA SIDNEY

in her most dramatic role!



The **HIDDEN POWER**

... A great story by
JOSEPH CONRAD ...
masterly direction by
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
of "39 Steps" fame ...
a brilliant cast with
SYLVIA SIDNEY
OSCAR HOMOLKA
JOHN LODER and
DESMOND TESTER

**A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT
NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS**

Coming to your favorite theatre

A  *Production*

*Sylvia Sidney through the courtesy of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.

A SMART HAIR "DO"



Girls Who Are Photographed
Every Day Wear Coiffures
That Are Becoming.

By Mary Lee



From the center part moulded curls are brushed back from either side of Madge Evans' face, giving an upward sweeping effect, while the back is curled in even double rows, giving a halo effect.

WE'D like to give Hollywood the credit it deserves for bringing common sense back to hair styles. All through these years when elaborate hair styles have been coming over from Paris, the stars have just gone ahead and worn their hair the way they wanted to and in arrangements they know are becoming to them. Most of them have lovely, well-groomed hair to start with, and the way they wear it is surprisingly simple. Now the newest American hair styles stress simplicity, naturalness and arrangements that will show off the beauty of the hair itself. Orchids to Hollywood for bringing this about, say we!

The hair that frames the classic face of Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, is arranged so simply any girl could do her own the same way. Yet the hairdress Madge wears in the pictures on this page is newest of the new!

That "inverted curl" brushed up from each of Madge's ears is one of fashion's latest wrinkles. And those two soft rolls in back are as smart as they are easy to arrange. The center part is getting more and more popular. Note the smoothness on top and the absence of formal waves.

For gay, formal evenings, Madge wears more curls. She keeps the straight center part, with elongated ringlets in an interesting arrangement around her face—another version of the "inverted curl." And she wears a row of straight up-and-down curls across the back of her head.

In the new hair styles, waves are conspicuously lacking. When they are used, they're only incidental to the rest of the hairdress. Curls and swirls and soft rolls take first place. Hair is done so it can be mussed up (by you or somebody else) and then brushed back into place with the greatest of ease. Personally, we have no regrets when we say adieu to those set waves and tiny formal ringlets that needed frequent repairs at a beauty shop and a net to keep them in place overnight.

On their way back to naturalness, hair styles have taken some very radical changes in their stride. For instance, there's the high-in-front vogue, with curls or rolls or puffs rising up from your forehead. It's still smart to show your forehead, if you have a good one. However, the curled up kind of bangs and little ringlets across your forehead are good style. Show your ears, entirely or in part.

Bobs are both long and short. If you wear your hair short in back, the smartest arrangement is a swirl brushed up from a side-part. You can do more interesting things with your hair, though, if you have two or three inches at the back of your neck to play with. The important thing about a long bob is to have the ends cut unevenly so they will stay in curl.

One of the latest innovations is an ear-to-ear part all the way across the top of your head. This is used when you want to bring hair forward to arrange it in ringlets over your forehead or those uprising rolls or curls. For instance, we saw a hairdress using an ear-to-ear part where one continuous soft roll outlined the forehead and was carried all the way around the head, low in back. The girl's hair was absolutely smooth inside the circle.

Slanting parts at the back of one's head are smart, too. And some of the new coiffures seem to change the entire shape of your head. There's one that makes your head look triangular. One large curl at the center front is turned forward so its tip lightly brushes your forehead. This is bal-

SILVER SCREEN

anced by two large rolls, starting from a soft brushed-up effect over your ears and extending diagonally down the back to meet a slanting part at the neck-line.

These new hair styles may sound complicated because they're so different from the ones we've been wearing. But actually, they're much easier to arrange and keep neat than the formal waves and many ringlets. It's hard to set good waves yourself, but it's easy to make loose curls and rolls.

The "inverted curl" is the secret for making these new hair arrangements look soft, smooth and natural. You make inverted curls by winding the coil inward toward the scalp instead of outward toward the face as it's usually been done.

Personally, we find bobby pins ideal for making these curls. You simply take a strand of hair, dampen it with warm water and smooth it out with your comb. Then wind it around into a little coil and stick in your bobby pin so it will hold the coil flat against your head.

Then when your hair's dry, comb or brush the curls over your finger to make them any size or shape you want. You can make them go sidewise or up-and-down or diagonally according to the angle at which you hold your finger. Or you can comb several together into a long roll.

One of the biggest advantages of these new hair styles is that the more you brush the better! Brushing is good for everybody's hair. And it will make those loose waves or rolls smoother and shinier and better inclined to snap back into place.

Unless you're blessed with naturally curly hair, a good permanent wave is the foundation of a successful coiffure. I mean by "good" a wave that is just right for your hair, neither too much nor too little. You simply can't have kinks this year. Know what kind of a permanent wave you are getting and be sure the pads and lotion used are the ones supplied by the manufacturer of the machine. And, unless you're sure the operator knows your hair, it's wise to insist upon a test curl.

Don't let any operator tell you that all fine hair is alike and proceed to wave it accordingly. There are two types of fine hair, one which waves very easily and one that takes more heat. Neither is all coarse hair alike when it comes to permanent waves. A good operator can tell by feeling your hair what type it is and how it should be waved, but a test curl is the best insurance.

PERMANENT WAVING *Now Robbed~*

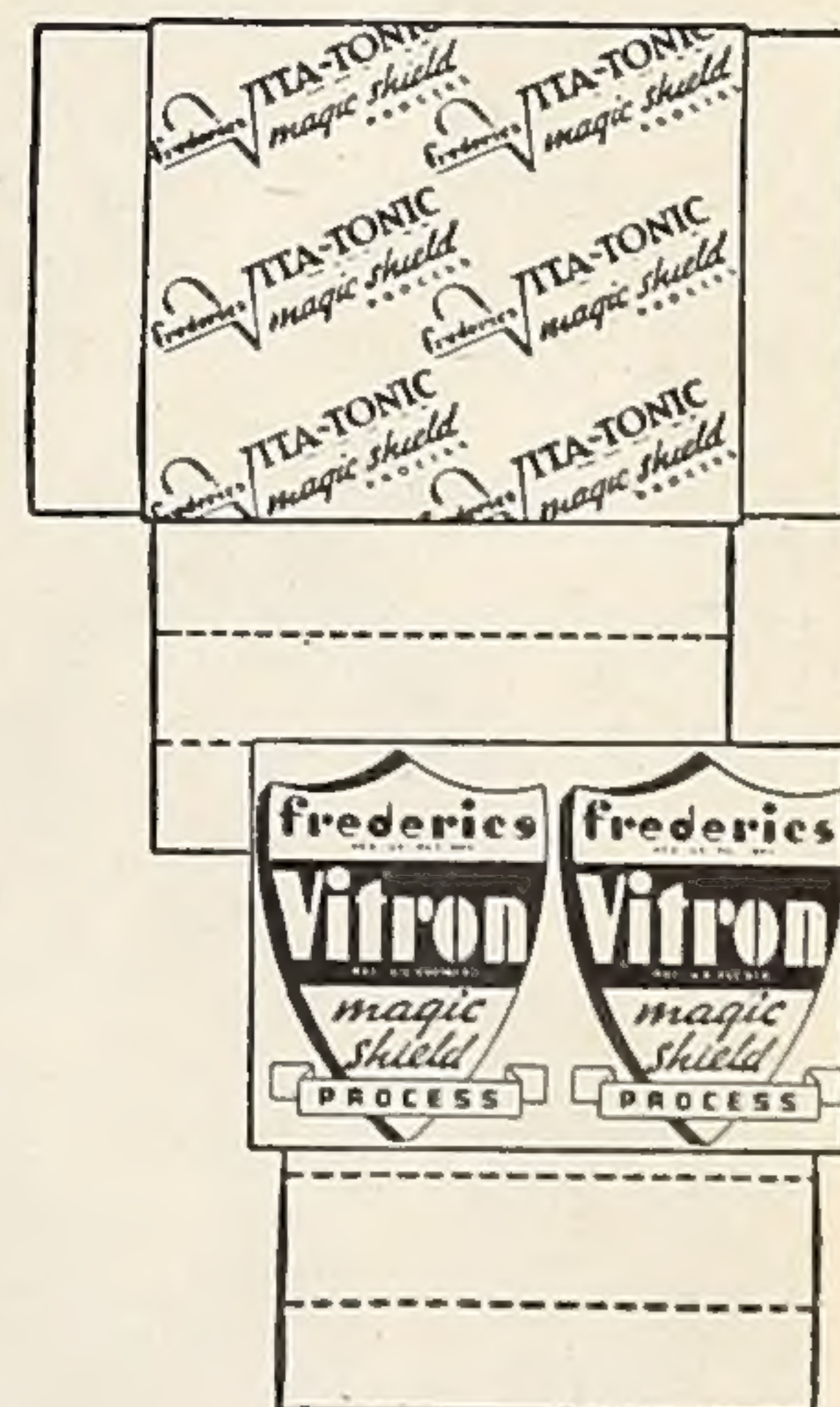


OF ALL ITS **TERRORS**

AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT USES NO HARMFUL CHEMICAL HEAT—NO INTENSE ELECTRICAL HEAT—NO HAIR-PULLING WIRES

FOR YEARS women have shrunk from the terrors of Chemical Heat—from the discomforts of electrical machines with heavy hair-pulling gadgets. But all this is a nightmare of the past. Frederics Wireless Wave has robbed permanent waving of all its terrors. Today, feather-light, pre-heated aluminum wavers are put on to cool off—not heat up. Quickly — magically — comfortably — your straight hair is coaxed into beautiful, soft, lustrous waves—so alluring—so enduring and so easy to manage that you will think you really have naturally curly hair.

Send your name and address to E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City and we will rush you the names of Frederics Franchise Shopowners in your neighborhood who are qualified and equipped to give the new Frederics Wireless Permanent.



Make certain that Frederics Vita-Tonic or Vitron Magic Shield are used on your hair when getting a Frederics Wireless Permanent (see illustrations above). Avoid substitutes. Sample wrapper, for identification, will be sent *Free*.

New Titles For NEW PICTURES

- "Help Wanted Female" (Jean Arthur)
has been changed to.....
"More Than A Secretary"
- "The Depths Below" (Dolores Del Rio)
has been changed to.....
"Devil's Playground"
- "Peach Edition" (Michael Whalen)
has been changed to.....
"Woman Wise"
- "No Hard Feelings" (Glenda Farrell)
has been changed to "Smart Blonde"
- "Justice After Dark" (Ann Dvorak)
has been changed to.....
"Midnight Court"

frederics
VITA-TONIC and VITRON
WIRELESS
Permanent Waves

E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. 9A89
235-247 East 45th St.
New York City

Kindly send me a list of salons in my neighborhood who give Frederics Wireless Permanents.

Name.....

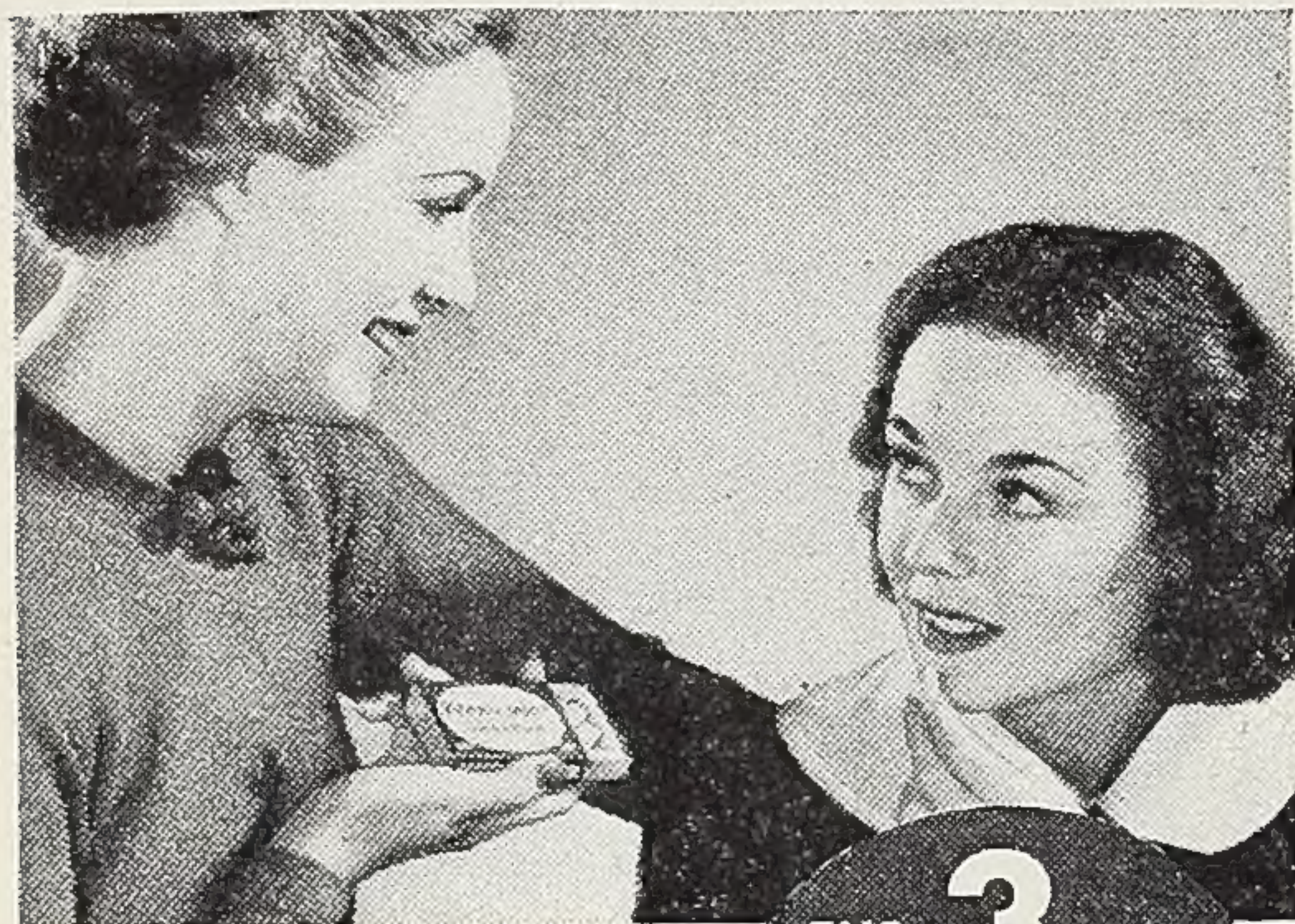
Address.....

City.....State.....

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

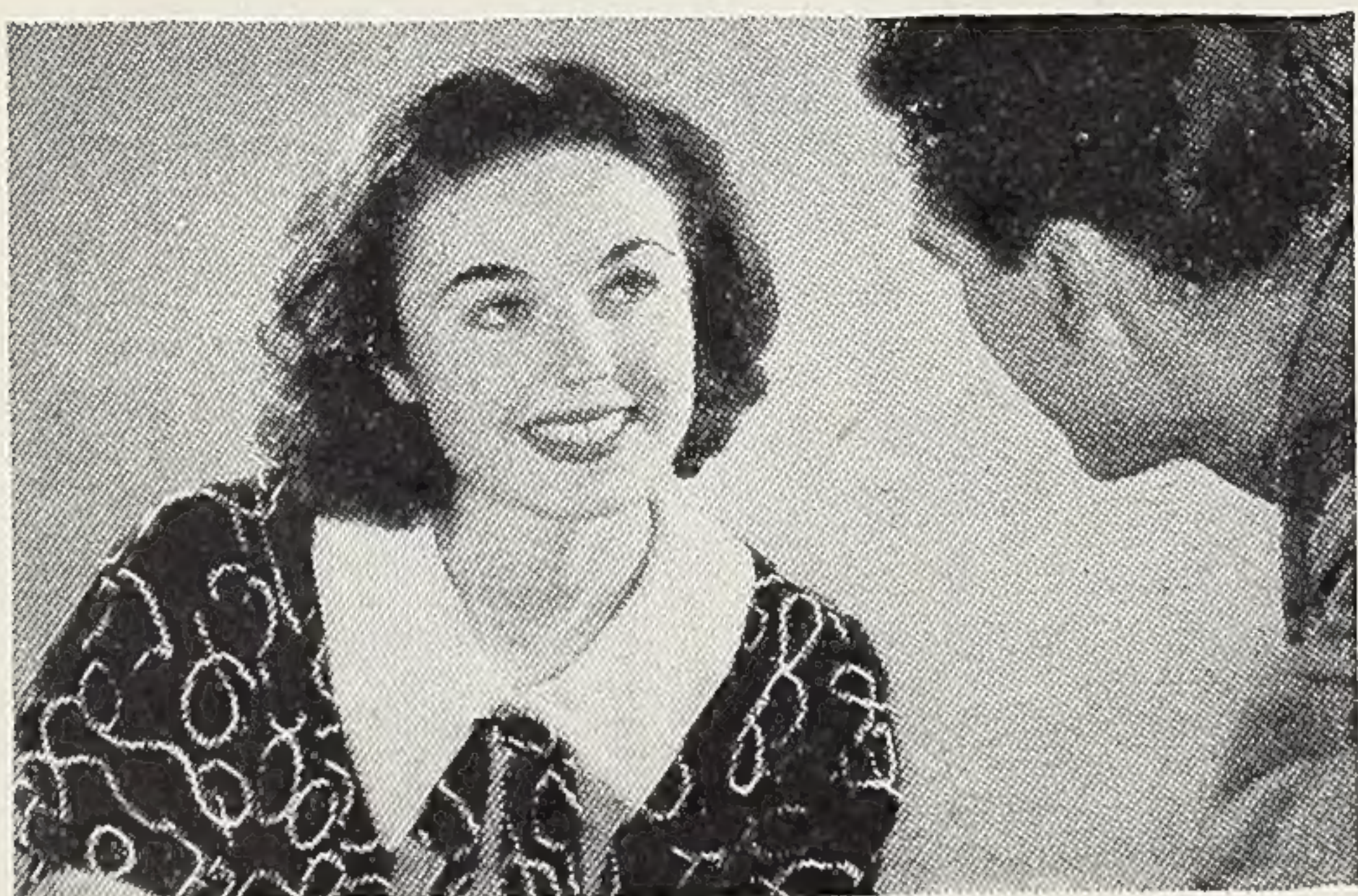


● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

THE **3**
MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference

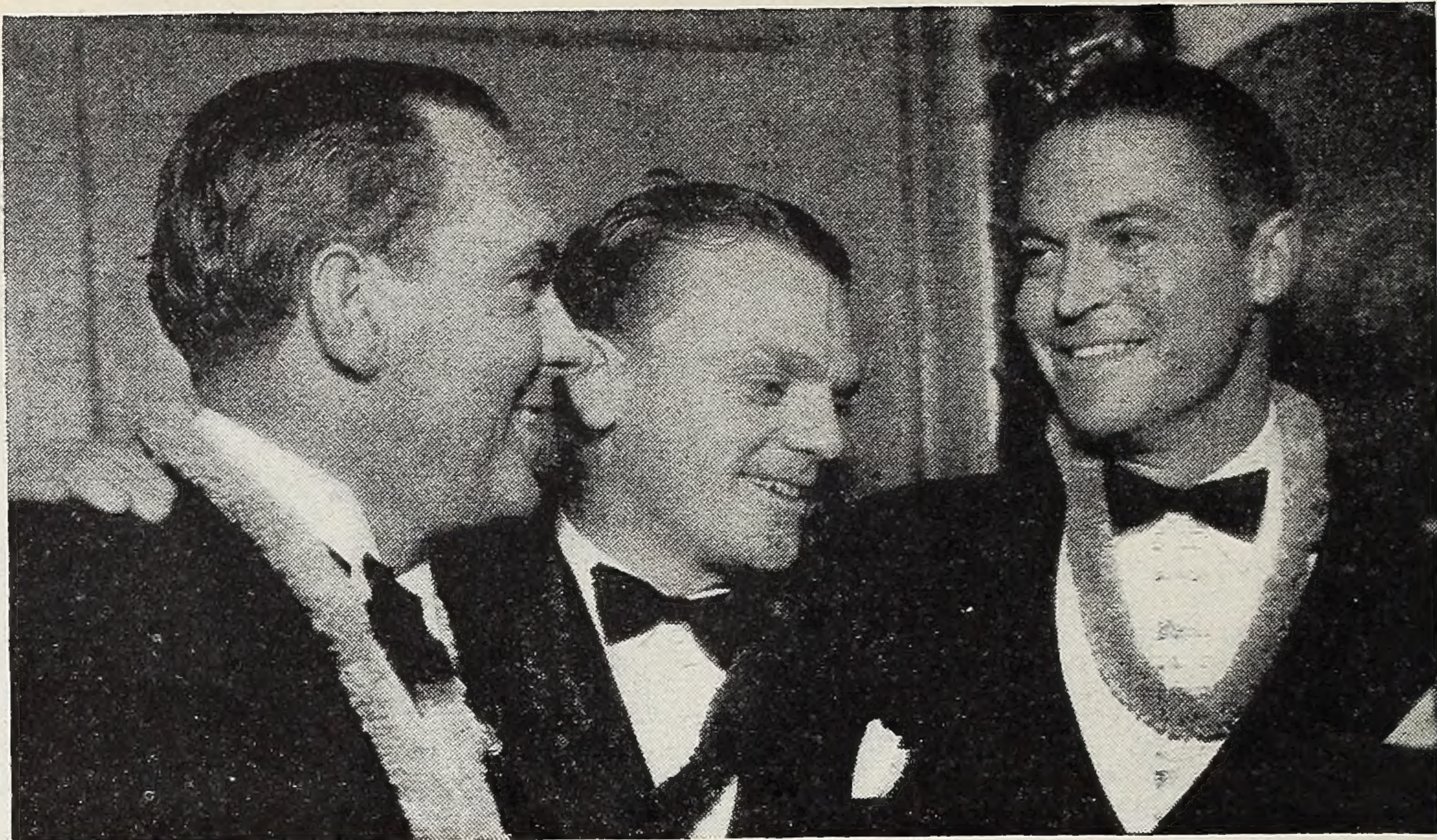


● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.



Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.



TIPS ON PICTURES

Reviews in Brief

BORN TO DANCE—Fine. An elaborate musical with, of all things, a plot that is actually amusing, and a cast that does it justice. Eleanor Powell is the *premiere danseuse*, aided by Buddy Ebsen, and Sid Silvers, Una Merkel and Jimmy Stewart provide plenty of comedy.

CAREER WOMAN—Fine. A satire of the law courts, contrasting the trickery of city courts with the bigotry and prejudice of those in small communities. (Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen, Isabel Jewell, Gene Lockhart.)

COME AND GET IT—Splendid. An entertaining film adapted from Edna Ferber's story of the timber business in Northern Wisconsin and what it did for, and to, Barney Glasgow who rose from lumberjack to a position of great power and wealth in the industry. Edward Arnold is superb as Barney and Walter Brennan and Frances Farmer turn in admirable performances.

COUNTERFEIT LADY—Fair. Interesting film fare for a dual program. It tells the story of Ralph Bellamy, a detective, who poses as a jewel thief in order to protect a large jewelry insurance company. Joan Perry is the romantic lure.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—Fine. Taken from the stage hit, "Personal Appearance," this farce concerning a moronic motion picture star is red meat for Mae West. Helping along the riotous plot are Randolph Scott, Warren William, Isabel Jewell, Lyle Talbot, etc.

GREAT O'MALLEY—Interesting. The story of a New York cop who believes in carrying out the law's precepts to the letter of the word, thereby causing much heartache among the unfortunate. A demotion convinces him that justice without mercy is not justice at all. (Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Sybil Jason.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Good. The locale is Shanghai and we have a round mixture of melodrama and comedy when Philip Reed, a song and dance man, is mistaken for Evelyn Venable's long-lost sweetheart. He carries thru the pretense, thereby aiding her when she and her father are threatened by conspirators.

JUNGLE PRINCESS, THE—Good. All loyal supporters of the various Tarzan films will enjoy this. Instead of a boy growing up alone in the African jungle, with animals for playmates, we find a girl growing up in similar fashion in the Malay jungle. (Dorothy Lamour.)

LLOYDS OF LONDON—Excellent. A skillfully woven fiction idea is blended with the actual story of the founding of the famous English insurance house in the 18th century. Lord Nelson's unexpected victory at Trafalgar provides one of the most dramatic incidents. (Tyrone Power, Madeleine Carroll, Freddie Bartholomew.)

LOVE ON THE RUN—Fair. All about a rich American heiress (Joan Crawford) who runs out on her marriage to a fortune-hunting nobleman and hops off to the continent with Clark Gable, not knowing that he is a hated reporter. Franchot Tone, another reporter, complicates matters still further.

(Above) Pat O'Brien and James Cagney at the Tin Wedding Anniversary Party of Sue and Chet Morris. Sue says, "A rolling stone gathers no morris."

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Fine. An airy romantic comedy featuring Jean Arthur and George Brent in their respective jobs as head of a secretarial school and physical culture magazine health fadist. An ace-high supporting cast is headed by Ruth Donnelly, Lionel Stander and Reginald Denny.

MAD HOLIDAY—Amusing. Another carbon copy of the "Thin Man" type of mystery, with Edmund Lowe and Elissa Landi quite delightful in their respective roles of blasé movie star and a writer who are confronted with a mysterious murder while on a sea trip.

PIGSKIN PARADE—Fine. A football picture that is kidded hilariously and will not bore you even if you don't know a touchdown from a forward pass. (Jack Haley, Patsy Kelley, Stu Erwin and Arline Judge.)

REMBRANDT—Excellent. A well-knit biography of the famous 17th century Dutch portrait painter, Rembrandt van Rijn, beautifully photographed and produced, and with Charles Laughton playing the lead to perfection. (Gertrude Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester.)

REUNION—Fair. This is not nearly as enjoyable as the first film exploiting those marvelous Quins. The film is taken up by so many highly sentimentalized plots and counter-plots that the children are seen all too little. (Jean Hersholt, Helen Vinson, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen, Rochelle Hudson, Slim Summerville.)

SMART BLONDE—Fair. A wise-cracking mystery film with Glenda Farrell cast as a reporter who spends most of her time following Detective Barton MacLane around hunting clues, during which time each tries to outwit the other.

SONG OF THE GRINGO—Fair. The new Westerns are as full of lilting songs sung by the romantic cowboys as they once were full of wild chases over hill and dale in search of the dead-eyed villain. Perhaps the kids would relish a return to the old formula. They prefer excitement to romance. (Tex Ritter-Joan Woodbury.)

THEODORA GOES WILD—Excellent. A smartly-paced comedy about a small-town novelist with inhibitions who suddenly blossoms into such a helter-skelter modernist that she amazes her comparatively staid New York publishers. (Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas.)

WHITE HUNTER—So-so. The somewhat familiar story of the jilted Englishman who finds solace in the African jungle, only to be disturbed by a visit from the woman who did him wrong, accompanied by her husband and daughter. He repays her by falling in love with her daughter. Recognize the plot? (Warner Baxter, Gail Patrick, June Lang.)

WINTERSET—Excellent. A beautifully produced and superbly acted film, but because the theme is sombre in the extreme, dealing with the vindication, sixteen years later, of a man electrocuted for murder, it will not appeal to a large audience. (Burgess Meredith-Margo.)

SILVER SCREEN



JAMES MELTON

★
THE

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Lyrics

—Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a screamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.



PATRICIA ELLIS

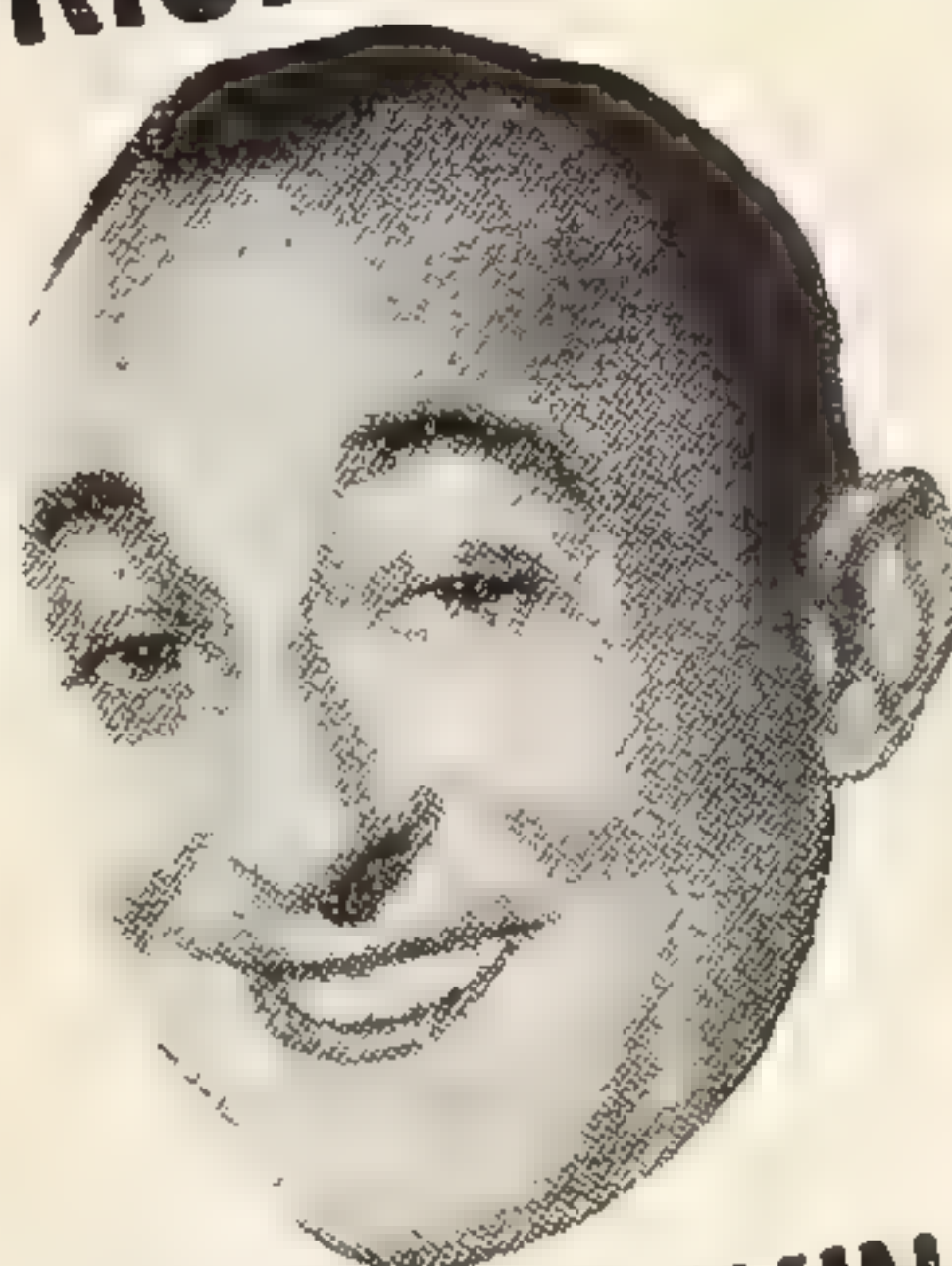
★



ZASU PITTS

Laughter

—It's like a holiday in a mad-house—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!



ALLEN JENKINS

Lunatics

—Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.



HUGH HERBERT

Love

—Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."



WALTER CATLETT

★

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"

★

Plus These Other Stars—

NAT PENDLETON

ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—

"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"

"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"

Lyrics and Music by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN

A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture

★

Directed by RAYMOND ENRIGHT

★

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

Warner Bros.



FIT AN ADJECTIVE TO THESE STARS



Shirley Temple



Claudette Colbert

Select The Words That Seem To
You To Describe The Players Best.



Irene Dunne

THE producers and the fan writers of Hollywood more or less agree on the question:

"What does each star mean to the public?"

Now we want to hear from the public itself, and in order to fire you with ambition, certain prizes will be given to the persons who label the stars most perfectly.

LABEL THE PLAYERS

What adjectives in your opinion best describes these stars?

For example: There are players who are well known for the apparent sincerity that they give to their rôles. Others are "Exotic" or "Smart" or "Comical" or "Beautiful" or "Subtle" or "Aristocratic," or perhaps none of these.

WHAT WORD DOES EACH SUGGEST?

The stars play in picture after picture, in rôles of all kinds, yet always there is one certain kind of part that seems to best come within the peculiar characteristics of their skill. Perhaps they are sparkling or vivid. Maybe they are sympathetic or menacing. Think over the parts in which you have seen them and then think up the word that most suitably describes each player.

PROMPT REWARDS

The contest prizes will be sent to the winners soon after the contest

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

First Prize—For the ten best adjectives	\$10.00
Second Prize—For the ten adjectives judged second in merit	5.00
Twenty-five Third Prizes—For the next best selection of adjectives	1.00

closes; that is early in January.

Fill in the adjectives in the spaces on the coupon so that the word is in the space with the name of the actress whom the word describes.

HOW THEY VARY

Some girls are particularly good in parts requiring the glamor and style of radiant beauties, and other stars have made themselves known for their skillful portrayals of characters marked with tragedy. Select the word that defines the outstanding quality revealed on the screen.

CRITICIZE IF YOU WISH

If, in your opinion, the star fails to create any convincing character qualifications, then she is commonplace or unsympathetic. Have no hesitancy in criticizing these players if you feel that anyone of them has fallen short.

CONDITIONS

1. The prizes will be awarded for the adjectives which in the opinion of the judges most perfectly fit the stars.
2. All entries must be in the mail not later than February 5th, 1937.
3. The adjectives must be entered on the coupon below and neatness will be considered.
4. In case of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded to the tying contestants.
5. Employees of this company or their families are not eligible to enter this contest.



Ginger Rogers



Greta Garbo



Mae West



Myrna Loy



Katharine Hepburn

Shirley Temple
Irene Dunne
Joan Crawford
Joan Blondell
Claudette Colbert
Ginger Rogers
Greta Garbo
Mae West
Myrna Loy
Katharine Hepburn

Contest Editor, Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

When awarding the prizes please consider the adjectives which I have placed on this coupon.

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(CITY AND STATE)

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

SPENCER TRACY had to have the hairdresser use the curling iron on his hair twice a day during the early sequences of "Captains Courageous"—then it was once a day for awhile—and now he doesn't need the curling irons at all and is frightened stiff that the curl won't come out.

IF YOU are interested in Bob Taylor's personal habits—and I just bet you are—he drinks twenty cups of coffee a day. And he won't touch milk.

ONE of the most embarrassing moments in Myrna Loy's life occurred the other afternoon when she was visiting her new house in Cold Water Canyon and got stuck in the mud on the new road in front of the house. They had to get a mule team to pull her and the car out—and, of course, just as the mules were pulling, some tourists arrived. Myrna hopes they didn't have candid cameras.

Which reminds us of the ritzy premiere that Marlene Dietrich and Joe von Sternberg once attended at the Chinese in Joe's spiffy Rolls. With all of Hollywood looking on, and dozens of stars yammering for their cars, Joe's Rolls broke right down in front of the theatre and wouldn't budge an inch. A taxi had to push Miss Dietrich out of the way.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, who collects celebrities like some people collect stamps, became very palsy with the eccentric Gertrude Stein while she was in Europe this past fall. Miss Stein claims that Miriam taught her the art of make-up and that the next time she visits America she is going to show the newsreel boys a thing or two.

The most fun Miriam says that she had on her recent European tour was when she tried to get back into England after a visit to France. She lost her passport and the immigration officials were all for establishing her identity as a spy. "When I told them I was Miriam Hopkins, screen star," said Miriam with a laugh, "they didn't seem at all interested. In fact they told me that they had never heard of Miriam Hopkins, screen star. I guess they told me."

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Gene Raymond have announced that their wedding will take place June 17th in Holly-

for February 1937



In harmony with St. Valentine's Day. Tala Birell in the arms of Walter Pidgeon in a scene from "She's Dangerous."

at a terrific salary.

Leland Heyward, her newest husband, also happens to be her agent, and is one of the richest agents in Hollywood. Katharine Hepburn is his biggest client and, as you probably remember, he was rumored married to

wood, probably at a church. After the ceremony they expect to take a honeymoon in Honolulu. They don't want one of these off-to-Yuma marriages where they have to go back to the studio to work the next day. And June the 17th seems to be the earliest that they can both get away from their studios at the same time.

TAKING no chance on a thief's breaking in while she is away from her Hollywood home, Eleanor Powell has put her hundred tap dancing slippers in a vault in a local bank.

WHAT Elinor Glynn once called IT Sam Goldwyn now calls "habit-forming personality." He considers that Robert Taylor and Merle Oberon are habit-forming personalities and he is determined to discover several new habit-forming personalities this year. With "Come and Get It" he precipitated Frances Farmer, practically an unknown, right into stardom, but, unfortunately for Mr. Goldwyn, Frances happened to be under contract to another studio which will reap the rewards. And, like many another producer, right now Goldwyn is looking to the New York stage and night clubs for those new personalities.

FROM actor to director to agent—yes, we might say that little Maggie Sullivan has just about run the gamut of the theatre in her marriages. Henry Fonda, her first, has become one of Hollywood's most popular leading men. Since he directed her in "The Good Fairy" William Wyler, husband number 2, has gone from good to best as a director and is now so hot that Sam Goldwyn has him on a long-term contract

her all of last year—they were always getting on and off planes together. Well, it's kind of nice to have Maggie settled again for a while anyway. She was always about to remarry Henry Fonda or Willie Wyler, and it was all very disconcerting to the columnists.

JANET GAYNOR did an impersonation of Simone Simon in "A Star is Born" that's so perfect it probably will be taken out of the film before you see it. By the way, that's one of the popular pastimes in Hollywood now, imitating Simone Simon. But Janet's is the best. Connie Bennett's is the second best. Well, those two girls ought to be good, they made a picture with her not so long ago.

ANOTHER hot romance that's sizzling plenty at the Clover Club and Trocadero these nights is that of Gertrude Niesen and Craig Reynolds. Gertrude, who has been acclaimed by many (including Mr. O. O. McIntyre) as the best of the torch singers has been signed on a Universal contract by way of the "Follies" and New York swank night clubs. You'll be seeing her soon in "Top of the Town." When Gertrude sings, nothing else really matters. It's that good.

ACCORDING to Travis Banton, he who makes Dream Girls out of the Paramount stars, those little peaked caps that have been so smart this past fall and early winter have just about seen their day. The new hats, says Travis, are big, broad-brimmed, shallow-crowned affairs which depend entirely upon the ability of the wearer to adjust them smartly. Of the twenty-five hats that Carole Lombard wears in her new picture, "Swing High, Swing Low," only one of them has an illusion of height.

At the "Troc" some sit and think, some sit and drink and some just sit.



LIFE IS LIKE THAT

In Hollywood a New York Artist
Observes The Curious Picture Folks

Written and Illustrated by
Oscar Howard

YOU want to know all about Hollywood?

That's an order. Unless one has been there since the first custard pie was thrown, what does one know about it? I, myself, only spent a few months out there, on the fringe of things.

I know how you feel about the place. A real life Cinderella story occurs every day. From the small town to riches and fame in one jump. The court royal of the country—the dreamland of half the world.

I don't know anything about it, but I will tell all. Did you ever wonder why all these actors and writers and such come back wailing and cursing about the place? They have been paid for whatever they did, more money than they ever expected to collect in a lifetime. But they scream that the place is mad. It's dull. The incessant sunlight gets 'em.

I remembered that line when I drove up to a traffic cop, in boots and slicker, standing thigh deep in running water and a blinding rain by the Santa Anita race track. He waved me away from my route to Hollywood, down which ran a brown torrent. Cars were turned and stalled in all directions and the stump of a tree was moving in checks and rushes down the centre of the stream. I had to go through Los Angeles. That is like driving on the Boston Post Road through Stamford, Conn., forever and ever and ever. It rained for two weeks and then the weather got back to normal.

"What's that like?" I don't know. I went to Miss Irene Dunne's house with her press agent to make a portrait sketch. When we arrived she was undergoing publicity. A camera crew was taking a home life picture of Miss Dunne playing with her police dog in the garden. She was standing under an orange tree. Golden fruit gleamed above her. A mocking bird sang in the branches. By the way, did anyone ever tell you that there are three pairs of



Walter Abel goes to Victorville to rest between pictures and in the languorous Green Spot Cafe he relaxes with the cattlemen's daughters.

mocking birds in every Hollywood door yard. That they sing all day and all night? The beautiful lady was wearing a heavy tweed suit. The man at the crank of the camera had on a heavy winter overcoat with his collar turned up around his ears. One of his helpers was in a plain shirt and pants, his collar undone, his sleeves rolled up. Another wore a heavy flannel shirt and a leather coat suitable for hunting in the mountains. There was also a fat man in a blue polo shirt and white pants. Make a sketch of that and you arrive at a perfect what-is-wrong-with-this picture. Was it winter, summer, warm or cool? Every one was comfortable as far as I know.

When the camera crew had packed and gone, Miss Dunne was a most gracious and accommodating model for me. As I left, a girl was beginning to interview her for some fan magazine. The actress had just finished a long, hard spell of work in a picture, she was supposed to be enjoying a day off. For all I know she wanted some peace and privacy, but to all of us she had been amiable and unhurried.

The press agent said such days were a small part of a star's

troubles. According to him, most of them were overcharged for everything, by everybody. They were afflicted by lawsuits for imagined or exaggerated damages. They were forced to resist disturbing and pitiful appeals from unfortunates, each of whom had no idea that their particular letter added but one more to an incessant stream of such requests for help. They were continually peered at and asked for autographs at inconvenient moments. If they showed a normal irritation the public, the press and their publicity departments resented it and reminded them it was a part of the job for which they were well paid.

"What sort of places do the motion picture people live in?" They live all around and all over Hollywood from magnificent houses with



swimming pools and gardens to little apartments on the side streets where the construction is so thin that the sound of a telephone bell may mean they are wanted in their room or that someone is trying to date a girl three houses down the street. The life seems to be precarious, most of them rent until they are long established and very successful. Then they buy, or build, from Santa Monica, along the coast, to Laguna, some ninety miles toward San Diego. Or they live up canyons in the mountains, where nothing but cactus and brush and naked hill-sides surround their garden wall. Rabbits, gophers, little plumed quail and now and then a rattlesnake live alongside. They have to twist their cars like a spinning pretzel to climb the quick curves to their garage doors. At night they look down on the appalling acreage of lights along the streets of Hollywood, Culver City, Los Angeles. Searchlights swing around the sky on particular occasions, as if there were an air raid.

Once it was the idea of a theatre impresario to turn toward the sky a battery of searchlights indicating that he was putting on the premier of a picture. Now they are also used to celebrate the opening of a new delicatessen on one of the big boulevards.

There is a lot of the old Spanish fiesta spirit loose around Hollywood, crossed with publicity. It is slightly mad and full of whims. For instance, a recent rumor has it that while blondes were once all the rage brunettes are now being done. The girls' hair must be parted in the middle. It's the influence of Mrs. Simpson. That makes sense in the cinema world.

We were trying to tell you where they live. Every yard and street in Hollywood is lined with strange trees. Once this locality was a desert, growing a crop of low scrubby brush and the aforementioned rattlesnakes. Now all you have to do is to turn on water at regular intervals and most of the plants and bushes of the world will grow. Spring blossoms and Autumn flowers in bloom at the same time. Consequently Park Avenue types of apartment houses, like the Chateau Elysee, rise from rows of date palms and are surrounded by flowering trees from only-the-gardener-knows what tropical lands. The more luxurious hotels have outlying bungalow apartments in beautiful gardens, where handsome young men who work for the pictures can return home from dancing and be lulled to rest by singing tree frogs, the doves calling in the dawn and the sound of nodding blossoms.

E. H. Griffith, the director, has a house at Laguna in a ravine, seventy feet above a blue-green, foam-laced, private cove of the Pacific ocean. Sometimes a seal swims around to look up at his terrace. Brown pelicans fly past the opening between his cliffs. Beyond them is the blue Pacific, all the way to China. He gets enough peace there to be able to direct four lady stars in one picture called "Ladies in Love" without bloodshed.

"—Do you always see all these famous people around?" Do you always catch fish? You can watch the Polo at the Uplifters or the Riviera Club and never see a star in the bleachers or on the field. No one wants to have an expensive pony roll on a valuable actor in the middle of a costly picture. Some of the boys can't play if they are working, but next week they may be out there both a-horse and a-foot.

There may be a whole mob of famous and optically familiar faces during lunch or dinner at the Brown Derby, Sardi's, the Vendome, the Trocadero. Also, you can go there and peer about in the way at least three tables full of tourists will be doing and see no recognizable actor or actress. The accompanying sketch made in the Trocadero cocktail room contains some fair portraits of what was before me.

The funny looking bird brooding in the foreground may have been a merchant from Michigan or a great producer for all I know. Brood is all he did while he was there. He held a throbbing brain and nervous system together with various poses of his hands and spoke no word to the gal friend. I have a hunch that man on the far left was an actor. He was there with his sister for all I know. The blonde and her boy friend at the bar may or may not have been in pictures. Someone told me that one of the men standing at the left-hand end of the bar was an agent making more from the movies than any star because he got a percentage of their salaries from several of the highest paid actors and actresses.

The other sketch was made in a cafe around the corner on Vine Street. The lad who was with me, and who devises those short pictures that make you want to go to next week's attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre, knew most of Hollywood. He said the blonde might have been a dancer or a visitor or a local gal. The men were musicians or lion tamers as far as he knew.

People don't dress up much in Hollywood. You would want your evening clothes if you left that cocktail room at the Trocadero to go upstairs, [Continued on page 76]

The cafes are filled with men and cuties—mostly tourists.

Irene Dunne and the erratic camera crew. The strange costumes are in harmony with Hollywood weather.



IS HE A STUFFED SHIRT?

Bob Taylor Is Put To
The Test When He
Visits His Home
Town.

By
Muriel
Babcock



of a front page editorial printed the day he left, in the home town paper, *The Beatrice Sun*. It says:

"Has it gone to his head? This was the first question in the minds of many who thronged the streets to wave and shout a welcome to the returning hero. . . .

"He had not slept for twenty-four hours. He returned the cries of welcome with shouts of greeting. He appeared twice at the theatre and recalled his previous appearances on the same stage, quietly, modestly. He talked in Junior High School, and recalled that he was in one of the first classes to meet in that building. He was tired. But he had dinner with old friends, met others at a reception, mingled with the crowd at the dance, chatted, talked with hundreds until long after midnight. And he called it one of the fullest days of his life. He did not want to waste a minute of it.

"The many who talked with him were almost of one opinion—Robert Taylor, in Beatrice at any rate—is still Arlington Brugh. It has not gone to his head. He has lost much of the shyness Beatrice once knew. The constant glare of the limelight would do that to anyone. He has acquired a trace of the professional air. Two years spent before the camera have made him an experienced professional actor. But underneath he is the same. Hearing the original song of welcome by the legion quartet, a deep blush broke through all sleek exteriors. The doubters smiled and were glad they had been wrong. This opinion was heard a hundred times: 'The boy has not lost his balance.'"

I think that editorial is really one of the most wonderful things that has hap-

(Above) An informal snapshot of Bob in Hollywood, where life is easy and the prospects good. (Below) Saying good-bye at the plane that took him to his old home.

IS BOB TAYLOR a stuffed shirt? Has Hollywood and the adoration of thousands of women gone to the head of the kid who was brought up simply in the Middle West prairie country?

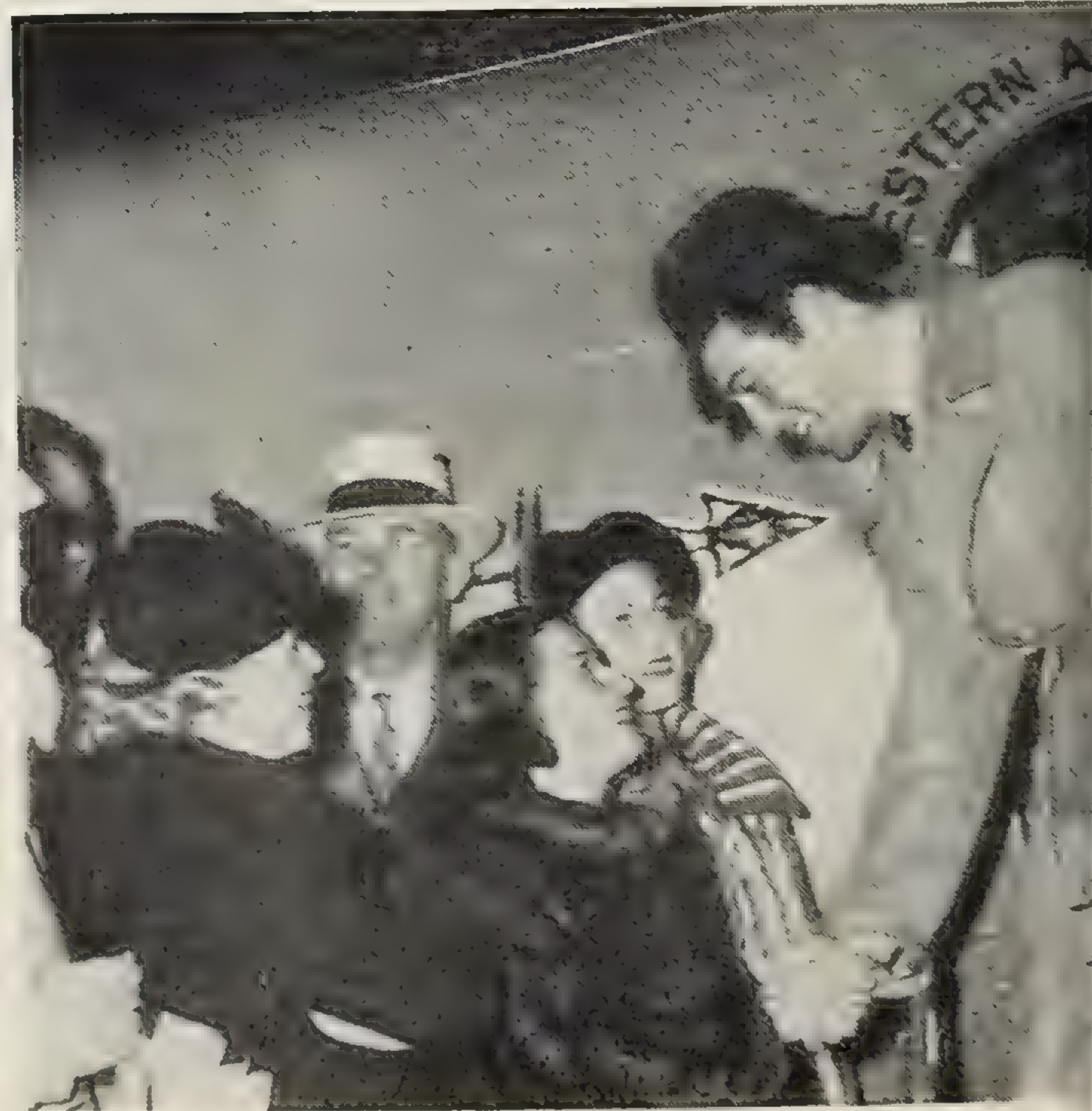
That's the question Beatrice, Nebraska, the home town, was asking about Bob until recently. They remembered that his dad, the doctor, was a pretty regular sort of a guy, that his mother was well liked and that as a kid Bob used to toe the mark. But what had happened to him in Hollywood? Had his three-year sleigh ride to fame and to a Rudolph Valentino-Romeo reputation swollen the upper cranial regions of young Arlington Brugh?

Had he gone high hat or tailor's dummy? Certainly they expected some of the hay seed had been combed out of his hair and that he would have some new suits of clothes. They'd even heard he'd given his mother a diamond bracelet—but what about Bob, himself. What kind of a fellow was he? Could Nebraska be proud of him as a man?

And so Bob went home and took the

acid test from those who knew him "when." It was an epochal trip. Schools closed, stores closed, seven bands turned out. Whistles blew and bells rang. All work and all play stopped for the welcome. Bob was put in an open touring car and driven Lindbergh-fashion through the town to bow and wave to his friends. Undergraduates of Doane College, where Bob once studied, put on a serpentine parade two miles long. The National Guard had to be called out to help the police!

But of that, more details later. The most important and the most interesting thing was the way Bob answered by his demeanor, once and for all, the question which all Nebraska had been asking—"Has Bob Taylor Turned Into a Stuffed Shirt?" You want to know the answer? All right, here it is in the form



SILVER SCREEN

pened or will happen to Bob in a lifetime. It stands squarely on its own feet and talks for itself.

If Bob had turned out a swell-head, if he had gone prancing into Nebraska with condescending airs, if he had talked foolishly about all the beautiful women in Hollywood who paid him court, if he had done any one of a number of things he might have done, those Nebraskans would have had his number instantly.

For somehow, out in the Middle West, particularly in the prairie country where the winters are bleak and where life is not only real but pretty earnest and your very existence depends upon what the farmers get for their corn and wheat this year, you get down to fundamentals. You can spot tailors' dummies and slickers a mile off; you can spot insincerity and pomp and false pride in a second.

So they looked at Bob and they decided Dr. Brugh's boy had come home and he was still a nice guy. Ye-ah, a reigning Romeo who had made a lot of money, more power to him, but he was their Bob Taylor, wasn't he?

I don't think Bob realized he was up against such a severe and thorough-going scrutiny by the home folks when he went back to Beatrice on this visit, ostensibly to help his grandma, Mrs. Eva Stanhope, celebrate her 80th birthday. He realized that folks would be looking him over, watching him, but I don't believe it entered his head that he was suspected of having turned into a stuffed shirt. He was just going back home where he'd been brought up. His reception floored him.

For example, when I talked to him on the plane going back to Hollywood the next morning and asked how he felt, he said:

"Gosh, those are the greatest people in the world. They are my home town folks. I love 'em. I'd like to go back there and live. They were wonderful to me."

There's a world of significance in those words: "They were wonderful to me." The

Nebraska folks thought Bob had been wonderful to them, Bob thought they had been wonderful to him. That's mutual liking and respect.

How do I know all about this reception Bob received. Well, I had my personal ear-splitting echoes of the cheering. (And from what I heard I wouldn't be surprised if they are still yelling and clamoring for Bob back in Nebraska.) Aboard a United

[Continued on page 58]



A pompous pose for the sake of the character.



(Above) Working with Garbo makes anyone feel important. (Right) An old snapshot of the hero as boy scout Paul Revere.



When Nebraska played Missouri Bob Taylor escorted Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Spiv Eyth, and the cheering stadium did not upset him a bit.



The Players Who Are Called To Hollywood Find There A New And More Remarkable Self.

By Ed Sullivan

SKETCHES BY
JAMES TREMBATH



MOVIE MAGIC MAKES THEM GREATER



Spencer Tracy
reached pictures by
way of the stage.

MARGARET SULLAVAN'S personal triumph in the Broadway play, "Stage Door," is a personal triumph for the oft-maligned motion picture industry, but the movies, instead of bragging about this complete vindication of Coast training methods, have completely overlooked the opportunity to take credit for it. Let's look at the record, as a lately-discredited statesman was wont to remark. The record shows that in 1933 Margaret Sullivan played supporting parts in two Broadway stage plays, "Chrysalis" and "Bad Manners." These two shows played a total of 31 performances, and she was thrown out of work and into Hollywood.

Now, and here is the important part—for the next three years, Margaret Sullivan

remained in Hollywood, before the cameras, and in 1936, she not only returned to Broadway stages as a full-fledged star, but every dramatic critic pointed out in their reviews that her picture work had given her greater authority as an actress. This is not the verdict of one critic, or two, but every single critic who saw the opening night of "Stage Door" agreed that in the three years spent away from Broadway, Margaret Sullivan had learned to act better than she'd ever known how to act before.

Hollywood should have seized upon this admission immediately and thrown their hats in the air. For years, the Coast has been told that if it were not for the New York stage, Hollywood would be bankrupt of talent. But the case of Margaret Sullivan is a repudiation of all these assertions, for the Margaret Sullivan who left Broadway in 1933 was just a fair young actress; the girl who returned after three years in Hollywood was a fine star. It is the most important and grudging admission the diehards of the legitimate stage ever have made, and I say that the Coast should ring the bells and drive home the point for all the world to hear. Hollywood as a training ground for the Broadway theatre is a completion of the cycle, an unheard-of thing that would have been laughed out of countenance years ago. But it has happened, with a vengeance. For the movies "made" Margaret Sullivan, gave her better diction, greater facility of gesture, greater authority in delivering her lines, and then sent her back to the stage as a finished illustration of the soundness of movie direction and technical instruction in the art of acting.

It is the movie's turn to laugh now, and the last laugh is reputedly the heartiest. Remember what the drama critics said when Katharine Hepburn, after her moving picture success, returned to the Broadway stage and flopped in "The Lake?" In case

you have forgotten, the critics seized upon the Hepburn performance, and held it up as an illustration of how Hollywood methods ruined a promising young actress. The legitimate theatre supporters raised up their eyes to Thespis, and invoked all manner of dire maledictions on the movies which could do such a thing. Their complaints were not without foundation. Miss Hepburn, unlike Miss Sullivan, was made a movie star overnight. Miss Hepburn, who had much to learn, was denied the opportunity because she was immediately recognized as a box-office personality, and thus was vaulted into the star brackets. When she came back to Broadway, she actually knew little more about acting than when she left. "The Lake" proved it, just as "Stage Door" proved that Margaret Sullivan's less spectacular progress through Hollywood had taught her much.

And while we are on the subject of what Hollywood has done for Margaret Sullivan, let us consider what the Coast has done for the Ritz Brothers and the Yacht Club Boys. These were just two night club acts on Broadway. Hollywood lifted them out of minor classification and made them internationally famous. The Ritz Brothers didn't mean a thing to the so-called astute New York managers. I tried, for almost a year, because I was convinced they were able comics, to get them placed in a Broadway night club or show, without success. They played with me whenever I took one of my acts into vaudeville, but apart from those occasions, they had difficulty in getting employment, apart from their winter engagements in Florida. The movies took the Ritz Brothers, and with rare perception of their talent, made them the comedy toast of the country in



The studios are alive with experts who criticize, rehearse, discover and develop the players. Patsy Kelly is a fine comedienne now, due to the discernment of Hollywood.



The helpful Hollywood system brought out talents in Katharine Hepburn that before had been unsuspected.

"Sing, Baby Sing."

The movies took Humphrey Bogart, earning a fair salary in the Broadway showshops, and made him a featured player, quick. The movies took Brian Donlevy, who floundered about in a dozen bad Broadway shows, characterized him as a bad man and got more out of him, in one picture, than Broadway managers had been able to visualize in five seasons. Patsy Kelly, kicked around the Broadway musical comedy stage for seasons, went to Hollywood and emerges now as a fine comedienne, thanks to the manner in which Coast directors cast her. Fredric March, fired from a Lew Fields show because he was too clumsy, became a polished actor on the Hollywood lots. Broadway managers couldn't visualize Clark Gable in anything more important than the road companies of New York successes; the movies spotted him at once as a matinee idol and converted the Broadway second-stringer into a national idol.

Bill Frawley, Sid Silvers, Lynne Overman, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, John Beal—each of these can get down on his or her knees nightly and thank God for the Kleig lights that outlined their talents so that two continents might observe them. Broadway ignored Frawley for seasons, considered Silvers nothing more than a man-in-the-box for Phil Baker, thumbed down Overman as all washed-up, paid Ginger Rogers scant attention, was vaguely aware that Alice Faye was a George White Scandals

chorine, and called on John Beal only when they needed an actor to play an adolescent part.

Mae West, reduced to producing her odd plays in out-of-the-way Broadway playhouses, played a small role in a George Raft picture, and so alert were the movie-makers, that, in her next picture, she was a star. Broadway saw her around for years, and never detected the spark that Hollywood was quick to detect. Irene Dunne was rated an excellent singer around Broadway, good enough to get into a Ziegfeld operetta,



The stage career of Clark Gable was never startling, but his screen successes have won praise for him and credit to all the studio wonder-workers.



One of the discoveries of the picture studios was Lynne Overman's genius for comedy.

but the Coast took one look at her and headed her for stardom. The Coast treatment of Spencer Tracy, Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Leo Carrillo, Fred Astaire, Paul Muni, Jim Cagney, Joan Blondell and Eleanor Powell was so sensitive that each of these became great box-office names be-
[Continued on page 60]

PROJECT

LORETTA

WHEN Loretta Young appears on a studio set all the cameramen take a deep sigh of relief and shout "Clap hands, here comes Loretta." She may be a problem child to her family, and to her producer, but to the photographic department and to the Westmore Brothers, those merry make-up men of Hollywood, she presents no problems at all.

Loretta is considered the best "camera subject" in pictures because she photographs well from any angle. Slender, young, with beautiful blue gray eyes heavily fringed by her own lashes you can well imagine what a treat she is to the sore eyes, and nerves, of the cameramen who have just finished a stormy session with a Movie Queen who is fast approaching forty, admits to twenty-six, and wants to scamper around on the screen like a coy sixteen.

Yes, when Loretta comes on a set the cameraman delightedly removes the gauze from the lens of his camera (some of your best friends are photographed through layers and layers of gauze—and even a bit of burlap occasionally) and the Westmore Brothers remove their purplish make-up which has a way of making slipping chins, spreading noses and bagging eyes get into place, and an air of general relaxation pervades the entire stage. No heated arguments over "sides," "lights," and "angles." The boys call her "that pretty creature," and she calls them each by name, and it's all gay fiesta time on the Young pictures until Loretta is handed a page of script which makes her look undignified . . . then come the fireworks!

For Loretta, like most extremely young and sensitive people, has a perfect horror of appearing undignified. Ask Loretta to "take a fall" in a picture and you're asking for trouble. Ask her to read lines that belittle screen acting as a profession and you've got an erupting Vesuvius on your hands. Oh, don't get me wrong, you can tease Loretta and you can play jokes on her, she really has a grand sense of humor,

engaged, calls for her of an evening to take her to dinner, he says, "Are you going to be the beautiful Movie Star this evening, or are you going to be clever?" And the guest in the Young home is constantly commenting upon the resemblance of little twelve-year-old Georgianna to her celebrated sister. "Mercy child," they say, thinking to please her, "when you grow up you're going to look exactly like Loretta." "With that nose?" groans Georgianna, "I hope not!" Poor Loretta. With millions of women only too eager to give their eye teeth just to look a teensy weensy (Whimsy-Pooh is here) bit like the glamorous Miss

but you must never do anything on screen or off to make her look undignified. She just can't bear to be humiliated. It's dignity above all with Loretta. So what happens—so her family and best friends never spare her anything.

When Eddie Sutherland, the young director to whom she is rumored

Young her own adored little sister goes into a sulk for hours when reminded of the resemblance. What a world.

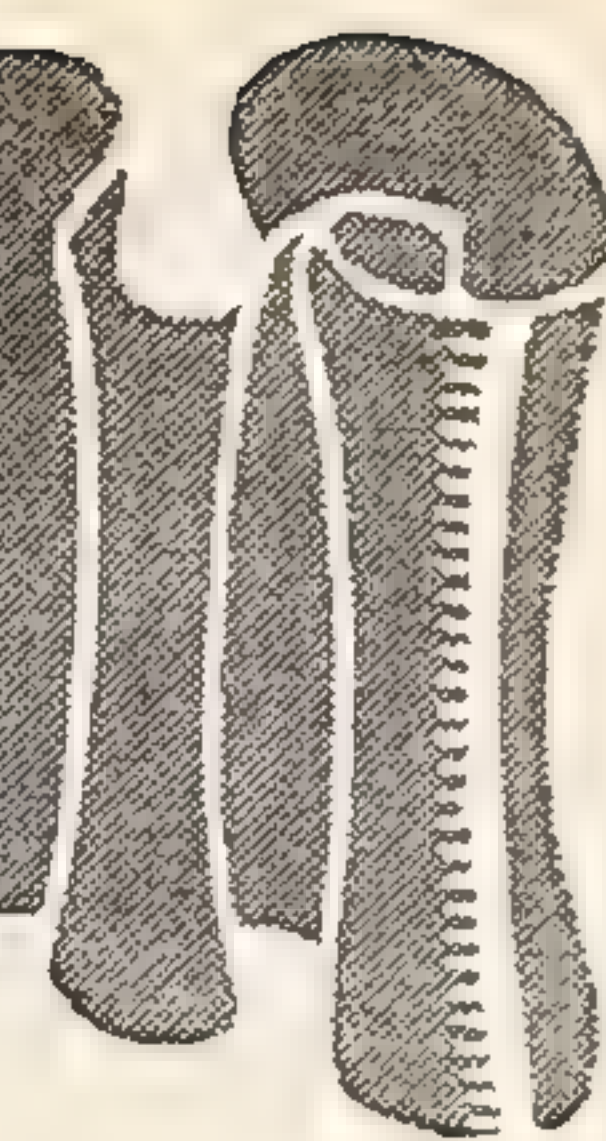
"Well, I've done all right with my nose," snapped Loretta once during one of these family arguments (and I'll say she has; just take a look at the Young estate in Bel-Air.) "Yes," conceded Georgianna, "but it wasn't your nose that got you where you are—it was your ability." And Loretta still can't decide whether it was a compliment or not.

After a temperamental outburst at the family dinner table, and there's nothing like a hard day at the studio to bring on a dash of temperament, Loretta will retire with great astral dignity to her bedroom only to find a poor old worn out star, frayed and tattered at the edges, pinned to her bedroom door. And, of course, Loretta will never forget the evening she was being the glamorous and gracious Movie Queen to a certain young man on whom she wished to make an impression, and was succeeding quite well too, when who should pop into the room but one of



ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson



YOUNG

like it or not—and she a married woman by that time too! Mrs. Grant Withers with a tutor! Mrs. Grant Withers learning the capitals of the states! How mortifying.

southern California climate, and how ideal it would be for children. So, one fine morning, Aunt Collie drove down to the station in Los Angeles to meet her sister from Utah. As the Union Pacific pulled in she noticed a poor little woman at a window, harassed and begrimed, and with four howling children dragging at her skirts. "Poor little woman," said Aunt Collie, "what a nightmare it must be for her to have to travel with four children."

Well, of course the poor little woman turned out to be her own sister, and the bawling kiddies her nieces and nephew. Mrs. Young's brother-in-law was business manager for Eric Von Stroheim, a big shot director in those days, and just to help the family fortunes along, and they certainly needed a bit of helping, he would get his three pretty little nieces parts in pictures during their va-

Acme



International News

her sisters with a picture of Loretta taken at the advanced age of six months, prone and naked on a bear skin rug. There is nothing so mortifying to Loretta as that baby picture. She has tried every way possible to get hold of it in order to tear it in a thousand pieces, but the Youngs keep it dangling over her head like the sword of Damocles. Just let Loretta get on her dignity around them!

Ever since she was a child, Loretta has had this awful horror of being caught off her dignity. The most humiliating experience of her life occurred at the famous Cocoanut Grove when she was only thirteen. She and a young boy from her dancing class were doing an exhibition dance there one night for a charity benefit, and the boy in the excitement of the occasion twirled Loretta one too many twirls and landed her right in the fish pond—and there she lay for all of thirty seconds with her feet in the air and a gold fish in her hair. And the nasty people laughed—oh how they laughed—and oh how Loretta hated them. It was nine months before she would go near the Cocoanut Grove again. And even now she shies away from fish ponds.

Loretta went into the movies to get out of going to school, which is as good a reason as any I know for going into the movies. She disliked school intensely, she wanted to be a dancer, and she was certain that the dressing table would be of much greater importance in her life than the multiplication table. And Loretta was right. Of course the crowning indignity of it all was that as soon as she signed a contract the studio furnished her with a tutor, and a tutor she had up until the age of eighteen,

(Above) Sally Blane, Mrs. Young, and Polly Ann with Loretta in the garden of her home. (Right) Eddie Sutherland quite happily escorts Loretta to a picture premiere.

And how very undignified. But Loretta was to learn at an early age that you have to face the banal facts of life even though you are a movie star with a telephone number salary.

It was exactly nineteen years ago that twenty-six-year-old Mrs. Young and her four beautiful children, Polly Ann, Betty Jane, Gretchen and Jackie, descended upon Hollywood. The family had been living in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was there that Gretchen, who later became our Loretta, was born January 6, 1913, on Hollywood Avenue—which was very fitting and might have given Mrs. Young the idea of moving to Hollywood, but it didn't. What did give her the idea was "hard times."

Mr. Young was an auditor with a railroad, and there wasn't much money, and the country was at war with Germany, and four growing, hungry children are no cinch in war time. Mrs. Young had sisters in Los Angeles and Hollywood who were constantly writing her about the marvelous



cations. If you looked real fast you saw all three sisters playing native dancing girls in "The Sheik" starring Rudolph Valentino. Mrs. Young thought it was extremely kind and sweet of the studios to give money to little Polly Ann, Betty Jane, and Gretchen, and she was very, very grateful—which makes her as different from other Hollywood mothers as day is from night.

That first year in Hollywood, when

[Continued on page 68]

A Social Blunder Sometimes Reveals The Unexpected Charm Of A Personality.

EMILY POST-ISH as Hollywood can be when she sets her mind to it, she seems to feel that she has come to the time when, like any other aristocrat, she can if she wishes break a rule or two of etiquette and not only get away with it, but make folks like it!

She figures that often customs are more honored in the breach than in the observance, and sometimes matters turn out better for a little breaching than for too much observing.

Romance often results from some little breach of etiquette, as everybody knows.

Take Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, for instance.

Jackie had been wanting to meet Betty for a long time, but somehow fate had been against them. Then, when he saw her on a Catalina-bound boat with her dad, he took the bull by the well known horns. Dancing was going on, and Jackie saw a lad making for Betty, but he managed deftly to push him aside without seeming to be rude, and, bowing in apology, approached the lady of his admiration.

"Won't you dance this with me?" he asked breathlessly, as he saw the other lad arriving. Betty looked into Jackie's honest brown eyes, said, "Oh, you're Jackie Coogan, aren't you?" and was whirled away on his arm.

That lately married couple, Ross Alexander and Anne Nagle, will always be glad that Ross committed a faux pas one day in the dining room at Warners Brothers Studio, for it was then their romance began.

Ann was lunching in the Green Room, a private dining room reserved for important film folk, when Ross came in. They had never met. The only available seat was at Anne's small table. Ross sat down opposite Anne, without introducing himself or asking permission, and Anne didn't like it a bit.

"That seat is taken," she informed him crisply.

"Oh, I beg your



When Chester Morris oversteps the rules of behavior it is just to save someone's feelings.

MRS. GRUNDY



pardon," Ross said, and departed to the common dining room. But, somehow, he couldn't forget Anne's saucy, pretty face. Presently he returned with Errol Flynn, and Errol introduced him formally to Anne, first asking her permission.

"Now may I sit down?" he asked. She had to smile and say yes.

Two weeks later they were married.

One of the fine and tender romances of Hollywood, lasting through marriage and the years, is that between Warner Baxter and his wife, the former actress, Winifred Bryson, and it all began with what Baxter believed at the time was a flirtation!

Their meeting occurred at the old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles, when

Warner, just having been given a reading by Oliver Morosco, was standing in the lobby. He hadn't eaten for two days, and looked pale and gaunt. But he wasn't too weak to note a beautiful face, and Winnie was beautiful. She was gazing at him interestedly, so much so that he took heart to speak to her without an introduction. She was kind. And was he thrilled later to find her on the stage, and a member of the Morosco company! He thought he had made a big impression, but the fact was Winifred was merely feeling sorry for him, he looked

(Upper left) Joan Bennett, whose sparkle and loveliness help her rise above the rules of etiquette. (Above) Glenda Farrell helps along every party with her spontaneous gaiety. (Left) Dolores Del Rio is no stickler for rules. Her "Social Graces" are instinctive.



By
Grace Kingsley

REGRETS

so thin! She told him afterward, when, pity having turned to love, she promised to marry him.

And everybody knows, of course, how Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond met on a host's doorstep as they were going to a party. What they don't know, perhaps, is that Gene picked up a rose that Jeanette dropped from her corsage that night, and still has it.

The first corsage Tommy Beck sent to Anita Louise resulted in a faux pas. For, instead of the corsage, there arrived at Anita's house a huge horseshoe of roses, with the donor's name.

Anita searched and searched for another card, and finally found one bearing the words: "Congratulations to the Bliss Bakery on its opening!"

She laughed and laughed, and the ice was broken between the young people more effectually than it could have been had the right bouquet arrived, especially as Anita had the horseshoe prominently displayed, to the abashed amusement of Tommy when he finally arrived. But Anita was tactful, and took some of the flowers from the horseshoe to wear.

Glenda Farrell and Craig Reynolds met in an odd way, and through a breach of etiquette on Craig's part became friends.

"We met in the ante-room of an official's office at a studio," recounts Glenda. "An agent introduced us, and I liked Craig's



A screen player like Richard Dix cares little for the conventions, but a great deal for his friends.



The vivacious Joan Blondell learned from hundreds of audiences the value of charm. (Left) In frills and furbelows, Josephine Hutchinson smiles upon a friendly world.

looks. But he sat down, took out his cigarette case, and proceeded to smoke without offering me one and without a word. This piqued me, and I started talking to him. I didn't care about the cigarette, for I don't smoke, but I thought he might have offered me one anyway.

"I found him interesting in his talk. Next evening he phoned to

ask if he might call on me. It was sudden, but I said yes, and he told me that night, when I rallied him for being rude about the cigarette, that he had been so flustered at meeting me that he forgot the formalities. Which, of course, whether true or not, would cause any woman to forgive him."

One of the warmest friendships in Hollywood is that between Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon. And it began in an inadvertent slip (literal and figurative) made by Miss Oberon.

It was at the Mayfair party, and Merle, wearing a long lace gown, tripped on it, and fell headlong on the dance floor. Norma Shearer was one of the wittesses. When Merle, all confusion, passed Norma's table, Miss Shearer smiled sympathetically. Later they met in the dressing room, and Norma spoke to Merle, telling her of a similar mishap that had once befallen herself. Miss Oberon appreciated Norma's kindness and tact, they had a good laugh together, and have been friends ever since.

There's a laugh in most of the etiquette breaches.

Take that little affair of Doris Nolan and Henry Hunter's barbecue, for instance.

Henry was so proud of his new barbecue outfit that he decided to barbecue the meat himself. He knew exactly how it should be done, he did, and no menials were going to be allowed to spoil his meat.

Guests sat by at long tables in the grounds around the pit with their mouths watering. They were served. But, somehow, something had gone wrong. They took one taste—and looked surprised. They tried not to make wry faces—but that meat certainly did taste of kerosene. How it had happened nobody knew, unless it was that Henry had used kerosene in starting the fire. The host himself was blissfully unaware, meanwhile, beaming on his guests, the joy of accomplishment in his eye.

But Doris Nolan belongs to a race which does not bear wrongs silently.

"This meat tastes funny—awfully funny!" she exclaimed.

Guests gasped, but she went right on: "I'm going out and buy you some hot dogs!"

Henry took one taste of his meat, turned pale, but capitulated gracefully. He even laughed, and if there was a hollow note in his laughter, nobody noticed it, and everybody else laughed too.

"I'll go with you," he told Doris, and they sped away to the nearest hot-dog stand, returning with ample provisions for a feast, and a grand time was had by all.

Even Mary Pickford herself, one of the social queens of Hollywood, since it is just nothing for her to have a duke or a countess about the house at Pickfair, occasionally breaks a rule.

Being a good scout Mary tells this one on herself:

"I did break an important rule of etiquette, but inadvertently," she said.

It was while she was entertaining Prince George at Pickfair—a reception in order that the Prince might meet a number of Hollywood's famous, and was practically a command performance, inasmuch as the list was of the Prince's own making. From a dais, at the head of a short flight of stairs leading from reception hall to living room, the Prince was to receive the picture folk presented to him. Everybody was a bit flustered.

The first guest to be presented was Mary's cousin, Verna Chalif, who is a dancer. Mary began: "Your highness, may I present—" then she paused, and began again, "Your highness, may I present—" and again she paused. Starting yet again, and pausing again, because, oh horror of horrors, she couldn't remember her cousin's name!

But in the meantime poor Verna was making a low curtsy—and holding it! She was indeed practically squatting on the floor! Finally Mary, frying in her blushes, explained: "I am sorry, your Highness, but she is my cousin and I can't remember her name. I'm so embarrassed!"

His highness was equal to the occasion. "You shouldn't feel that way," he said, "because I am in a perfect dither myself at meeting all these famous motion picture people!"

That broke the ice, Mary at once remembered her cousin's name, Verna rose from her painful curtsy, and thereafter the party went off easily.

Then there was that affair of Dick Powell and the butler.

Guests don't usually hold conversations with butlers, so others guests at the party in question were amazed when they saw Dick talking affably with the butler on his arrival at a big dinner party. No, Dick,

they noted, hadn't been drinking. He didn't seem to be trying to be funny either. He was being just cold-sober friendly to the butler.

The party was one of those stiff, formal affairs, in fact it started out in unusually congealed fashion until Dick-and-the-butler episode. Then everybody broke down and became a little more human. Of course that very human trait of curiosity came into



The little girl who makes others happy.

WINNERS IN THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE GIFT CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. S. Douglass Falkner, 110 No. Custer Ave., Miles City, Mont.

(12) SECOND PRIZES

Mrs. Mildred Bergheim, Hawley, Minn.
Wesley S. Bird, 72 W. Blake Ave., Columbus, Ohio
Clarice Vanden Brulle, 4259 Iroquois Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Elaine Dubin, 238 E. 58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Marjorie Freedman, 911 Fourth Ave., Juniata, Altoona, Pa.
Mrs. Frederic P. Hare, Jr., P. O. Box 106, Friedens, Pa.
Mrs. Bill Hilton, 615 Cole St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Tom T. Kimbrough, Guthrie, Ky.
Charles J. Langello, c/o Postmaster, West Beach, Md.
Mrs. E. Olden, 883 Baughman St., Akron, Ohio
Mrs. Ralph Van Duser, 1008 S. Main St., Horseheads, N. Y.
Eileen Welch, 657 Conway St., St. Paul, Minn.

(18) THIRD PRIZES

Marjorie L. Booth, 283 First Ave., Newark, N. J.
Betsy Buchan, 723 Exposition Blvd., New Orleans, La.
A. P. Burton, 6340 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Dolly Campbell, Box 264, New London, Conn.
Mrs. Edwin J. Fendl, 39 Highland Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. O. H. Fiebing, 5670 N. Lake Drive, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Elsie Foran, 11 W. 10th St., New York, N. Y.
Doris Gordon Frazer, Wainwright Hall, Kew Gardens, N. Y.
Leona M. Hardy, Raymond, N. H.
Mrs. H. Hoffman, 5340 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Marie C. Hoyne, 3936 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. D. Prescott Lawrence, 63 Circuit Road, Dedham, Mass.
Thos. Markey, 1325 Colwyn St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Mark W. Murrill, Third Cliff, Scituate, Mass.
Eileen M. Seale, 1114 N. 6th Ave., Maywood, Ill.
Mrs. P. H. Vaughter, 812 Tradesmens Bldg., Oklahoma City,
Emma Wolfe, Box 65, Mullens, W. Va.
Mrs. Edward Ziha, 4856a Kossuth Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

play. Some of the guests had to get Dick into a corner and ask the why and wherefore.

Then it came out that the butler was a man whom Dick had seen around the sets, playing butlers in pictures, and so Dick saw no reason why he should not stop and pass the time of day with him when he met the man actually butling.

Dick must have met a good many butlers anyway, for, usually, on arriving at a friend's house, he makes straight for the kitchen. Dick dotes on kitchens.

But speaking of butlers. Myrna Loy once owned a shell-shocked butler. Nevertheless he was an excellent servant. He had one eccentricity—he simply would correct Miss Loy's guests if they did not call a wine or a liquor by its proper name or vintage.

"No, madam," he would say, "that is not 1880 port. It is 1900 port."

This amused the guests, however, and often broke the ice when the party seemed to be "freezing," and as he was an excellent butler, as I said before, Myrna let him get away with it.

The first time Paul Kelly retired at 9:30

and left his wife, Dorothy MacKaye, to entertain their dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin, Mrs. Kelly was embarrassed. Paul merely said, "Sorry, but I start work at eight tomorrow morning. Good night."

No further explanation was made, and Dorothy feared their friends might be offended, though they apparently accepted Paul's disappearance in good part.

After he had gone, Mrs. Erwin explained how very sensible she thought Paul had been to make his exit. And as a result of the lack of conventional politeness, these two families have a strong and friendly bond.

A case in which social defeat was turned into victory happened to Marion Talley, or rather Marion made it happen.

Miss Talley was invited to dine with Walter Bransen, noted musical composer, and his wife, Dorothea Manski, grand opera singer, Miss Talley dressed in her best evening clothes, and arrived at the Bransen home. The butler admitted her, but she found her friends in the living room, not dressed for dinner, and looking bewildered when she entered.

"You—you weren't expecting me?" demanded Miss Talley.

"Why—why, we're delighted, of course," her hostess recovered herself, "but it was tomorrow night, you know, that we expected you! We—we really aren't prepared tonight!"

Miss Talley had recovered herself, too.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I'm going to dine here tonight!"

"But—but—" spluttered her host.

"Just give me an apron," said Marion.

Whereupon she went into the kitchen, sent the cook out for sausage, and prepared sausage and waffles for dinner—a dish for which she is noted.

And that was still another case in which a good time was had by all.

Naturally, though, the Bransens were close friends of the singer, or she would hardly have taken the liberty.

Josephine Hutchinson one time saved a party because she made the social error of coming in formal dress.

Chester Morris once saved the day for his host by committing a sin against etiquette.

It was during a dinner party. Members of a men's club had been invited to a private home, and a speaker was on his feet talking, when Chester broke in and rudely interrupted him, saying, "That reminds me of a story!" Guests looked at him in amazement. His reason for breaking in was because the speaker was inadvertently telling an incident detrimental to a man who happened to be a guest at the party! Though the speaker mentioned no names, for the good reason that he himself did not know the name of the man to whom the story applied, Chester knew that many people present would know and that the man himself would be terribly embarrassed.

Guests stared in amazement at Morris, who afterward explained privately to his host.

Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis's musician husband, will never wear anything but moccasins on his feet.

Bette is a good wife and enters into the spirit of the thing, and they have developed a gag.

[Continued on page 62]

READY FOR LOVE

Olivia de Havilland
Says That Her Career
Would End If The
Right Man Came Along.

By Dena Reed

IT WAS precisely five minutes of ten of a Saturday morning when I glanced up at the Ritz Towers wondering, as I entered, if a screen star has any legal rights to take pop shots at an early interviewer, or whether the usual procedure is to turn over and ignore the animal until the decency of a midday sun makes all sweetness and light.

The publicity department at Warner's had said I might see Olivia de Havilland at ten, if . . . and when . . . and as she would be "available."

Announcing myself I was told to "go right up." I've heard the maid's sister tell the scrubwoman's assistant to do that, in a pinch, and it didn't comfort me any as I whirled up in the elevator, my mind running something like this:

I'll probably sit around for two hours when there'll be stirrings and mutterings and finally, long about one o'clock, the object of my dejection will emerge, yawning behind a dainty white hand held up limply for the occasion—and the business of living will idle along from there. . . .

Letters which sprawled at my feet in front of the de Havilland suite didn't cheer me any either. I glanced down at the postmarks as I toed them between my first and second and third rings at the door. "Waukegan, Warner Brothers, points West. . . ."

. . . And then the door opened!

It opened just a mite and in the slit appeared two brown eyes bright as a press agent's blurb, and, as the opening widened, I discovered it was Olivia herself, her light brown hair in a fluffy halo about her head and her full, curving mouth forming a smile of welcome as she asked me to come in. For all the world she looked like some small child who was filling in until mother appeared on the scene!

There was something excitingly fresh and young and terribly vibrant about her (at ten!). *Smash-bang* went my visions of a star lolling on her beautiful satin divan.

Before I knew it I was "zipping" up her dress. It had a black skirt and a blue top with a fascinating buckle that closed at the throat and which Olivia fastened and unfastened continuously during our conversation, giving added feeling that here was just a cute kid, albeit a grand looking one!

"I'm so glad you've come," she said unceremoniously, with the voice of one who is accustomed to eating much earlier as a general rule, "because now we can order our breakfast! What do

you like?" she smiled.

"Oh, I've had breakfast," I answered, "go right ahead and order yours."

"But you *haven't*," she frowned her disappointment. "Why, we had a breakfast appointment!"

"Well, I'll have some milk and we can go gay over that."

"I made a personal appearance at the Strand last night," she explained when we sat down to the business of talking, "and that always upsets me terribly. I never seem to get used to personal appearances and suffer terrible stage fright every time! You can probably see the effects."

There were, I remarked, no tangible bruises.

"How did you ever manage to appear in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'?" I asked, "out there at the Bowl in front of so many thousands of people, including the whole [Continued on page 66]



Her rise from babyhood in Tokyo to starhood in Hollywood is a "miracle" to Olivia.

George E. Stone, who sees even in minor characters the strange creatures he has given to pictures. (Below) As the cat man in "Anthony Adverse."

Imagination Is The Priceless Quality That Transforms The Good-Looking Men Of The Screen Into Artists Respected Throughout The World.



His conception of King Henry VIII won a continent for Charles Laughton. And he made Captain Bligh of "Mutiny on the Bounty" one of the never-to-be-forgotten villains of the screen.



YEARS ago, Maurice Maeterlinck wrote a book of essays which he called "The Treasure of the Humble" and which, like most of his plays, sort of conveyed the idea that we are such stuff as dreams are made of. Had M. Maeterlinck been caught in the Hollywood holocaust of six years ago, when musicals were in their heyday, he would doubtless have had "Sweet Mystery of Life" as his theme song, for the old boy was rather pixilated on the mystery of life, claiming that it was the only thing that made life worth living. And I think he had something there.

But I am not here today to give you a dissertation on Maeterlinck, mystery and mood music (though don't think I couldn't if I wanted to). I am merely here to state quite blatantly that I have stolen Maeterlinck's title for the subject of this story, though why I am writing about the humble in as un-meeek a place as Hollywood is more of a mystery to me than it is to you

and life and Maeterlinck. I vaguely suspect that pennies must have something to do with it. My pennies, unfortunately, do not come from Heaven.

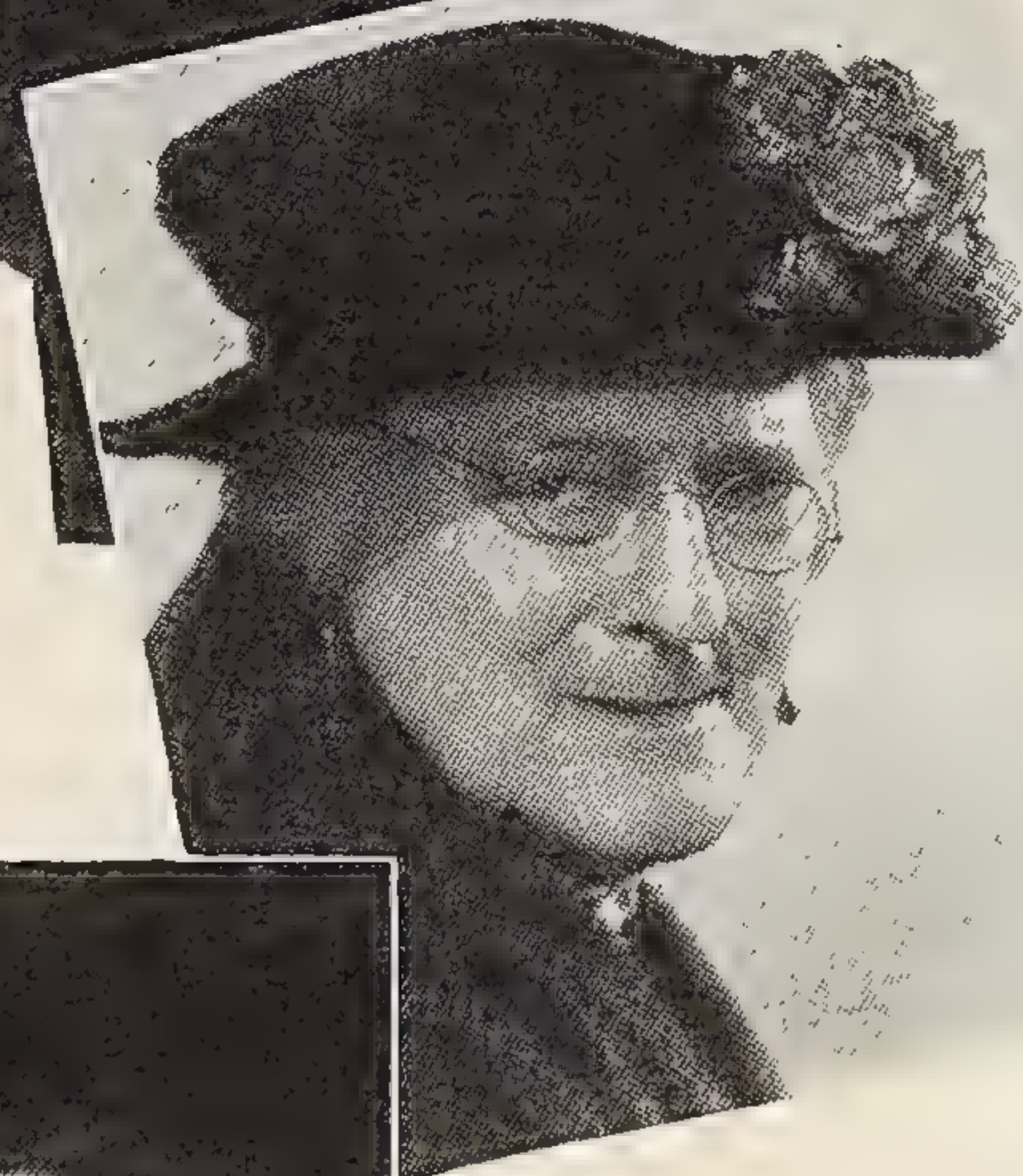
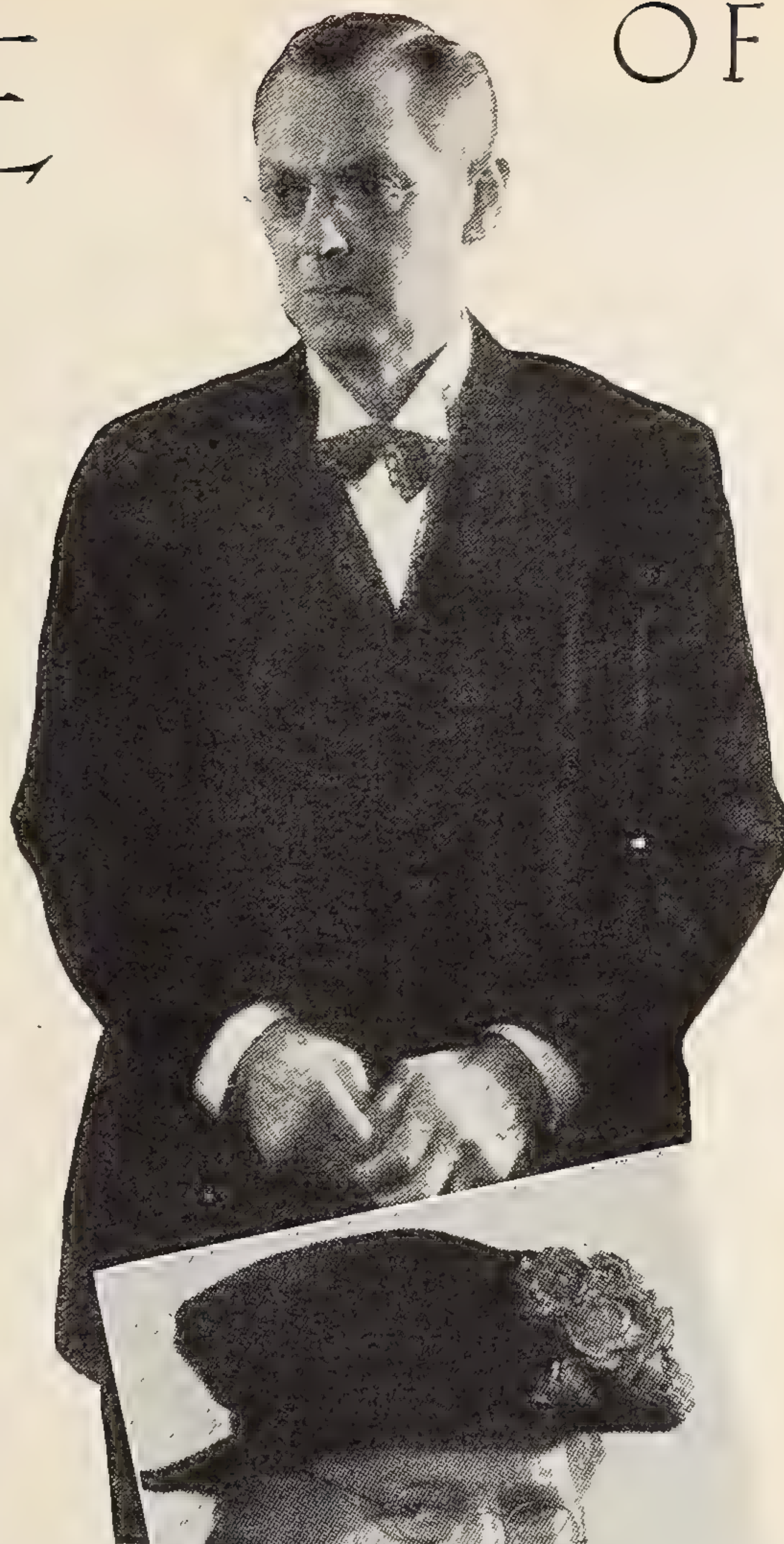
The Treasure of the Humble in Hollywood, in case you're interested, my pets, is the gift of imagination which enables some players to be actors instead of self-seeking publicity hounds. Now I don't want to seem to harp too much (they tell me that

TREASURE OF THE FEW

By Liza

Anita Louise is good at the harp, too) about actors being actors and not hams, but I must say that when a thespian takes the trouble to submerge his own personality and take on all the attributes of the character he is playing he deserves a lot of credit. And I was always one to give credit where credit is due.

As you well know, you who have watched the progress of the cinema through the last ten years, the old type of movie hero with his patent leather hair, cold cream skin, petulant lips, slim waist and attenuated fingers is gone forever, we hope. (Oh, there are a few of them left around still but we're calling in the exterminator any day now.) The conceit of these pretty boys and their sissified appearance have furnished material for many a wit and many a cartoonist. Benchley, Woollcott, and the New Yorker crowd have simply made a Roman holiday of them. No, I don't have to tell you that actors are talented now instead of just pretty—that was covered during the last penny shortage, 'member? But what I do want to tell you is that the actors of today, though really talented when it comes to tap dancing, singing, crooning and looking virile, are just as conceited as were the sheiks of a past generation.



Charles Laughton as Rembrandt, his latest masterly creation.

(Left) Lionel Barrymore, the actor who has never reached the limit of his art. (At top) As an old man and (below) this amazing actor in a woman's rôle.

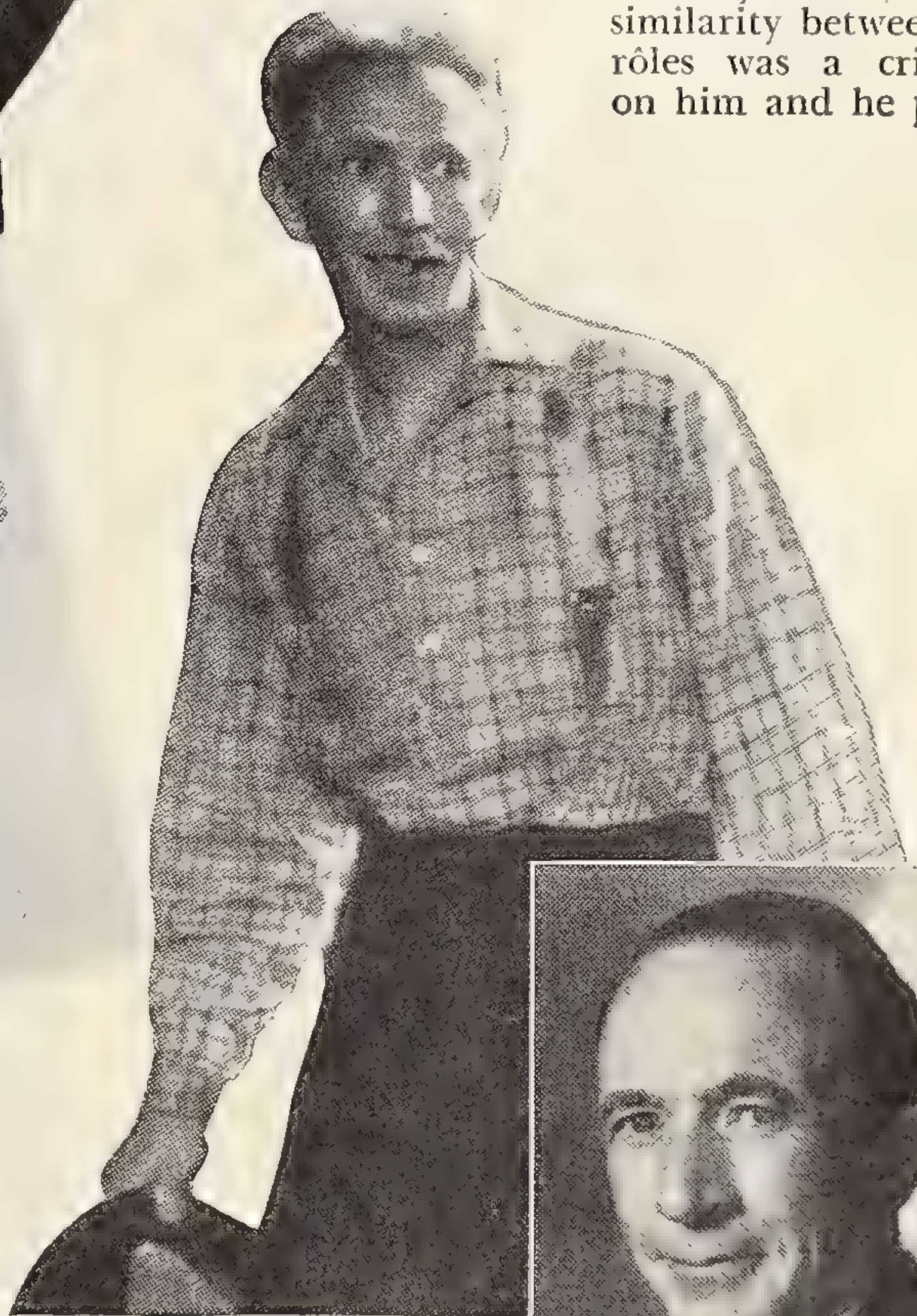
And I say conceit is deadly to acting. Unfortunately, the conceited player is popular enough with his fans quite often—you see his arrogant pan and specially built Duesenberg body spread over page after page in magazines, he loves publicity, he laps it up like whipped cream, he pays a press agent big money every

week so that he can see his map and name in all the newspapers and magazines. His idea of being an actor is to walk down the aisle of the Chinese on preview night with the reigning Movie Queen on his arm, to dance at the Trocadero (there are always photographers at the Trocadero) with the highest paid stars, to drive up to the Brown Derby, which has the biggest mob of autograph seekers in front of it, in a car that shrieks ostentation. He calls himself an actor, but I call him a ham. (This shoe ought to do a deal of pinching, but maybe where there's no

sense there's no feeling.)

A modest player, and an actor no doubt, will not try to be himself in every picture in which he plays—but a conceited player, and no actor no doubt, most certainly will. Just the other evening I had one of our rather important leading men say to me, "I told the director I would not wear a beard. My fans like to see my face as it is."

Lon Chaney, of golden memory, felt that a similarity between two rôles was a criticism on him and he prided



Walter Brennan has true talent for acting. (Above) In "Come and Get It."



himself on the fact that when he donned a fresh make-up he had created another distinct character. Paul Muni feels like this too. And so do Charles Laughton, Walter Brennan, George E. Stone, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Barrymore, Humphrey Bogart, Mischa Auer, Peter Lorre, and others whose names escape me now. You don't find the pans of these boys plastered all over the magazines. You don't find them saying, "I won't wear a beard, my fans like my face as it is." They are rather humble folk in this glittery movie racket for they yearn sincerely, with their whole souls, to make each rôle a complete character—and nuts to the publicity. They have the gift of imagination, and that's the treasure of the humble.

Charles Laughton, of all the living actors, has the greatest imagination when it comes to creating a rôle and submerging his own personality in it. You can say, and say

[Continued on page 63]

THE LADY OF TRILLS

Lily Pons Is Vibrant
With Personality
And Gifted With The
Loveliest Of Voices.

By Catharine Hoffman

"LIFE, it is so full, so happy, don't you think?"

And I had to admit I did. For it is hard to picture anyone within a radius of five miles of Lily Pons who does not immediately become infected with the zest for living which this diminutive diva exudes. The French have a word for it—"joie de vivre." And what better than a word from France for this little lady who is France—her sunny skies, her charm, her infinite, inexhaustible gaiety!

I had heard Mademoiselle referred to as "the second Jenny Lind," "the uncrowned queen of song," and once, I seemed to remember, as "a glass of sparkling champagne." It was this last rôle which she played for me that November afternoon, just after her return from Hollywood, as we sat before the open fireplace in the quaint, cozy den of her French provincial home on a Connecticut hillock—or rather I sat and Mademoiselle cuddled up.

She, whose sublime trilling had so often set the air of the Metropolitan Opera House a-quiver, whose pert, piquant personality had readily made her the darling of film fans from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, whose gladsome carolling had sent so much joy over the air waves into a million American homes, seemed just a little girl, whose bright green sweater-shirt and brighter brown eyes gleamed a little impishly, and whose slight form, encased in gray tweed slacks, seemed lost somewhere in the depths of her great chair. Out of the depths, so to speak, came a voice like a glass bell—a French voice, tripping eagerly through a language it is fast learning—to tell me:

"Of course Hollywood, it was nice. It was fun—ah, but hard work, too!" A pensive frown furrowed the brow of the little lady of the big vocal range.

"You liked the parties, the gay life of the film colony?"

"Ah," and Mademoiselle

pouted her prettiest pout, "I did not go to parties. No smoke! No late hours! Not for Lee-Lee! (Yes, that is how she pronounces it!)

"The voice, you know. It is not good!—And what time do I have for parties? I come back from the studio at six, take my make-up off, and voila, seven o'clock! Dinner in bed—I am so tired!—then study my lines—oh, lines, that is something! I think I never can get the American slang!" She threw up her hands in a gesture of modified despair. "Then, nine o'clock! Lights out! I must be

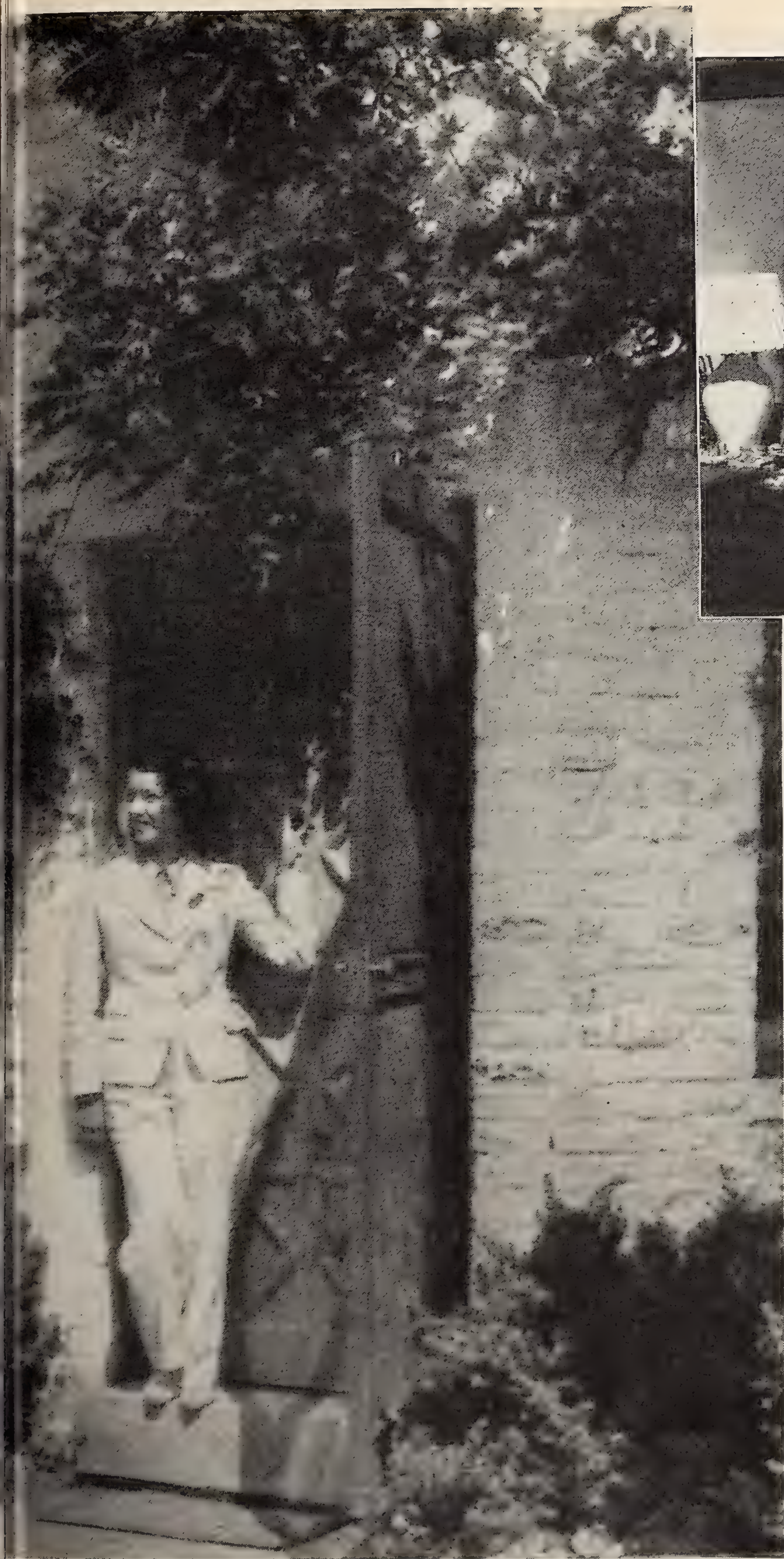
up at six in the morning. No, no! I did not go to parties! But it was not bad." The broad Gallic smile flashed back.

In another second, she resumed thoughtfully, "Do you like the name of my picture: 'That Girl From Paris?' I think it is very nice, no? Oh, and I have with me such nice men—and so many! Un, deux, trois, quatre," she counted on her tiny fingers. "M. Oakie and M. Jenkins, they are very funny. They make me laugh. Sometimes they make me laugh when I must sing, and that is not so good. Then there is M. Auer. He is from Russia, and he can tell such good stories. And that Gene Raymond! My good-ness but he is handsome! You know, in France we do not see very much the blond men with the blue eyes.

"Now I will tell you what you call a 'good one.' We have in that picture the very beautiful waltz—they call it 'Seal It With a Kiss' (she blew one into the air to illustrate) and I must dance it, with a partner, of course. But I think maybe if I dance with M. Jenkins, M. Oakie have his feelings hurt. And if I dance with M. Raymond, I be sure I insult M. Auer. I do



Our Lily again goes before the jury of the movie public with a new picture, her second.



The adulation bestowed upon a Metropolitan Opera diva, added to the glamour that the screen lavishes upon her, do not distract Lily's thoughts from her little home in Connecticut. It is a French girl's memory of the Riviera.



The artistically simple living room of Lily Pons' country home.

not know what to do! Then I ask, 'Couldn't I dance with all of them?' Everybody look at me like I have sing a bad, sour note. Then, they stop looking at me and they sit down and think. They think for two hours. Then they come to me and they say 'We have it!' I ask them what they have, and they tell me. I must dance with M. Auer, and I must dance Russian. But I must also dance with M. Jenkins, and I must dance the same dance like the Tenth Avenue girl—where is Tenth Avenue, I don't know? Oh, I must also dance the dance with M. Oakie, with the taps on my shoes. And then, if I am very good, they say I can dance it really nice with M. Raymond." She bent forward and clapped her hands to her knees with laughter.

"Well, we dance and we dance, and we find we do not have a finish. Then we find we do not have a finish because there is no finish. What will we do? They call Arthur Schwartz who wrote the music in New York quick, and tell him 'Give us a finish one, two, three, or we give you the finish.' And one, two, three he give them a finish—yes, on the telephone. M. Kostalanetz is with him in New York when he talk, but the next day M. Kostalanetz he is in Hollywood rehearsing the orchestra in the new ending. I think it is wonderful, this picture business!"

I nodded vociferous assent.

"Ah, but that is not all the funny things I have to do in Hollywood. No, Mademoiselle. I have to sing the sing tune! I mean sing the swing tune. It must be hot." The grim, determined way she said it amused me. "And what do you think is the swing song? 'Beautiful Blue Danube!'" She took pains to explain to me how she was obliged by the Almighty of the film set to sing the Johann Strauss waltz, with all its pristine lilt, as she does on concert stage the while the orchestra dished up a swing accompaniment. "Also," the half-pint coloratura continued, "I have a number where I must be the trumpet." She put her hands up to her mouth, trumpet style, and gave a hearty "ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra." "Many times I have been the flute, but never be-

[Continued on page 76]

THE STARS

AND THEIR

FLYING MACHINES

You Can't Keep A
Movie Star On The
Ground.

By Ben Maddox

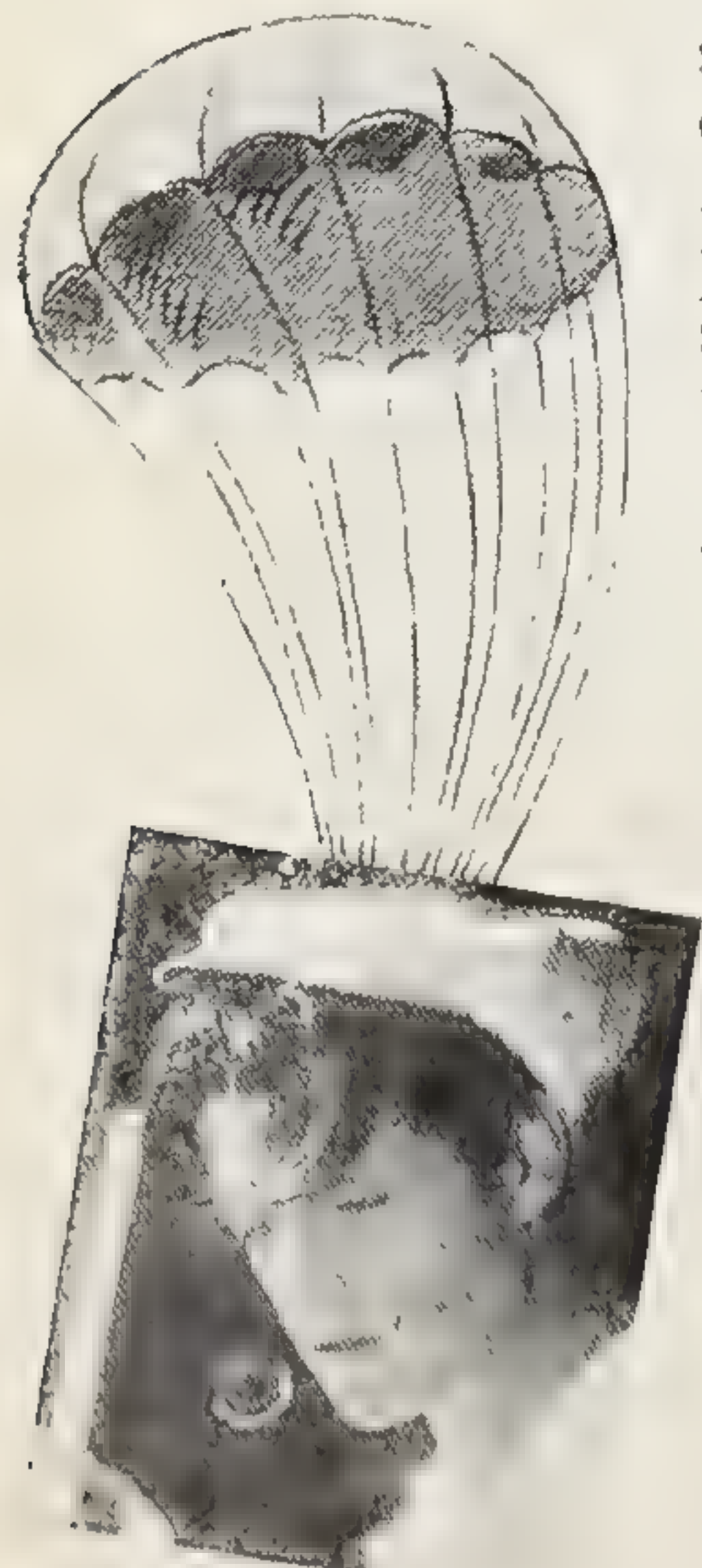


HAVE you a would-be aviator lurking in the house? If so, give him a garland instead of a glare. Bring the problem child into the parlor, and park him in the cozy chair right by the fire. He's going to be a big help. Probably he'll want to go into a pulp-magazine tale about war aces, but insist that he be elemental. You must get the swing of his aeronautical patter. You must learn how airplanes tick. That is, you must if you want to become a fit companion for your favorite movie star, who has, it seems, turned into a fool for flying machines.

The good earth is too familiar a pasture. Today in Hollywood the sport of stars is decidedly aviation. Everyone of prominence strikes an attitude for altitude. Out at the great airports which lie on opposite sides of the city the mammoth white hangars are filled with beautiful ships anxious to be warmed up. The air is balmy, in the daytime and in the moonlight, and curiously tense with an ever-present expectancy of excitement. The daring young men of the screen world begin to burn up the air-lanes as soon as they finish their stint before the cameras. The women of Hollywood, led by Ruth Chatterton, are out to prove that any girl who's competent can be a keen aviatrix.

The leaders of the vogue, which will tomorrow be a part of all our lives, have bought airplanes of their own. These range widely in price, the town's toniest being owned by Wallace Beery and Ruth Chatterton. Many a star rents a plane just as you would a drive-your-own auto, paying for it at \$4 an hour or by the mileage run up. Of course, the initial step is to take lessons from an accredited instructor.

The average price for a course that will make you the solo skipper of a sky cruiser is fifty dollars in Hollywood. This allows for seven hours of actual personal teaching. You must solo for fifty full hours before you are granted a pilot's license and the privilege of taking another person up with you. Two hundred hours alone and you can qualify for the advanced rating of a transport pilot. So



Robert Cummings is an aviator as well as an actor who has yet to reach his "ceiling" on the screen.

far Wallace Beery and Ben Lyon are the only stars who're in this select classification.

There are many flying schools around but, as always happens in Hollywood, two in particular apparently draw the cream of the colony. Bob Blair, dark and a veteran, holds forth at Mines Field and his list of stellar pupils is dazzling. Chatterton is his product. Blond, amiable Payton Watkins attracts illustrious amateurs to Dicer Field.

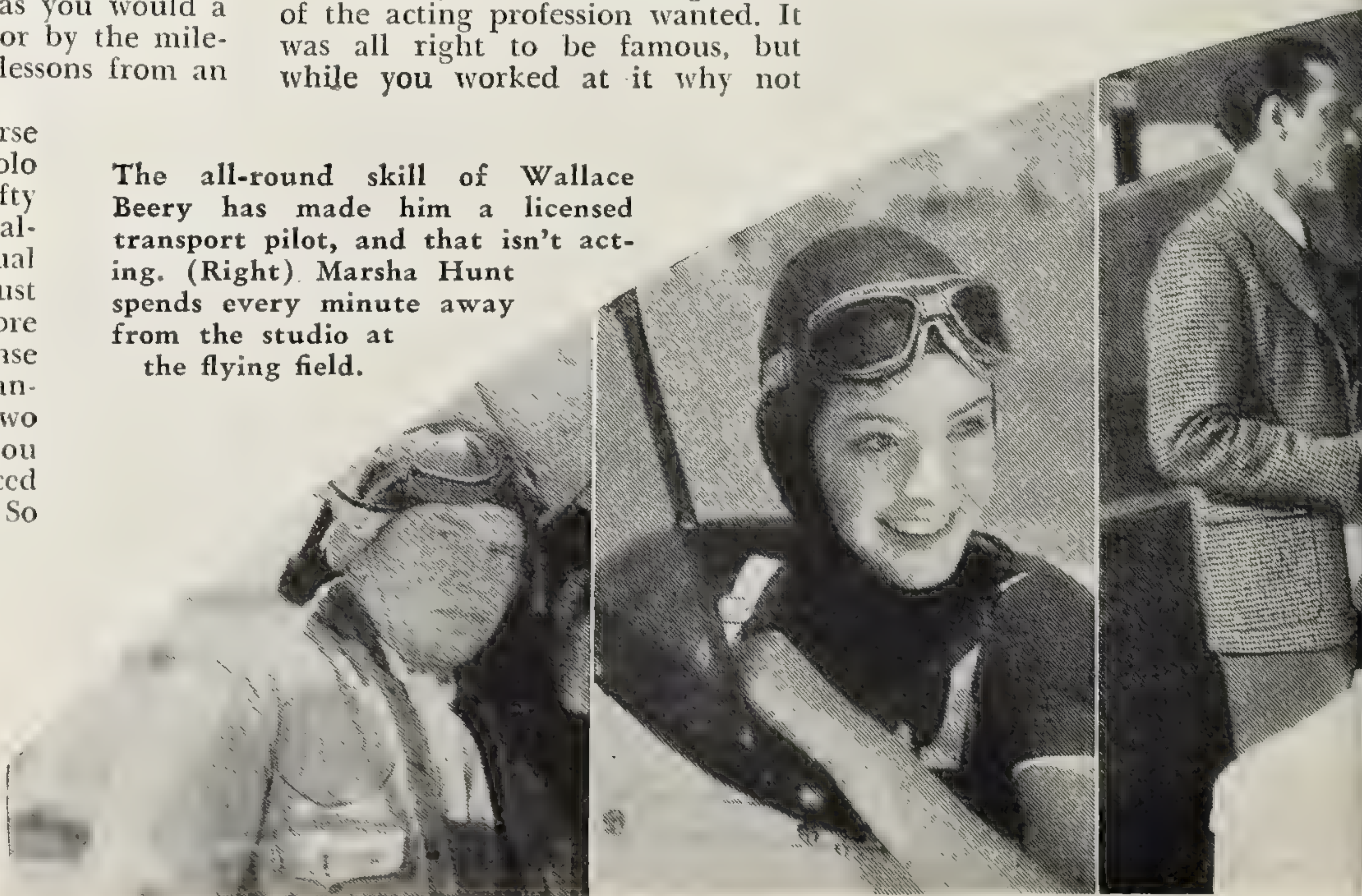
If you're musically inclined it'll be easier for you to learn to fly—you need rhythm and a good sense of balance and you must be willing to accept advice. A fear complex will be your worst enemy; you must have confidence. The first thing they'll tell you is how to keep the ship's nose on the horizon. You may choose a plane guided by stick or one driven with a wheel like a car.

No longer do the studios object to the entrancing airways. While it's still true that if you should fall you'd fall emphatically, any statistics you want to consult verify the fact that it's far safer above the ground than on it.

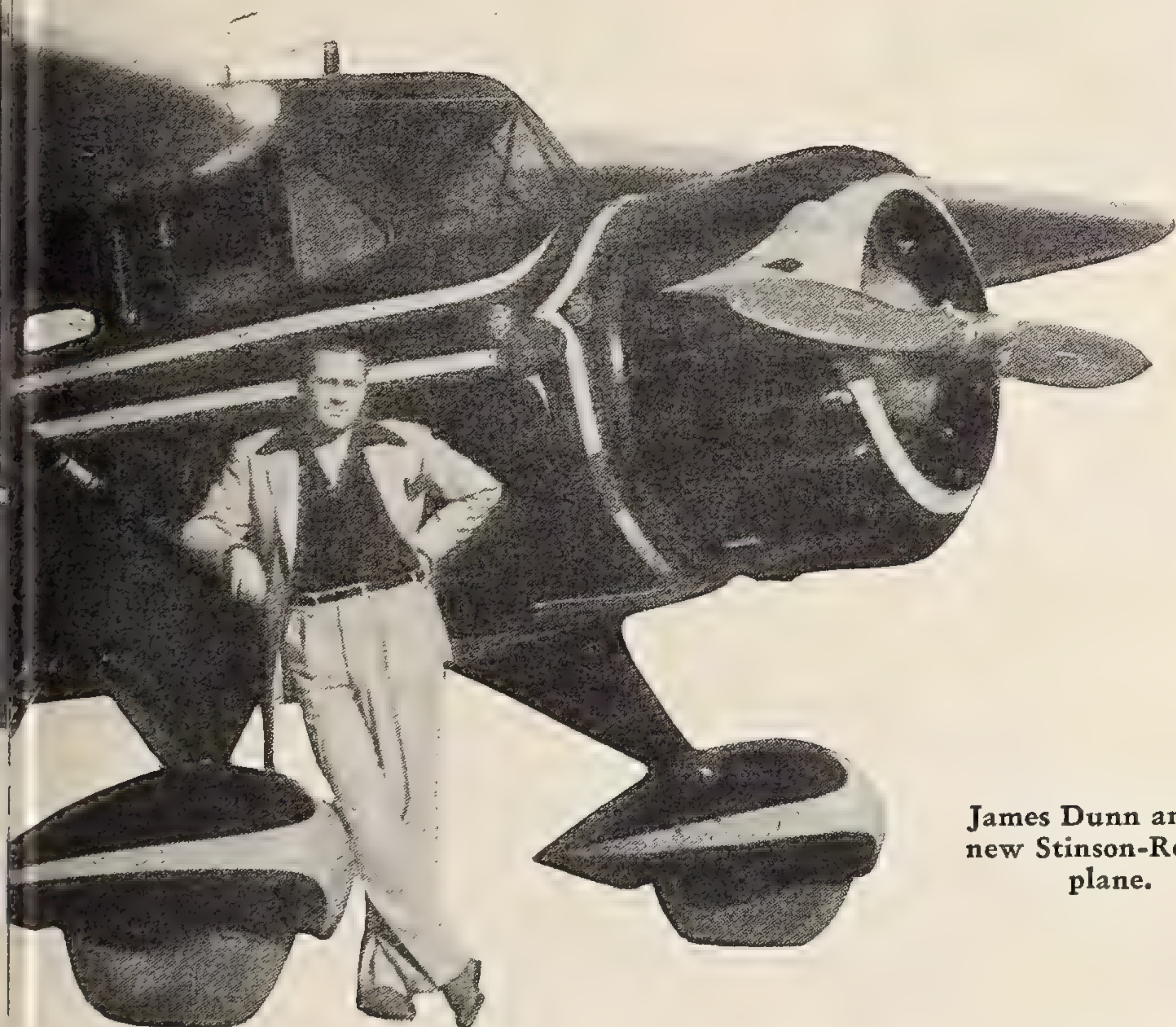
No one realizes the value of an actor's time more strongly than a studio; a player can be whisked from Broadway overnight and from Europe in a week. Executives of film companies are utilizing planes to carry exclusive groups to distant cities for sneak previews and to rush new prints East for premieres. They not only shoot bewitching chorus girls around the country as potent advertisements, but they order ideal locations picked from the air.

Naturally this sanctioning was all the red-blooded bluebloods of the acting profession wanted. It was all right to be famous, but while you worked at it why not

The all-round skill of Wallace Beery has made him a licensed transport pilot, and that isn't acting. (Right) Marsha Hunt spends every minute away from the studio at the flying field.



The Players Are Modern-Minded. Liberty Is Their Birthright And The Sky Is The Limit.



James Dunn and his
new Stinson-Reliant
plane.

have fun, too? The slightly hesitant discovered the safety and thrill of flying when the transcontinental passenger lines introduced fine transports. Now New York is only a de luxe sleeper-jump and the air fare is no more than that of the speediest trains.

Clark Gable spent the first half of a recent week there—and when he blew in to Hollywood again he had to devote the latter half to a recuperating hunting trip. Between you and me, two nights of transcontinental traveling isn't what tired Clark out; the three days celebrating did that!

The remarkable patronage of the stars has made the Hollywood-New York run the most important in the United States. Camera-men and crowds are at the Western terminal every day. Arrivals are gala affairs. Going-away showers are a current innovation.

When Anita Louise flew East for the third time this season, four handsome juveniles caused her to pay for excess baggage. Each presented her at the last minute with a weighty book, their

scheme for keeping her from glancing twice at the personable males on board. Fay Wray has been presented with an engraved plaque which dubs her the pet of the giant skyliners. She's covered fifty-two thousand miles in fifty-two weeks. B. P. Schulberg discovered his new male star on a trip last Fall. LaVerne W. Browne, TWA pilot, is now John Trent, leading man!

When a star elopes to Yuma or Mexico it's now almost invariably a case of love above the clouds at last. No one wants to poke along in a car or a train when it's so exhilarating to fly. The same pilots are usually routed out to preside in the cockpit of these modern chariots of Cupid. Honeymoon planes are being lavishly decorated since Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor had such a notable send-off. After a marriage at midnight in a Hollywood church, and a wedding supper, this couple was escorted to the airport.

There they found that their thoughtful guests had made the bridal plane a bower of white satin and golden orchids!

The touch Hollywood has added to aviation is a demonstration of how much more romantic you can be if you're a flying sweetheart. Stars who go to the popular air fields are bumping into new triangles there. Beneath the constant whirl of the graceful propellers heart dramas are being enacted.

Carole Lombard began the regular series of lessons, but stopped when her health was threatened by over-work. At Mines Field they say she'll develop into a splendid pilot. They're anticipating her return—and Clark Gable's. When she quit coming out, he gallantly did, also!

Tom Brown was lured to this same rendezvous by Toby Wing, who wanted to see some pilots she knew. Tom and Toby had a little spat and now, although he's rapidly acquiring air technique, it's a society debutante who cheers from down below. Ken Howell is determined to convince a U.S.C. co-ed that he's preferable to the basketball player she occasionally considers dating; so he lets her watch him take lessons.

According to Paula Stone, Denny Moore looks marvelous in his aviation helmet. She received her proposal of marriage aloft from him. Paula thought the idea of a flight to Yuma was nifty, but she wasn't quite sold on the follow-through. Since Anne Shirley started mastering this business of flying, Owen Davis, Jr., will have to display plane ability as well as ardor to hold onto her. When

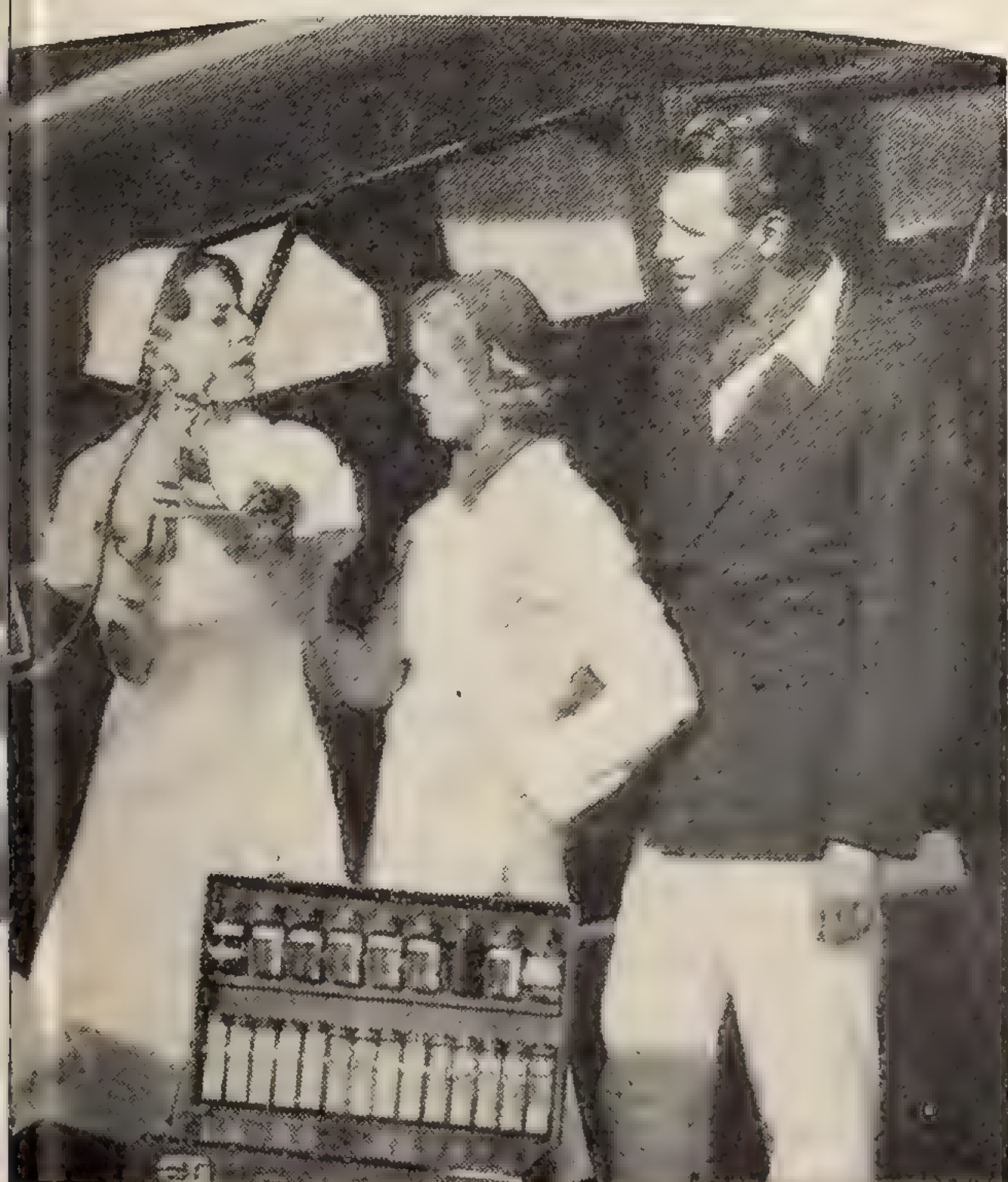
she met Cecile Hamilton, nineteen and the youngest feminine transport pilot in America, she declared that she wanted to take lessons from her. Anne has resolved to enter Ruth Chatterton's derby to the national air races next summer.

One Saturday Lily Pons went to the airport to greet her Andre Kostelanetz, and what did he have toted off the plane but a baby grand piano! While she was making her latest picture he hopped out from New York every week-end, setting a new high in devotion. When he brought this surprise Lily had to say "Yes" to his wedding suggestions. Now she is the first prima donna to take along her own piano wherever she flies. It weighs only three hundred pounds and the other passengers rate a free concert.

Hollywood wives aren't letting their [Continued on page 64]



John Trent, TWA pilot,
is now a leading man.



(Center) The first hospital plane is inspected by Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise and Ralph Bellamy. It is built to fulfill the mission of mercy. (Left) Richard Arlen and his son, Ricky, who'll be a flyer some day. (Below) The "big name" in flying is Ruth Chatterton. She is twice famous—actress and aviator.

Visiting The Sets And The Sound Stages, To See Pictures Being Made, With—S. R. Mook

SO IT comes the time of the year when it is an additional task to write Studio News. There are football games to go to, hunting trips to join, fishing trips to make, new night clubs to be explored and on top of all that a trip to New York. Stifling my dissatisfaction with Life (and Judge) I force a smile to my lips and set out to see what's doing hither and yon about the studios. On account of their extensive expansion program there ought to be plenty doing at—

Warner Bros.

THERE is. First we have Kay Francis in her latest opus, "Another Dawn." This is another of those pictures with the locale laid in the far East—at Dikut. Honestly, Kay spends more time abroad, in her pictures, than almost all the other players put together. Ian Hunter and Errol Flynn are the male leads and Frieda Inescourt, who made such a hit with Kay in "Give Me Your Heart," is the other girl.

There is a lot of plot but suffice it to say Kay has married Ian, the commander of the garrison, without loving him and he knew it when he married her. When he brings her to the post as a bride, she promptly proceeds to fall in love with Flynn. In this particular scene she is sitting in her bedroom, by the window, working on a piece of needlepoint. She hears a commotion outside, looks up through the window and is, apparently, quite startled by what she sees. She hastily puts down the needlepoint and rises to go out onto the parade ground. As I'm standing off to one side, I

PICTURES ON THE FIRE



can't see what it is that has disturbed her. "Cut!" William Dieterle orders.

"I just woke up," Kay explains as she shakes hands. "I had an early call but when I got here they didn't need me in the first couple of shots so I went back to sleep."

"Um-humph," I comment brightly. "Since when did you become such an expert embroiderer you can do needlepoint?"

"It's nothing," Kay smiles deprecatingly. "I just picked it up here on the set by myself . . . I'm going away as soon as this picture is finished," she adds irrelevantly.

"How come?" I demand.

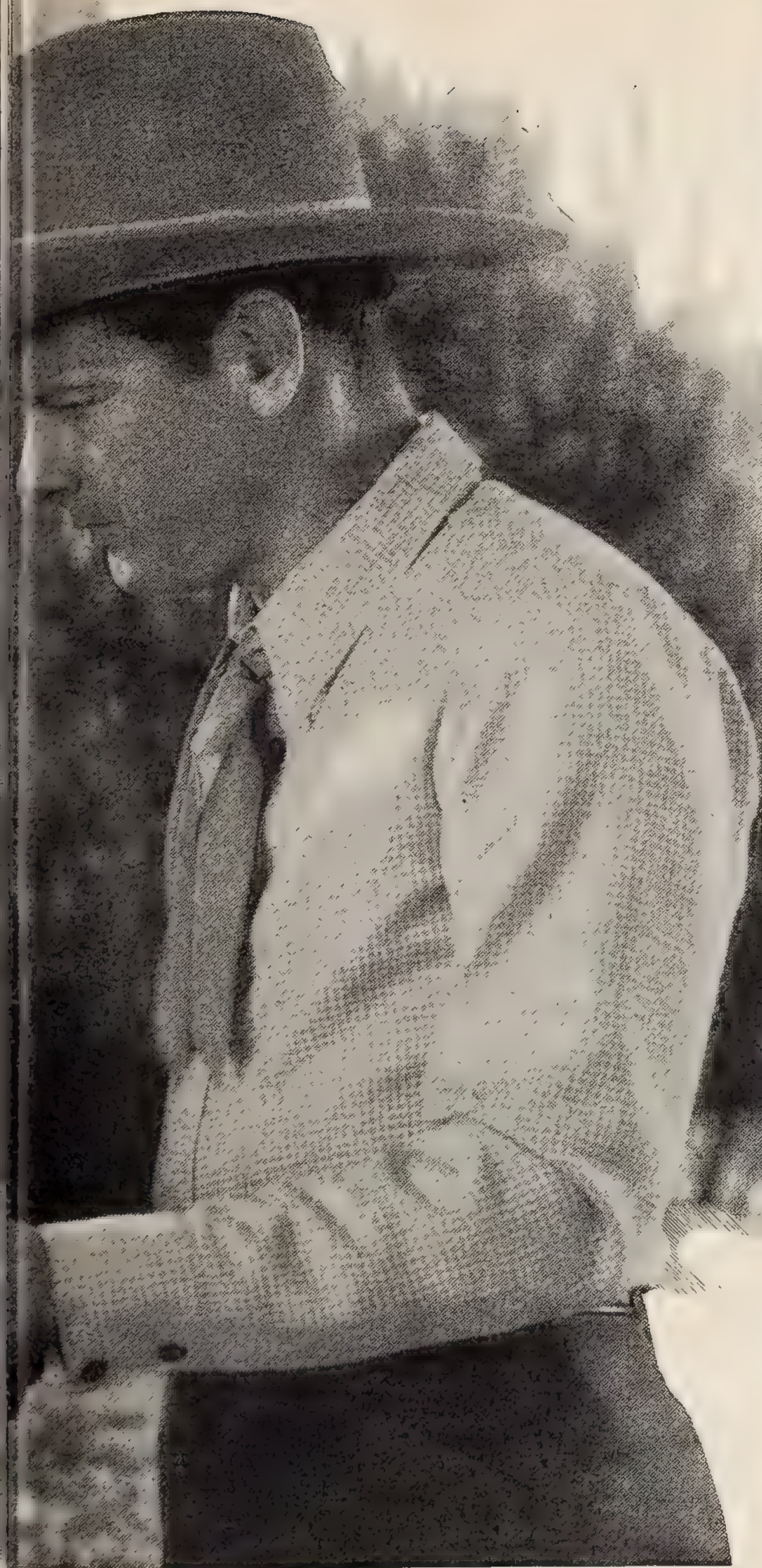
"I've made four pictures in a row and I'm tired," she replies. "I have it in my contract I get my lay-off all in a lump. If I only get eight weeks I'm going to New York for three weeks, then to Palm Beach and then to Havana. If I get more than that I'm going to Europe."

For a moment I brighten as I think that once again I'm free to lay my heart at Barbara Stanwyck's feet. Then I remember she hasn't yet tired of Robert Taylor. I'll just have to wait my turn.

In the meantime, there is "San Quentin." This is Humphrey Bogart's new starring picture. He and Sailor Boy (Joe Sawyer) have just arrived at San Quentin. Joe is showing Humph about. It's, apparently, all new to Mr. Bogart but it seems to be an old

In "John Meade's Woman," Edward Arnold and Francine Larrimore are caught in the tragic horror of a dust storm.





Virginia Gray and Richard Arlen in "Secret Valley," a tangled plot of gangsters, divorce and unfattened cattle.



Ida Lupino and Preston Foster in "Coast Patrol."

Mr. Robbins seems deeply impressed with the unpleasant truth of Sailor Boy's statement.

"It's tough on you guys," Mr. Bogart, who has been taking all this in, interrupts.

"You'll learn soon, Fish!" Al Hill wises him up.

"Not me," says Bogart loftily. "I'll be out here like a shot. I got pals that can pull wires."

"Honest, kid?" Robbins asks eagerly. "Say, do you suppose they could do anything for me?"

"Well, after I get out I'll see," Bogart promises patronizingly. He doesn't know that everyone who goes into stir thinks he's going to be out like a shot and that old timers bait them unmercifully.

Oh, I forgot to mention that Pat O'Brien, Barton MacLane and Ann Sheridan are also in this opus. But none of them are working today, and, although I've met Mr. Bogart and Mr. Sawyer at

least a dozen times they still don't know me. So there's no use hanging around this studio.

Columbia

TODAY, when I arrive, Fanya Graham (and please note your name is spelled correctly this month, madam—or at least, it's spelled the way you're spelling it this month) says, "I don't know if it's a good idea to take you around today. We have two pictures in production and I know you'll never be able to keep them straight in what passes for your mind."

I protest that I'll keep them straight if I have to forget everything else I see—which I promptly do.

The first of these is "Woman in Distress." Dean Jagger, reporter on the New York Dispatch, is always being scooped by Irene Hervey (the new Mrs. Allan Jones), a reporter on the rival sheet. When a rumor starts that Rembrandt's "Mona Bella" has been discovered in the possession of an elderly lady (none other than May Robson), Jagger's editor sends him and Arthur Loft (a former art student but now a drunken reporter) on a plane to Maine to investigate. Irene is sitting right across from Dean in the plane but she has a book up in front of her face so he can't see her.

"Give me that—that medicine bottle," Loft suggests to Dean.

"Not a drop till you give the painting the once over," Dean announces firmly. "Then you can get blotto. If it's the original, we'll both get blotto."

"What men must endure for art," Loft sighs.

"Wise me up on Rembrandt and the picture," Dean orders. "I might have to write a story in a hurry."

"Well, my son," Loft begins, "Rembrandt was a Dutchman—chiefly because he was born in Holland."

"Fair enough," Jagger agrees.

"He lived in the seventeenth century—married a rich girl named Saskia and used her as a model for several canvasses. One was in the manner of the Italian masters—that's the *Mona Bella*."

"Which he painted deliberately to keep us away from a Yankee double-header," Jagger scowls.

"Undoubtedly," Loft agrees.



James Cagney, James Burke and Bernadene Hayes in "Great Guy."

I turn to Fanya. "This is the most scintillating dialogue I've heard in months," I mutter sarcastically.

"Isn't it?" she agrees blandly. "The writer read one of your articles and decided to do the dialogue on his next script in the same style. Let's get over on the 'Women of Glamour' set and see what's doing there."

It's Melvyn Douglas' studio apartment. He's an artist again, just as he was in "Theodora Goes Wild," and it's his bedroom again, just as it was in the other picture when I visited the set.

"What's *this* picture about?" I inquire brightly.

"It's the story of a prig who regenerates an unfortunate girl," says Melvyn gravely.

Virginia Bruce is the—er—nightclub singer, and I have never seen her look more beautiful than she does in her plain black velvet dinner dress with the little puffed sleeves. Melvyn has been painting a picture of her and trying to get her to express certain emotions. She can't because she doesn't feel them. Then, one night, they're out together and he starts telling her about his mother and father and their great love for each other. Virginia is really touched and as she listens the very emotions Mel wants play across her face. "Pose for me now!" he urges. She goes with him into the studio and poses until four AM, when she topples over in a faint. He picks her up in his two strong arms, carries her across the room, down the stairs into the bedroom and lays her on the bed. Then he sits on the edge of the bed, tenderly waving a bottle of smelling salts back and forth under her nose. But Mr. Douglas is in a playful mood and when she doesn't respond to the smelling salts as quickly as he thinks she should, he puts that down, takes off one of his shoes and gently waves that under her nose. I mean to say it was really funny—he did it so solemnly.

Of course, the take is spoiled. The next take, they all gang up on Douglas. They wait until he has carried Virginia all the way down the stairs, across the room and

[Continued on page 78]

story to Joe.

"Pretty nice campus, huh?" Joe comments sardonically.

"It's big," Bogart concedes.

"It looks big now," Sawyer comforts him, "but after you been here for a stretch, you begin to think you're in a telephone booth with four other guys—and no telephone."

Bogart is just about to answer when James Robbins and Al Hill, a couple of other convicts, rush up.

"How are ya, Sailor Boy?" Robbins says eagerly, extending his hand. "I heard you wuz back. Been lookin' for yer. How's all the Spring Street gang?"

"Fine," says Joe, shaking hands. "Pete's having six months on the county. Duffy's makin' book at a swell new joint. And Louis—you remember Louis, with those gunboats he called feet?—well, he went to work on the docks, tripped over a hawser and fell in the drink! He's still standin' on the bottom waiting for someone to tell him to come up."

"Did ya see Casey?" Al Hill puts in.

"Aw, fergit those slobs," Robbins bursts out. "What about the dames? Say, did ya see Gladys? Did she get my letter? Did she—"

"Naw," Sawyer lies. "I didn't see her."

"You're a fine pal," Robbins goes on excitedly, "not to look her up."

"I heard she moved," Sawyer continues lying. "You're just drivin' yerself stir crazy, Mickey, thinking about that dame. Forget her. She'll be so old when you get outa here you wouldn't even know her from your grandmother!"

THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILA-
RATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

JEAN HERSHOLT

NED SPARKS

DON AMECHE

RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE

BORRAH MINEVITCH

and his gang

DIXIE DUNBAR

LEAH RAY

SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S
SPECTACULAR
MUSICAL SMASH...
SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER
AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!...
"One in a Million" "Who's
Afraid of Love?" "The Moon-
lit Waltz" "We're Back
in Circulation Again"
"Lovely Lady in
White"

*You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!*

**20th
CENTURY
FOX**
DARRYL F.
ZANUCK
in charge of
production

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

WILLIAM POWELL

He Is The Screen's
Personification Of
A Gentleman.

Bill has become the model sophisticate and his suave and cultured manner is admired and perhaps copied by millions.

(Upper left) In "The Kennel Murder Case," with Mary Astor, he created Philo Vance and won public approval for detective stories. These thrillers have been produced in every mood, but the comedy of "The Thin Man" made a real success.

(Left) This scene is from the sequel picture, "After The Thin Man," showing Bill and Myrna Loy. (Below) The bewhiskered tramp is Bill again, as he appeared in "My Man Godfrey."





Study of poise and grace has already given Paula De Cardo's dancing a definite charm.



Hollywood Secures Beautiful Girls And Then Trains Them To Forget All About It.



In "One In A Million," Arline Judge gives of her youth and beauty. (Right) A scene from "Stolen Holiday." Kay Francis in a wisp of an evening gown with headdress of an oriental simplicity.



June Lang has brought a comeliness of face and a figure of classic beauty to the screen. Will these prove a help or a hindrance?

THE FIGHT AGAINST SELF- CONSCIOUSNESS

In the much discussed "Lloyds of London," Madeleine Carroll appeared in 18th Century costumes. In the costume of today Miss Carroll is equally charming. She is wearing a backless evening gown in the latest mode, and never a qualm.



THE public turns away from girls, however pretty, if they appear at all conscious of themselves. So Hollywood had to devise a method to free these lovely ladies from the trance of their own thoughts and teach them to forget all about their obvious charms.

When a pretty and shapely young lady arrives on the lot, she is ordered to the studio, and in negligee or bathing suit she is posed and photographed. After a while the camera lens loses its dominion over her and she can appear in ball gown or briefest of shorts without a pang of false modesty.

Now petticoats by the million have been hung in the wardrobes of oblivion, and the girl who strolls the beaches of Florida, and the other winter resorts, dressed in a couple of bandana handkerchiefs, is the one who can enter a ballroom or banquet hall with never a thought of self; serene, poised and beautiful.

Another Hollywood victory.



Dolores Del Rio, the exotic beauty of many pictures, dresses in the character of her part with no self-consciousness whatever. Her poise is the envy of many women.



(Left) Jean Parker with the poise and assurance of the veteran that she is. She has the perfect "streamlined figure"—5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 105 pounds, with 33 in. bust and 34 in. hips.

THERE IS DRAMA IN WALK OF LIFE

(From top to bottom) Elizabeth Jenks and Fredric March in "A Star Is Born." Janet Gaynor and March are co-starred. Tex Ritter and Warren Richmond in "Song of the Gringo"—a tense moment. Jerry Cowan and Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once." "The Plough and the Stars"—Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck in a story of the Irish Rebellion. Gertrude Niesen and George Murphy in "Top of the Town."

Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon," a story of Asia.

"Maid of Salem," a story of the early days of the Colonies—Halliwell Hobbes and Claudette Colbert.

EVERY

The Screen Borrows Its Plots From All Classes Of Society.

THE pictures coming out at this time draw their settings and action from many and varied backgrounds, and from people of all sorts.

The felon, in his desperate strike to break jail, the sailor of today, or the witch-burners of the early days of Salem all fought and loved. The drama of their struggles makes screen stories fresh and exciting.

Pictures today are more than inane love stories, and in this new grasp of today's screen lies the hope of the future.



Laurence Olivier and Flora Robson in "Fire Over England."



The famous Barrie play, "Quality Street," with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone.



"Banjo On My Knee," a shanty boat thriller.

(From top to bottom) Edmund Lowe and Elissa Landi in "The White Dragon." Phil Regan at the controls in "Happy Go Lucky." "John Meade's Woman," starring Edward Arnold. Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt in "Navy Spy." "Great Guy," played by James Cagney.



The Gloucester schooner, "We're Here," used in filming "Captains Courageous."



DANCE IF YOU WOULD HAVE PERFECT

Margo has been welcomed on screen, stage and radio, but still she keeps up her dancing. It pays her back in beauty.



If A girl had a perfect figure, she would dance for joy and so keep the priceless curves and dimples. Dancing is such wonderful exercise that almost any girl improves her appearance if she participates. The ankle grows slim, the leg muscles arrive at the proper proportion and the torso becomes slim and beautiful. The more extreme steps of chorus dancing bring the best results. If you kick at chorus work, okay—only kick high and often.



Marjorie Raymond, in "Hats Off," weaves a number from the rhythm of the music and the song of joy in her heart. (Left) In "Banjo On My Knee," Barbara Stanwyck, dancing with Buddy Ebsen, recalls the old Broadway night club times when her dancing costume permitted greater freedom of motion. (Right) It's "Ready, Willing and Able," and Ruby Keeler and Lee Dixon are dancing. They are both professionals and very expert.



A Swing Or=
chestra Is The Best
Beauty Doctor.

The tug-of-war of
the chorus girls.
It is just the efferv-
escent gaiety of
healthy girls.

Eleanor Powell enjoys
the life, verve and
joyous spirit of "Born
To Dance" and con-
tributes her share.

(Above) Black stockings seem
to be in fashion for dancers.
Ella Logan in "Top of the
Town." (Below) In "Maid of
Salem," Claudette Colbert
dances the minuet with Fred
MacMurray in a sun-spangled
glen outside the village.



PRELUDE TO EXCITING EVENINGS.



(At extreme left) A tobacco brown chiffon (a favored fabric for the coming Spring) is chosen by Virginia Bruce. Puffed sleeves and a shirred neckline are distinctive features and a cluster of yellow flowers at the waistline adds a brilliant touch of color . . . (Next) Anita Louise wears the popular long-sleeved dinner gown, fashioned of black crepe and lustrous silver lame. (Below-right) Francine Larrimore borrows the leg-of-mutton sleeves of a by-gone day, contrasting black velvet with black chiffon most effectively . . . (Extreme right) The Dalmatian influence is felt in this long-sleeved black gown embroidered in gold threads worn by Julie Hayden. A silver fox cape, gold shoes and matching open-work sandals complete the ensemble.



THERE was a time, when an evening gown implied a picture of a woman displayed to a faintly sculptured form divine this fashion for the woman whose character trying as it was unbecoming evening styles that are a must for every woman who desires to look her best in either the most exquisite women fashion or the edge that they can with gowns which certain occasions obligatory.



For Restaurant Dining Or The Theatre Less Formal Costumes Are Considered *de rigueur*.



(Above) Patricia Ellis contrasts her tailored black satin dinner gown with a corsage of pale yellow orchids which exactly match her ascot scarf . . . While Anita Louise relieves the rich blackness of hers with an enchanting gold lace bolero . . . A Juliet cap of pearls tops off Kathryn Marlowe's less austere gown of baby blue polka-dotted satin . . . And a black Chantilly lace mantilla worn over emerald green taffeta provides Madeleine Carroll with the proper amount of mystery and allure . . . (Below) Joan Bennett heightens the effect of black velvet by a judicious use of rhinestone clips and bracelets . . . And she convinces us that filmy powder blue chiffon can be absolutely ravishing with the aid of one natural-hued orchid fastened with a huge rhinestone clip.

stant, when the mention of
moned to your mind the
back, chest and arms were
For the woman with the
ng as it was revealing. But
gligible the fashion was as
ne new, modern trend for
ey are simple, it is possible
thought to her wardrobe
emi-formal attire. Even the
ions, secure in the knowl-
y don the severe, formal
permissible, although not



BEAUTIES OF THE SCREEN



"The Smartest Girl In Town" gave Ann Sothorn her big opportunity. She delights in swanky new gowns and this one has, as you can see, a Sothorn exposure. (Upper right) Frances Farmer, of "Come And Get It" fame, has her career under control.

ONE of the big industries is devoted to the manufacture and sale of preparations that work the magic of Beauty. They have changed most every woman in America and they are still at it, but back of all the enticing advertisements and the glittering drug stores is the motion picture business. For, if the thousands of screens spread all over the country had not glorified some of the prettiest girls, rewarding beauty, and surrounding these lovely things with luxury and all the creature comforts, the rush for the beauty preparations would never have gained the importance it has now assumed. So the screen beauties carry upon their shoulders not only our entertainment but one of the largest businesses.

They have changed the girls of America but the boys continue to approve of the present design.

Joan Bennett's captivating sparkle is vibrant, as the press agents say, with life and personality. Joan is fascinated with a more generous make-up on her lips. Do you like it?



The Beautiful Girls Of The
Screen Are The Inspiration
Of All The Other Girls Who
Buy Beauty Creams And Lip=
sticks.

(Left) Virginia Bruce sets
a standard for wholesome
beauty. The girl of today
is particularly feminine if
she is a blonde.



Rochelle Hudson's beauty is quite silver foxy.
The primitive women dressed in the skins of
animals, now you can see why—imitating
Rochelle.



Jean Muir grows more attractive and already
is included among the "prettiest" girls in pic-
tures. Her next is "Her Husband's Secretary."

THE CROWNED HEADS OF HOLLYWOOD

Every Game Has Its King Or Queen—The Peerage of Pictureland.

The beautiful and talented Ginger Rogers is crowned the best dancer. (Below) Betty Furness got talked about for her hats—now they are her Specialty.



Buck Jones is the King of Riders in the picture colony.



THE members of the royal family are tireless in keeping up their standing. This exclusive caste knows that it is fatal for a star to drop out of sight for very long, so every possible effort is made to keep the famous name before the public. No one mentions dancing without speaking of Ginger Rogers, nor hunting without mentioning Clark Gable. They are the crowned heads of their own racket.



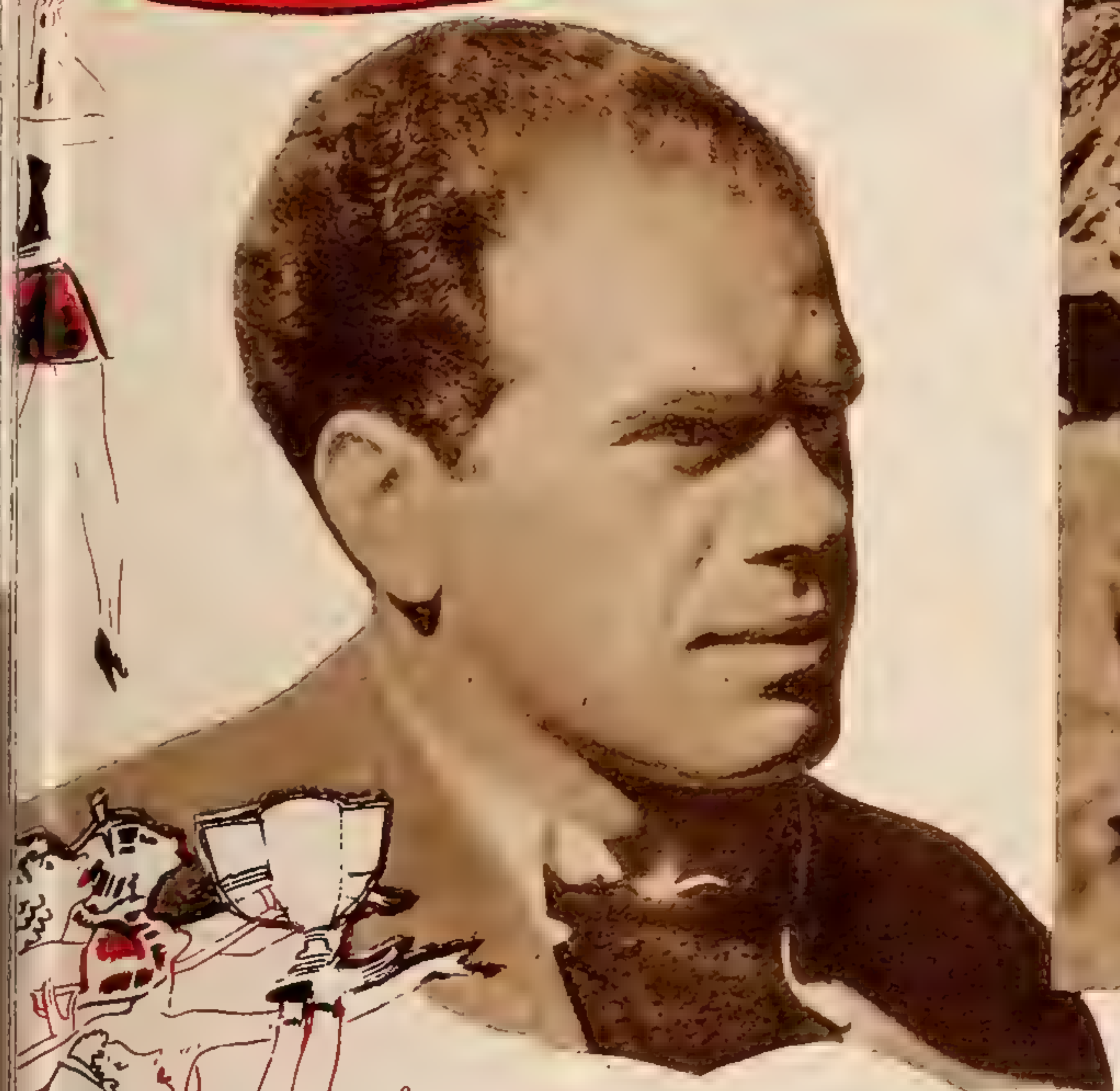
Wherever a polo mallet swings or a polo pony races there Spencer Tracy's name is known.



(Left) Aboard Warren William's auxiliary motored schooner, "Pegasus."

The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood is Kay Francis. The full length ermine cape fastens at the neckline with a heavy braid from

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S
MONTHLY HIT PARADE



\$2,000,000 is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.

Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr. Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just *has* to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!



PRISONER in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.



DEATH waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"

- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

KIDNAPING an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hide-out" on the roof of the world.

"OFF-STAGE SHOTS"



The Fox Studio is quite complete, and the whole place throbs with energy. The studio comprises 110 acres and produces a film which measures less than an inch each way. (Right) Betsy King Ross is the World's Champion girl trick rider. She has appeared with "Roan King II" all over the world, and when she decided to retire the little horse, she gave him to Shirley Temple for her very own.



Out Of The Ordinary Photographs Taken On The Lots.



THERE are experts and specialists all hustling to help in the making of pictures. The man-who-thinks is there; and the electrician, the director, the cameraman and the star, all proficient and highly paid, do their bits.

A successful picture repays any cost, but it isn't money alone that makes good pictures. A great director creates a photoplay which expresses his own artistic feeling as definitely as a novel reveals the talented mind of the author.

A cotton field and plantation on the Warner Brothers ranch at Calabasse for "Lords of the Land." Built with a thousand careful details, just for a background.



(Above) Thirteen year old Deanna Durbin takes singing lessons from Andres de Segura, who was formerly a baritone in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Deanna is in "Three Smart Girls." (Right) Louise Fazenda in the wind and the rain in "Ready, Willing and Able." The waterpipe (center) brings the rain and a wind machine lashes the comedienne with a realistic storm. All for a laugh.



"HONEY-I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"



HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—



BUT YOU **DO** TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...



I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS **LUX** TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO



SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SORRY, JIM. I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about **OFFENDING**. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



Removes perspiration odor—saves colors



Richard Arlen and Barry Mackay. The checks and plaids indicate their standing in pictures. Next, "The Great Barrier."



Michael Whalen has a nice taste in worsteds and ties.



LOUD!

CAN it be that the loud patterns in cloth appeal to the flamboyant souls of the players! After the critics have bestowed laurel wreaths upon the actor, that is no time for meekness. It evidently takes arrogant designs to fit the success mood, or can it be that the cameramen like to have something gay on which to focus?



(Above) Cesar Romero resplendent in a coat of many stripes and checks. (Left) Fred Laurence dons a quiet little number to celebrate his Warner Brothers' contract.



Week after week, month after month, Clark Gable comes through in well-acted parts which please the critics, and does his suit almost explode!

JUST "LUCKY"

Fred March Is A Fine Player
Who Never Forgets The
Time He Got The Breaks.

By
Maude Cheatham

HAVE you noticed how the spotlight hovers on Fredric March? To paraphrase, it is the TIME OF MARCH!

As Freddie and I talked it over one sunny afternoon, recently, he refused to be impressed. He was in a gay, bantering mood and wouldn't be serious about anything, least of all, himself.

"I was just lucky in getting the breaks," is the way he summed it up.

Grabbing at this lead, I asked: "How much does an actor's success depend upon luck?"

He replied, quickly: "Almost everything. It exerts an enormous and far-reaching influence at every step of the way, yet it is so elusive that you can't define it. I grew up with the Horatio Alger idea that hard work and honesty were the tools that won the prize. I thought of luck as merely a foolish superstition. Then I went on the stage and faced situations which only that something we call *luck* could explain.

"I've worked hard and I've sacrificed, but so has every actor. I managed to get ahead while some of the others, with whom I started, didn't make the grade, just because I bumped into the right opportunity at the right moment.

"That's it, the element of *Time*, symbolizes my luck!" he exclaimed, exuberantly. "Today is the prelude of tomorrow. No success is a single experience, it is hooked up with a variety of influences, and, looking back, I can see so many corners I turned just at an opportune moment. It's a bit awing, isn't it?"

Life moves in cycles, and Freddie's good fortune really began that happy August day when a Blessed Event dropped him into the waiting cradle of the well-to-do Bickel family in Racine, Wisconsin. Bickel is his real name, you know.

He insists he was the very Imp of Satan as a youngster and chuckled gleefully as he recalled some of his pranks, telling how his nickname of *Bottles* was given him by the neighborhood gang because he was the champion bottle finder in the exciting scramble for old junk.

This early cycle passed safely, as did several others, then, graduating from the Wisconsin University, he went to the New York City Bank to take a training course. There he was stricken with appendicitis.

Oddly enough, this turned into *Time's Golden Moment* for Freddie.

He firmly believes if this hadn't happened right then and there, he would today be tucked behind the money cage of a small-town bank. Lying there in the hospital, he began visioning himself as an actor, and the first thing he recalls after coming out from the anesthetic, was the determination to chuck banking in favor of the stage.

"I never even went back to the bank," he confessed. "Instead, I started out to land a job and became an extra in George Fitzmaurice's film, 'Paying the Piper.' Then, because I wanted to eat, when I couldn't find screen work, I posed for illustrators and photographers.

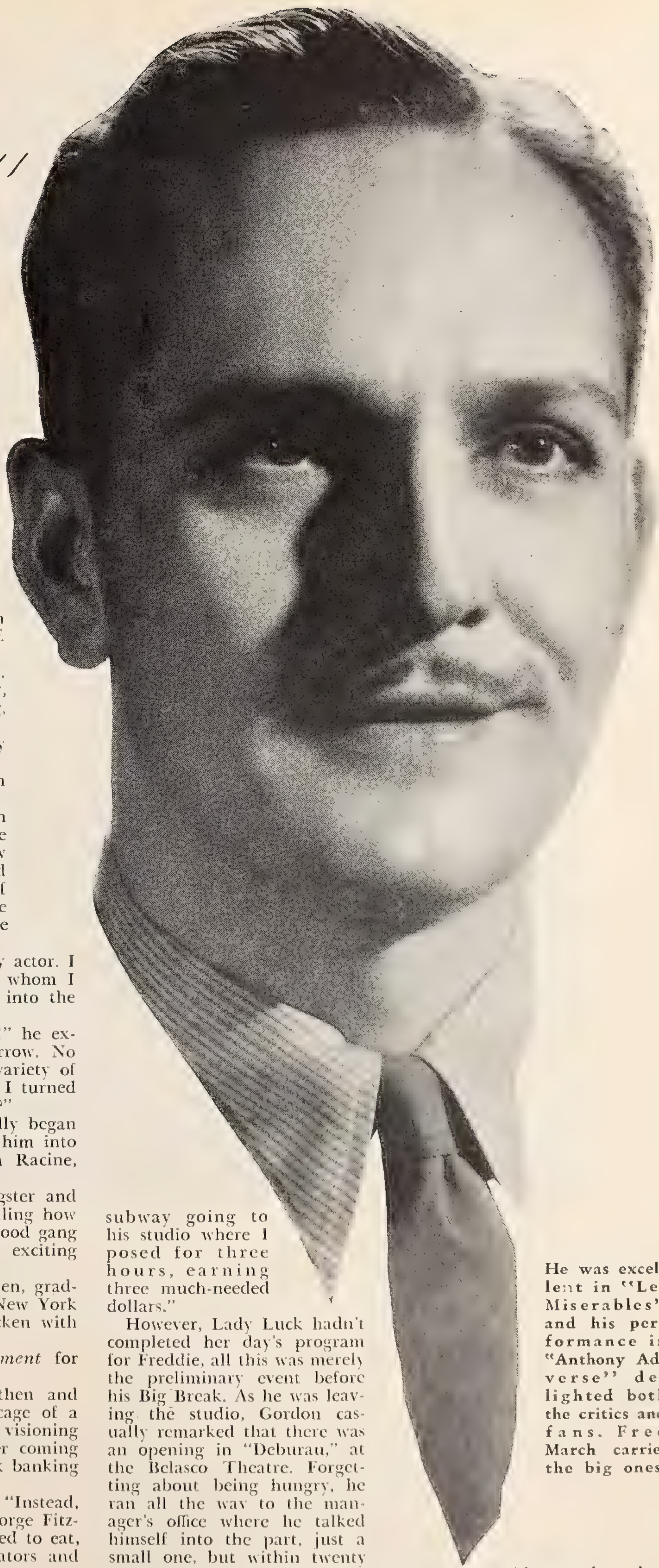
"One day a crisis loomed. Hungry, and with but one dime to my name, I flipped the coin to see whether I'd spend it on a sandwich or phone an agency. The agency won. I played fair and, pulling in my belt an extra notch, I phoned and learned that Leon Gordon wanted me, so I spent the other nickle on the

subway going to his studio where I posed for three hours, earning three much-needed dollars."

However, Lady Luck hadn't completed her day's program for Freddie, all this was merely the preliminary event before his Big Break. As he was leaving the studio, Gordon casually remarked that there was an opening in "Deburau," at the Belasco Theatre. Forgetting about being hungry, he ran all the way to the manager's office where he talked himself into the part, just a small one, but within twenty weeks he was playing the juvenile rôle in this popular play.

"My first big part," said Freddie, "was in William Brady's 'The Law Breaker,' and when he offered me a nice contract I turned it down. This was one of the momentous occasions that changed my life, but I had learned enough to know I needed more experience, so I resolutely turned my back on [Continued on page 70]

He was excellent in "Les Misérables" and his performance in "Anthony Adverse" delighted both the critics and fans. Fred March carries the big ones.





ON THE GRAND BANKS

Fictionization of "Captains Courageous,"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production
of Rudyard Kipling's Famous Novel.

IN GLOUCESTER the houses dig their heels into ledges of Cape Ann granite as they stare over the harbor, watching the ships which are Gloucester's life. The breeze off the gray Atlantic brings the reek of drying fish from the flake yards below and salt that tastes bitter on the lips. Nuzzling the piling of the city's docks the fishing fleet patterns its mast against bleak skies. They sway to the wash of distant surges, the lean, shrewd schooners, smart like their Yankee masters and the tubby, roly-poly Latin ladies of the sea, painted in screaming blues and greens and adorned with bands of crimson.

On the hill, above the ships, there are prim, New England spires and among them the landmark of the Portuguese sailor, the wooden statue of Our Lady of the Good Voyage who cradles a baby ship in her arms.

Eastward, on the horizon, a faint smoke plume tells of the big liner taking her bearings from Thatcher's Island light before she turns on her heel to race off to Europe.

This is a story of Gloucester ships and Gloucester men that was written years ago by a small, quiet Englishman whose shrewd eyes could see deeper into the hearts of ships and men than any story teller has seen since.

* * *

By
Jack Bechdolt

cream soda. A chocolate one with two balls of cream."

"You can't," they chorused in triumph. "The soda fountain doesn't open till noon."

"We'll see about that," boasted Master Harvey. He started off, followed by the boys who anticipated his speedy humiliation.

In this world Justice is a sluggard and Merit speaks in the mild tones of reason, but the insistence of a spoiled brat whose father is a director of a steamship line can make strong men quail. The harassed purser gave an order and a steward opened the soda fountain to serve Master Harvey and his guests. And

Master Harvey, waxing louder in his brassy triumph, bet the steward he could down six ice cream sodas in a row.

The steward, seething with indignation at his overtime duty, took him up with a crafty grin. Six double jigger sodas, rich in whipped cream and cloying sirups and cracked nuts went down Master Harvey's gullet, the last spoonfuls albeit with slower and slower cadence while Master Harvey's pallid face took on queer, greenish tinges.

The slumbering Atlantic, outraged by his ribaldry, shuddered and the huge liner lifted, then dropped, slowly, relentlessly down and down.

"Look, he's gettin' sick," cried the first boy gleefully. "He's gonna be sick!"

"Hey, he's gonna be sick," chanted the second guest.

"I am not," said Master Harvey. "I guess I've got a right to go see my father, haven't I?" Clutching at the tattered remnants of his grandiose manner he vanished toward the deck. The two youths fled after him, chanting in innocent glee, "He's gonna be sick!"

Master Harvey was sick—hidden behind a lifeboat where he had escaped from his companions.

The placard on the chain barrier around the lifeboat said passengers were not permitted beyond that point, but what was that to a youth whose father owned—or practically owned—the steamship line!

There was no rail there, just an open space where the boat could swing . . . and a drop over the towering steel sides of the liner. Master Harvey Cheyne was too actively sick to care about that until his giddy lurching sent him headlong overboard.

Roaring defiance of the fog the liner sped on and in the great, foaming swath that stretched a mile astern of her bobbed a tiny, black bit of flotsam, ten-year-old Harvey Cheyne, struggling manfully to keep afloat.

A solitary dory crossed the liner's wake, its oilskin clad passenger standing to his oars as he propelled it. It was Manuel's eye that spied the uplifted hand and Manuel's boat hook that tangled in the boy's clothing and dragged him into the dory. Manuel turned him face down over the codfish heaped in his boat and methodically went to work drubbing the salt water out of him.

When Harvey Cheyne was safely dry inside, though miserably wet without, Manuel lifted his voice. "Hi-i! Aboard the vessel!"

Off in the fog a bell jangled fitfully; a man's voice shouted an answering "Hi-i!" Grinning, Manuel took his bearings by the hail and headed for the schooner *We're Here*.

"Fifteen years I been fisherman," he mused. "This first time I catcha feesh like you!"

Master Harvey Cheyne, stiff and sore from a thorough rolling over a keg, clad only in a man's wool undershirt that dragged to his knees, waked to find himself in a fo'castle bunk of a Gloucesterman. The stink of fish was everywhere and mingled with it the odors of food cooking in the galley. Master Cheyne, giddy and empty and offended in all his delicate sensibilities, sought out Captain Disko Troop in a rage.

"How long would it take this tub to get to Europe?"

"Dunno. Ain't never tried to sail there—"

"You take me there, I've got to meet my father."

"That's a pity, son, but I'm afraid it can't be done."

"Then," said Harvey, "take me to New York."

Disko was a patient man. "We're workin' on the Grand Banks," he explained. "This [Continued on page 72]



(Left) Harvey (Freddie Bartholomew) makes friends with Manuel (Spencer Tracy), the fisherman who saved him from drowning when he tumbled from the deck of an Atlantic liner. (Above) Manuel tells the little fellow how to clean the codfish.

Fog swirled up from a glassy, flat sea off the Grand Banks. The towering bow of the liner ripped the cobweb curtain as she clipped off the miles, her siren roaring as she sped. Close by, hidden by the steam of the ocean's breathing, the *We're Here* of Gloucester rode to anchor, all her dories out, all hands hard at it in the race to fill her hold with cod and halibut.

Master Harvey Cheyne walked beside his father on the liner's gleaming white deck that was as wide as Fifth Avenue. Master Harvey was ten years old and the perfect flowering of that most obnoxious blossom, the spoiled brat.

A good, sound boy's school in

Connecticut could not cope with Master Harvey when his father chose to believe his lies as against the conservative statements of his headmaster. So now Frank Burton Cheyne was taking his son abroad in the fatuous belief that English schools would suit him better.

"Those boys wouldn't believe you owned this ship," said Master Harvey, indicating two youngsters who were hard at a game of ping-pong.

"I don't. I'm merely a director in the line—"

"Well, you're chairman. That's the boss, isn't it?" He said it loudly for the boys to hear.

"Look, son," said the father of this problem child, "you have some fun with the boys. I've got a radio to answer. I'll pick you up later and we'll go up on the captain's bridge."

"Hear that?" grinned the obnoxious youth. "My father's taking me up to the captain when he gives him some orders, later on!"

"Bushwah," said the first boy. His companion added a Bronx cheer.

"Play you doubles?" Harvey offered grandly.

"Can't you see we're busy?"

"All right. Guess I'll get an ice

Harvey
Manuel
Disko
Mr. Cheyne
Dan
Uncle Salters
Priest
"Long Jack"

THE CAST

Freddie Bartholomew
Spencer Tracy
Lionel Barrymore
Melvyn Douglas
Mickey Rooney
Charley Grapewin
Jack La Rue
John Carradine

REVIEWS OF

AFTER THE THIN MAN

THE ACE OF MYSTERIES—M-G-M

THE long awaited sequel to "The Thin Man" is here at last, and unlike most sequels it's just as hilarious and utterly nonsensical as the original. And, you amateur detectives you, here is as

A toast to co-starring. Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout.



CHAMPAGNE WALTZ

MR. ZUKOR'S JUBILEE PICTURE—Par.

AND here's waltz-mad Vienna again—except that this time it isn't before the War and it isn't waltz-mad, the more's the pity. Gladys Swarthout plays a descendant of Johann Strauss and with her grandfather she runs a waltz palace in Vienna, a feature of the entertainment being her songs. It's highly successful until two Americans, Fred MacMurray, a jazz band orchestra leader, and his manager, Jack Oakie, open up a jazz dance-hall right next door. Their music is so hot that waltz-mad Vienna goes jazz-mad pronto and the Strausses lose their customers and traditions.

Of course Gladys and Fred fall in love—he tells her he is the American consul in Vienna—and then there is the big heart-break scene when she discovers that he is really Buzzy-the-boy-next-door-who-plays-the-trombone. Fred returns to New York where he gets a job singing for peanuts in a honkytonk. Oakie brings the Strausses to New York and puts them up in business in a Blue Danube Waltz Palace which is an instantaneous hit due to its novelty. Chewing-gum brings the lovers together again.

Unfortunately, the romance isn't all it should be and the picture depends mostly upon its comedy, of which it hasn't half enough. Jack Oakie and Vivienne Osborne as a phoney countess make an excellent comedy team. Miss Swarthout sings beautifully "Paradise in Waltz Time" and "Could I Be in Love?" The finale, the combining of the "Blue Danube Waltz" and "Hold That Tiger," irked me considerably. But maybe I just irk too easily.

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY—Sol Lesser-Principal

HERE is a picture that gives you that warm, glowing, peace-on-earth-good-will-towards-men feeling, and I heartily ad-

vise you to see it. It's death to the mood blue, and so pleasantly sentimental that it will wrap itself around your heart. Bobby Breen—and according to my figuring he is the best of the child actors—plays a little southern boy, orphaned by the Civil War, who has been brought up by his ex-slave mammy, Louise Beavers, in old New Orleans. But the parish priest persuades Louise to let the little boy go to his grandmother "way up north," and though it breaks her heart Louise delivers her little charge to his cold, crochety grandmother compared with whom the Earl of Dorincourt was a tender kitten.

But, of course, little Bobby with his boyish sweetness and lovely voice, wins over the old lady completely, and eventually the two of them dash merrily off to New Orleans to find his devoted mammy. May Robson is magnificent as the grandmother and it is grand to have Louise Beavers in a rôle worthy of her talents again. Benita Hume is excellent as the snobbish mother of little Marilyn Knowlden, who is also heir to the grandmother's millions, and Alan Mowbray as her hen-pecked husband gives another of his perfect performances. Charles Butterworth plays the family butler and Bobby's one friend in the big, cold mansion.

Of course Bobby sings, glory be, for there are not many things in this world as beautiful as Bobby Breen's boyish soprano voice. In a church sequence he sings Schubert's "Ave Maria" so beautifully that it will make you think you are in heaven, followed by "Holy, Holy, Holy," with a boys' choir accompanying him. His loneliness in his new home and his longing for his little pickaninny pal Lilybell (played by Stymie Beard) brings forth three Stephen Foster songs, of which "Old Folks at Home" will get you right under the heart. Then, too, there's "Rainbow on the River," the "Flower Song" and several others—not to mention the Hall Johnson Choir too. For that cozy feeling I recommend this to the entire family.



grim a mystery as you ever tried to unravel, with enough suspense to keep you dangling on the edge of your seats, and three perfectly startling murders. If you know "who done it" before the final reel you're a better man than Philo Vance.

The story opens with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, the most fascinating and charmingly idiotic married couple on the screen, returning to their home in San Francisco after that hectic trip to New York which was the highlight of the original "Thin Man." All they want is a little peace and quiet and months and months of undisturbed sleep—so what—so on their very first night they become enmeshed in a mystery that involves Myrna's own aristocratic and terribly snooty family.

Her cousin, Elissa Landi, has not heard from her husband in three days and suspects foul play. The search for him involves his murder, as well as that of a blackmailer and a gardener—and who do you think did it? Well, I'll not tell you.

The comedy situations, as before, are magnificent with some of the cleverest dialogue of the year. You'll love the scene where Asta swallows a clue and Myrna and Bill scramble madly to get it out of him.

P I C T U R E S

THREE SMART GIRLS

A PERFECTLY GRAND COMEDY—*Universal*

AND this is the picture that they are raving about out Hollywood way. It seems that Universal (which now describes itself as the "new Universal") took an unknown writer, an unknown producer, an unknown director, and three unknown girls, and without any "names" turned out one of the gayest, smartest, most entertaining comedies of the year. "Big Names? Stars? Phooey," said the new Universal, "we don't need 'em." And in star-conscious Hollywood, that, my child, is Revolution.

Briefly, the story concerns itself with the goings-on of a gay sugar daddy (Charles Winninger) who falls for a scheming gold-digger called "Precious" (Binnie Barnes). His divorced wife over in Switzerland is still in love with him, so one day his three daughters, whom he hasn't seen in ten years, decide to rescue their father



"Rainbow on the River" (nice title), a sentimental musical, with Bobby Breen, May Robson and Benita Hume.

from Precious' clutches. They descend upon him in New York and break up the romance by the indirect approach method, and arrange a reconciliation between their parents. Very slight, but very funny when you see it.

Alice Brady as Precious' mother is Alice Brady at her most amusing best and you can't beat that. The three smart girls, all destined for stardom, are Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, and all from the Universal stock company.

Little fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin was "discovered" on a Sunday night program at the Trocadero. She has already made a name for herself on the Eddie Cantor broadcast. She sings exquisitely. And now it seems she can act too.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937

GUARANTEED TO CHEER YOU UP—

Warner Brothers

ONE of the most lavish of the musicals, and one of the best. Dick Powell has never sung better, Joan Blondell has never looked lovelier, and Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore have never been funnier—so what more can you ask? And besides, this picture marks the screen debut of Lee Dixon who is just about the handsomest tap dancer we've had to date, and the boy can dance too, on steps, chairs, and any old thing.

The plot is delightfully screwy with top-notch dialogue—all about two theatrical crooks who insure the life of their partner for a million dollars in hopes that the old boy will kick off soon.



Edith Fellowes and Bing Crosby in "Pennies from Heaven." Delightful!



Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read click in "Three Smart Girls," with Ray Milland.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

WITH BING CROSBY
AS A TROUBADOR—
Col.

BING'S back in town, girls, so tear yourself away from Mr. Spangler Brugh (Bob Taylor to you) for the nonce and give Bing a break. Your favorite crooner, minus a bit of poundage, has never crooned better and you'll go pleasantly mad over the new

song hits he introduces in this picture, viz., "One Two—Button Your Shoe." "Pennies from Heaven," and "Let's Call a Heart a Heart."

Bing plays a modern troubadour, which is a nice way of saying a tramp. Against his will, he is adopted by a little orphan, Edith Fellowes, and her Gramp, Donald Meek, who live in a haunted house which they inherit from a murderer.

A high point in the picture is when Bing, in order to make money to support Edith, turns the haunted house into a Tavern and gives an opening party that's

[Continued on page 61]

But Dick Powell, a young insurance agent who sold him the million-dollar policy, is just as eager for him to keep alive, for the longer he lives the more money Dick gets.

Victor Moore plays the producer, who at fifty-nine is the worst of hypochondriacs, but after meeting Dick Powell, and reading "Life Begins at Fifty-nine," and getting a gander at Glenda Farrell, the old boy takes a new lease on life. Of course there are magnificent comedy situations, what with Dick and Joan trying to keep him alive and Osgood Perkins and Charles Brown trying to kill him.

MENUS FOR THAT PARTY MOOD!

FEBRUARY, for all it is the shortest month of the year, is starred with excuses for parties. On the twelfth we have Lincoln's birthday, on the fourteenth St. Valentine's Day and on the twenty-second Washington's birthday. Doesn't that leave you breathless with possibilities for fun and the excitement of planning unusual fetes of the most diversified type?

But let us be gay, let us be modern and above all, let us be romantic on St. Valentine's Day. This latter can be accomplished principally in our table decorations and, if it is to be an evening party, by alluring costumes, with each guest wearing tiny heart shaped masks. The napkins should be folded square and sealed with red hearts. When opened, Valentine fortunes tumble out. Nut meats and Valentine mints can be placed beside each plate in small heart shaped paper dishes, and tall red candles, interspersed with white ones, in effective candlesticks will add much to the desired effect.

Here is a menu which is excellent for either a St. Valentine luncheon or a buffet supper.

Menu

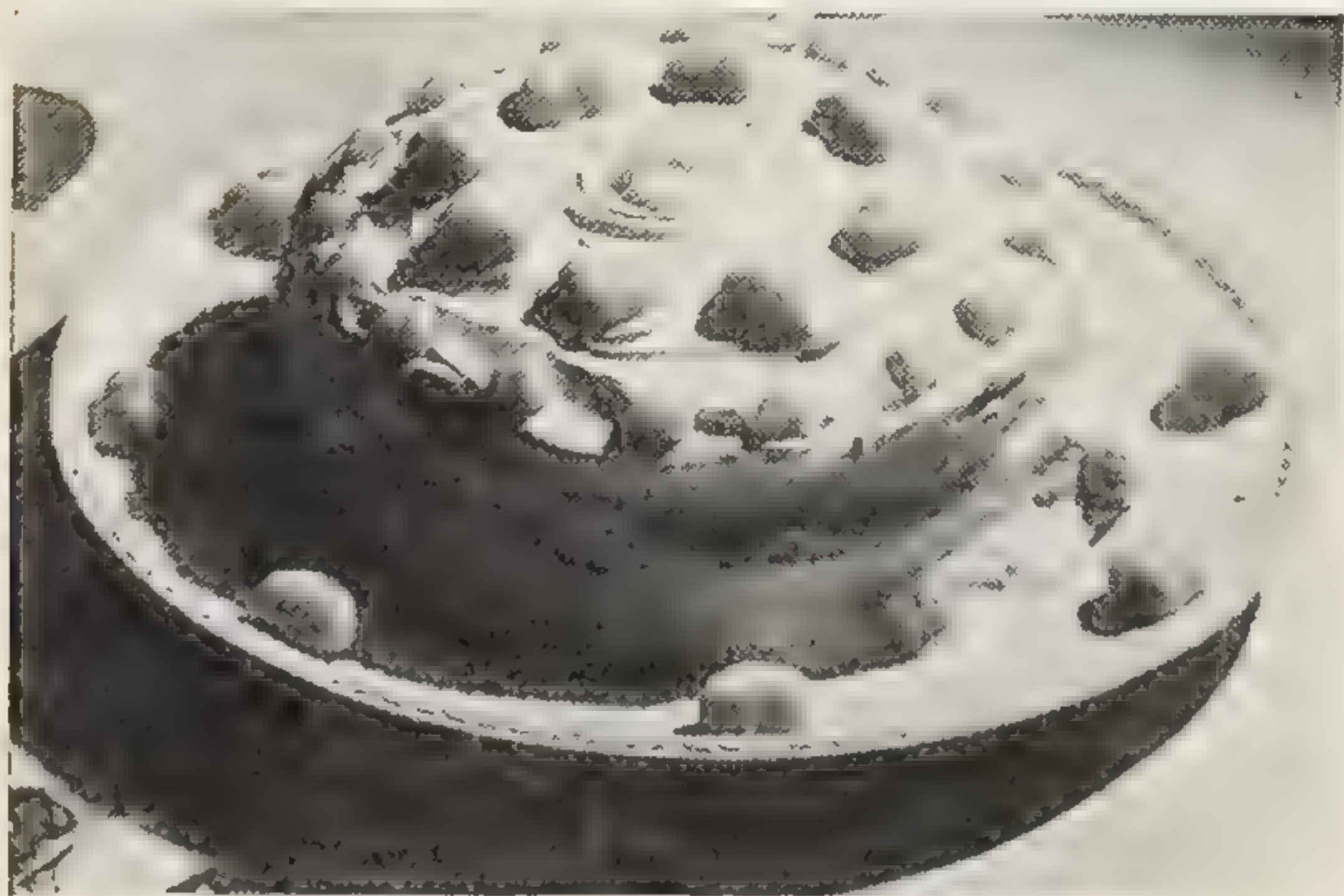
Crab Meat Patties
Hot Buttered Rolls
Olives Salted Walnuts Stuffed Celery
Tomato Jelly Salad
Caraway Crackers
Strawberry Pinwheels with Orgeat Custard
Coffee

CRAB MEAT PATTIES

Flake a large can of crab meat. Put in a pan with a little butter and 2 tbsps. cooking sherry. Toss until hot. Have ready 2 cups of fine cream sauce in double boiler. Add crab meat to this. Season with salt, pepper, and more sherry, if needed. Heat small patty shells (bought from your baker). Fill with mixture. Serve hot. This can be made in a chafing dish, having all ingredients assembled and ready on table. Any shell fish may be used instead of crab. To save time the rolls may be bought at bakery and re-heated when needed or you can make your own quickly with bisquick.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Heat 2 cups Crosse and Blackwell Tomato Juice. Add 1 tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. salt. Add juice of 1 lemon and a dash of highly seasoned prepared sauce and tabasco. Add 1½ tbsps. Royal Aspic gelatine soaked in cold water. Dissolve and strain. Conceal in individual heart shaped molds. To serve,



Love Apple Cake is a luscious dessert for this holiday feast.

St. Valentine's Day
Offers An Opportunity To Go Gay.

By

Ruth Corbin

Anne Shirley,
having a grand
time rolling the
crust for her
Queen of Hearts
Pie.



unmold on lettuce and garnish with roses of cottage cheese which has been whipped with cream. Small curled anchovies or chopped onion and sweet pickle may be molded into the salad, and have aspic cool before adding either of these ingredients. For your buffet a nice way to present this is in loaf form. To do this pour in a pan a third of tomato mixture and let set, then spread over it 1 cup chopped boiled ham and add another third of tomato mixture. When this has set spread with the whipped cream and cottage cheese and add remaining tomato mixture. In this form, unmolded on a platter, the guests can serve their own salad.

STRAWBERRY PINWHEELS

Cut from an unsliced loaf 4 thin slices of bread lengthwise and remove crusts. Spread each slice with heaviest whipped cream colored red and sweetened with sugar. Roll bread like a jelly roll, using 2 slices for each roll. Wrap in waxed paper and chill an hour or more. Slice each roll in 2 or 3 pieces, place on a plate and surround each pinwheel with chilled, sugared strawberries which have been marinated for several hours in refrigerator in brandy or sherry. Make a custard by beating 3 eggs lightly, add ½ cup sugar and stir into 1 pint of scalded milk. Cook in double boiler until custard coats spoon. Be careful not to overcook. Chill. Flavor with Orgeat cordial to taste, or a few drops of bitter almond. Orgeat cordial is made from almonds and is delicious. Pour over pinwheels and berries.

For the very elaborate party where a full supper is desired the following is not only a grand combination of wholesome, inexpensive, easily prepared foods but possesses at least three new ideas.

Menu

C & B Cream of Mushroom Soup with
Heart-shaped Toast
London Broil
Grilled Mushrooms, English Walnuts
Heart-shaped Potatoes
Creamed Spinach
French Fried Carrot Chips
Small Tomatoes with Red Caviar Dressing
Queen of Hearts Pie or Love Apple Cake
Nuts Coffee Valentine Mints

Arrange all grilled ingredients on a broiler. Slice large parboiled potatoes in pieces about ½ inch thick and cut from slices medium sized hearts (use cutter). Dip potato hearts, mushroom caps and walnut halves in melted butter and place on back of broiler because steak must be turned often. It should require ten or fifteen minutes broiling on each side for a medium well done steak, depending, of course, on the thickness of the meat. When done arrange potato hearts on platter around steak on edge of dish. Place mushroom caps between steak and hearts. Pour juice cooked from meat over them for added flavor. Dot steak with butter and when melted sprinkle minced parsley on top.

For the spinach, you can save yourself a lot of time by buying the Birdseye brand. One pound is equal to 3 pounds of fresh spinach and there is no difference in flavor. It cooks in about 2 minutes. Press cooked spinach through a sieve, pour into it three or four tablespoons melted butter and whip until fluffy. The carrots are French fried exactly as you would potato chips, i.e.: in a French frying basket in deep, hot Crisco or Spry.

Wash small tomatoes and scoop out the centers. Fill with a mixture made of ⅓ cup red caviar (the flavor is more delicate than the black), 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion, 1 tbsp. chopped pimento, 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine, ½ pint of your favorite salad dressing.

QUEEN OF HEARTS PIE

Crust

2 cups flour 6 or 8 tbsps. cold water
1 tsp. salt ⅔ cup Crisco

Sift flour and salt. Cut in Crisco finely to distribute its richness. Add water slowly, stirring so as to use as little as possible. Divide into 2 balls. Roll each ball out on floured board. Fit bottom crust into pie plate. Pour in the following—

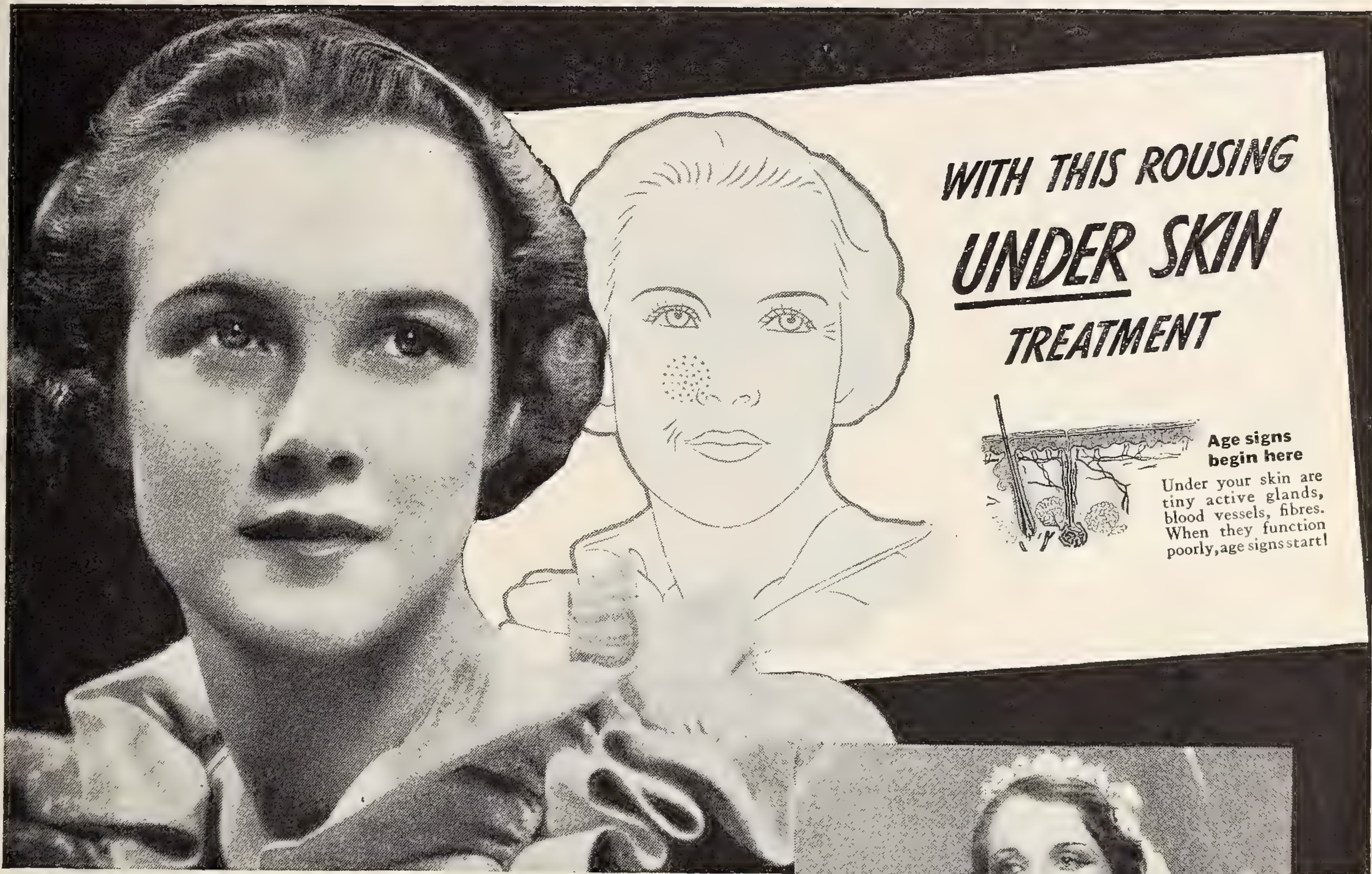
Filling

3 cups cranberries 1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup pineapple juice ½ tsp. ginger
1 cup pineapple, diced

Clean cranberries. Cook with sugar, pineapple juice and ginger until they burst. Remove from stove. Add drained pine-

[Continued on page 60]

Reduce Pores... Soften Lines



Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!



Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



John, Richard and Patience Abbe, authors of "Around the World in Eleven Years," visit Mary Boland in Hollywood.

Is He A Stuffed Shirt?

[Continued from page 17]

Airliner bound from New York to Los Angeles, I was comfortably snoozing in my seat when the plane stopped at Omaha, about one o'clock of a Sunday morning.

All thought of sleep stopped instantly. Such a racket as was going on. There must have been a couple of thousand people milling around the airport, which is a good three miles from town and usually practically deserted at such hours.

"It's some movie star—Bob Taylor, I think," the man across the aisle vouchsafed. "Gee, it's lucky you didn't try to get off. I got stepped on and my stomach pushed in, and look at my hat," he said, ruefully surveying a battered muddy Stetson.

I looked out the window and sure enough, there was Bob, his mother, some gray-haired man and Dean Dorn of the M-G-M publicity department, trying to make their way through the crowd with the aid of airport attachés and policemen.

They were all excited. Bob was beaming with enough smiles to light up a whole United landing field and he kept repeating, "Gosh, they were great!" while Dean kept shouting over the roar of the motor details of the Nebraska homecoming. Mrs. Brugh promptly became ill—the nervous excitement was too much for her.

But Bob—well, he was exhausted and went to sleep. Really, I'd liked to have taken a picture of the screen's No. 1 glamour boy stretched out, perfectly relaxed, mouth open, snoring his head off as the plane roared on through the night toward Hollywood. He slept right through a blizzard between Cheyenne and Salt Lake, in fact, was the only one on board who did sleep. The rest of us were resting gingerly on the edge of our seats and peering vainly through frosted windows for sign of land, which was a long time coming.

Not until we were well into Nevada and approaching California did Bob wake up sufficiently to talk to me about his trip. Meanwhile I got many details of what went on from Dean and Mrs. Brugh. This was Sunday morning; they had arrived in Beatrice on Wednesday to find the whole town had turned out, yelling and screaming for Arlington. Some enterprising soul had gone around and arranged to have

every whistle—some of which had not been blown in nigh twenty years—steamed up for the occasion. Bells were ringing—all school bells and all church bells.

Well, they put Bob in this open touring car and rode him through Lincoln and Beatrice at the head of a parade, just as they rode Lindbergh some years ago. I don't know exactly why a movie star should receive as affectionate a greeting as a man who has flown the Atlantic, but he did. (Well, I suppose you can say they were both unspoiled, likeable lads who had received great and sudden fame—for different reasons—and had come home to find themselves unexpected heroes.)

After the parades, after the handshaking (Bob split two of his fingers open) he had to go up to the old Junior High School and face those young demons, the school kids. Here, really, was a test for a movie star! Or anybody, for that matter.

The kids were all eyeing him closely when he arrived at the High School and more closely when he mounted the assembly room rostrum to make a speech. What would he say—would he go Hollywood actor on them? Would he rub his hands and say, "Now, fellows, before I went to Hollywood, blah . . . blah . . . blah!"

If they were watching-Bob closely, don't you think Bob wasn't watching them!

"I was really scared for the first time since I had arrived in Beatrice," he confessed to me. "I can't make speeches, but I liked those kids and I wanted them to like me. I suddenly realized that they were all looking at me to see what I'd say or do and I remembered how I used to feel when some alumnus came to town and got up to make a talk.

"So, although I wasn't sure quite what to say, I told them the truth. That the last time I had been upon that platform was

STAN WOULDN'T WANT ME



READ HOW
PIMPLES
ALMOST
RUINED
TINA'S DATE
FOR THE
PROM



HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING... ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING- WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME-BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW-I'VE GOT TO BE HOME-



TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?

TH-TH-SESE AWFUL PIMPLES-I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS- THEY'RE HORRIBLE-HE'D HATE ME-I KNOW-

MY GOODNESS- WHAT'S GOING ON- WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?



OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES- JUST LOOK AT ME...



WELL-I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY- AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE



when we dedicated the school building. That I had been taking public speaking but I was scared to death. That I had worse stage fright than I have ever had in Hollywood. And here I was back again, having stage fright all over, in an even more acute form!

"And then I pointed out the corner in the orchestra pit where I used to sit, when I played the cello in the orchestra, and I guess that was about all."

Another fine test that Bob went through came on the night of the reception and dance in his honor. By this time, some dozen odd newspaper and wire service reporters and camera men had joined the home town folks in the game of looking at Bob Taylor and watching his reactions. The reporters were anxious, most of all, to see what girls Bob danced with. Prince of Wales stuff? Sure, if not headline stuff, at least good copy for the papers when Bob picked out this pretty girl or that for a dance.

But Bob fooled 'em again. He steered a safe course. He just went around shaking hands with the girls he used to know and the ones he was meeting for the first time. Just before the orchestra played "Home Sweet Home," he asked the wife of his old pal, Ed Weeks, for a turn around the floor.

He did try to make a private call on the girl he used to beau, Vera Bascom. An alert Omaha newshawk traced him by the car license number and snapped his picture just as he was leaving her house. But that was all that he furnished in the way of romantic thrills for the town.

The day he left he went to a football game in Lincoln, and completely disrupted the feminine rooting section, which instead of following the frantic pleas of their cheer leader to yell, "We want a touchdown!" screamed loudly in unison, "We



Carole Lombard, in "Swing High, Swing Low," yells for help.

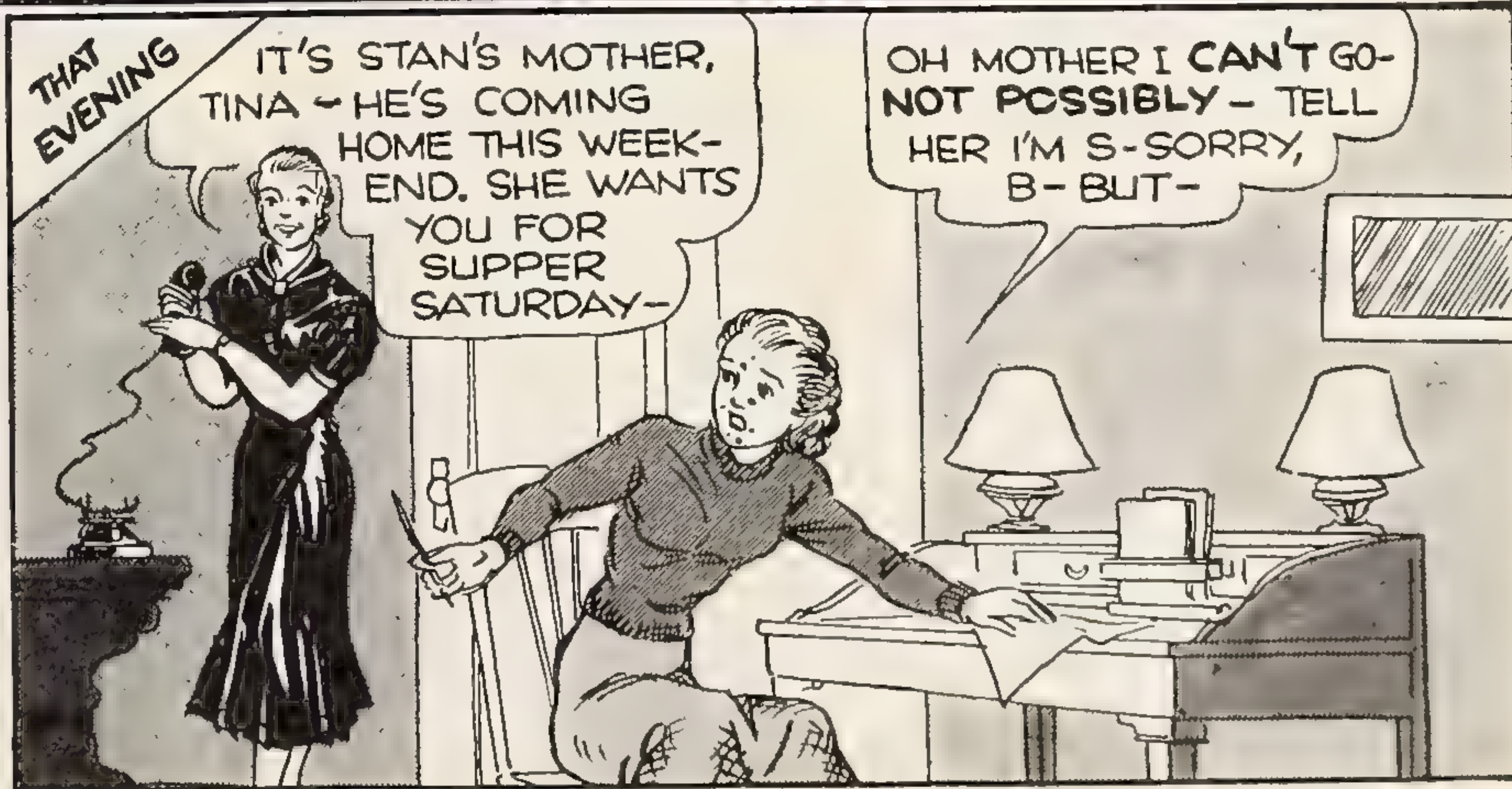
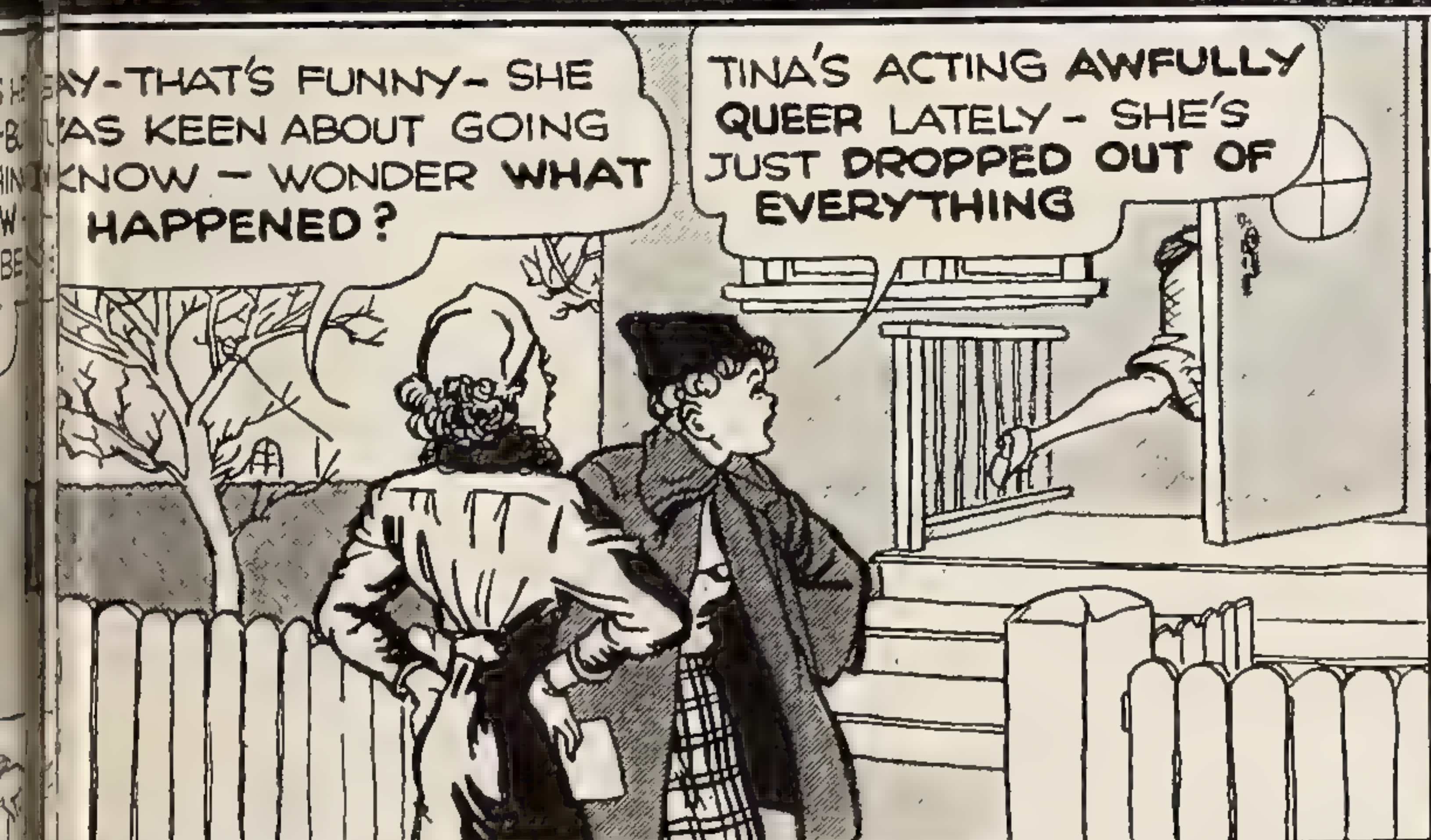
want Bob Taylor! We want Bob Taylor!" But that was just fun.

Oh, it was a great trip for the Taylor lad, not only because he had a good time and because they gave him a great welcome over which he was still beaming when I saw him, but because he proved that right now, in this year of 1936-37, despite his sleigh ride to glory, he still isn't a stuffed

shirt. To quote a final flowing paragraph from his admiring home town paper, *The Beatrice Sun*:

"It takes a man with a soul to be carried to the giddy heights and still keep his feet on the ground. A critical home town has made a severe appraisal and are happy for a kind verdict—his feet are safe on terra firma."

TO COME—if he saw me NOW..



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence; from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes

place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!



-clears the skin-
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

COUGHS

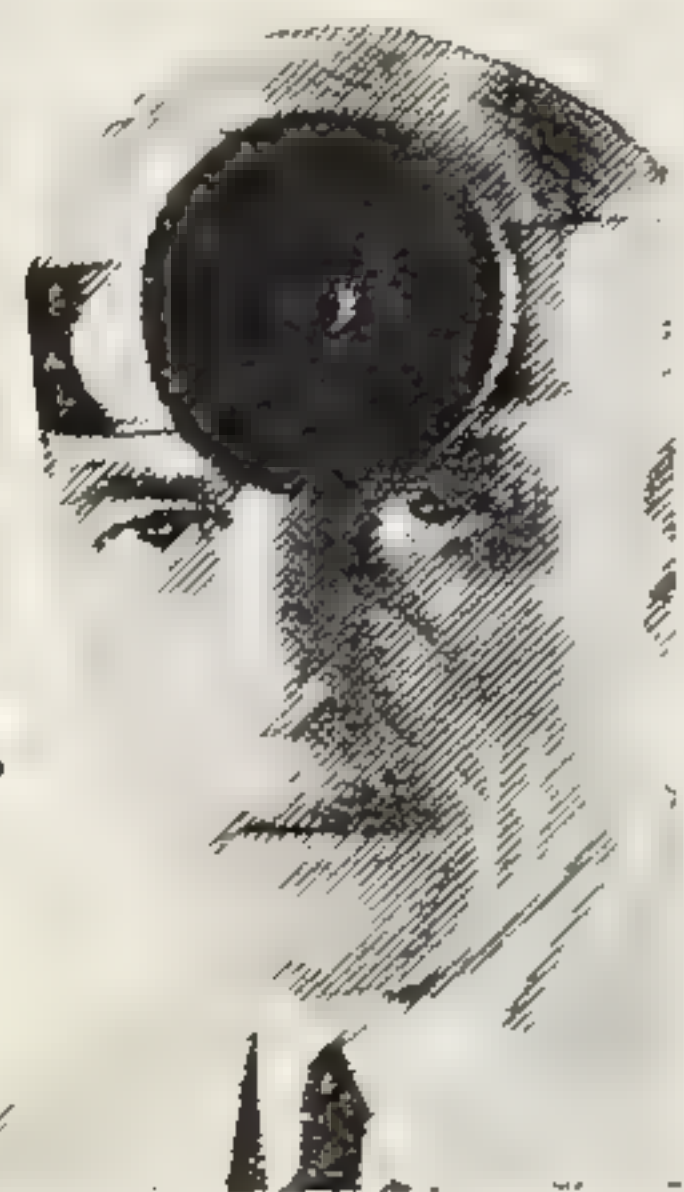


TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

WANTED-WOMEN-GIRLS

EARN
GOOD
MONEY

Mail our Catalogs from your home. Experience unnecessary. Everything supplied by us, including stamps. No selling. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, for details. Nation-Wide Distributors, 401 B'way, Dept. 5C N.Y.C.

REDUCE

BY SAFE, QUICK, EASY
SLIMMETS

No diet, no exercise, no expensive massage—just a simple prescription that contains no thyroid nor dinitrophenol. If you do not lose 8 pounds of reducible fat with the first box,

your money back! Don't put up with ugly bulges of fat! Take safe SLIMMETS and make your husband fall in love with you all over again. Money back guarantee. 90 SLIMMET Tablets... \$1.00. Send Cash, Check or M. O. today; or C. O. D. (plus postage).

No Canadian Orders
SLIMMET CO., Dept. S. U.
853 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.



Movie Magic Makes Them Greater

[Continued from page 19]

cause they were assigned to the right roles and rightly presented. The same holds true of Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen, and Ted Healy is a case in point.

It seems to me that the perception of the Coast is keener than the perception of Broadway. The movie magic-makers seem to be quicker on the trigger in spotting a personality. That is the only explanation for the quick success of a Cary Grant or a Gene Raymond in pictures. Both of these acted in Broadway shows without any great exclamations of delight on the part of producers or critics. Hollywood made both of them into matinee idols, capitalizing on their appeal to the ladies. On Broadway, producers ignored this quality completely and failed to play it up and develop it into box-office cash.

One of the answers to Hollywood's greater success in shaping a performer's career, of course, is the terrific amount of money that the major companies pour into advertising campaigns. Broadway stage producers haven't the money to keep driving home a sales talk to the reading public, and haven't the glamour of Hollywood to add to the sales talk when they do deliver it. Hollywood advertising and publicity is conducted on a giant scale and across the length and breadth of the country. Broadway producers must confine their megaphone to a radius of city blocks. That is an important distinction. Fred Astaire was a great star on the Stem, but he lacked the huge audience that Hollywood placed at his disposal immediately.

However, the record is not completely in Hollywood's favor. I can indict the Coast for its stupid casting of Alice Brady. She was one of the finest actresses on Broadway, competent to play any part that could be given to her in the movies better than most actresses could play it. But the Coast, through some amazing blunder, decided to cast her as a snickering comedienne. Instead of adding to her dramatic stature, instead of taking advantage of this fine talent, Hollywood reduced her to parts which make Broadwayites wince with pain.

The Coast has done little to capitalize on performers of proved worth like Ed

Wynn, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Sam Jaffee, Jim Barton or George M. Cohan. Each of these had something definite to offer Hollywood, but the movie pundits had their minds on something else at the moment. Jack Haley, who was the No. 1 comic of Broadway musical shows, has been buried in a lot of atrocious picture parts. More intelligent analysis of him, and a better treatment would have yielded pay dirt in Haley, because he is a great comedian with proper material. "Pigskin Parade" indicates that they are finally waking up to Haley's capabilities. Jack Benny has made a lot of money in pictures, but the movies haven't added anything to his radio reputation. Closer analysis of Benny would give the celluloid fashioners a greater screen personality. Aline MacMahon, I think, has been carelessly handled by the Coast. Like others who went out from Broadway, she was typed in Warner stock company roles, and denied the opportunity to click big in a role of substantial merit. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne had more to give to pictures than the industry dug out of them.

But for each of these that Hollywood has miscast or misinterpreted, there are dozens of instances in which the Coast has done a grand job in the grand manner. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, Donald Meek, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Edward G. Robinson, Margo—all of these can be submitted as additional rebuttal. Hollywood squeezed the last ounce of effectiveness from them, just as it keyed Edna May Oliver correctly and made her the international model of the prim, shrewish spinster aunt.

I'm really glad that Margaret Sullivan came back to Broadway and scored a smash hit in "Stage Door." For she is the timely and topical illustration that the Coast, instead of doing wrong by our Nell, developed her into star material. So the movies can feel elated that Miss Sullivan brought up the entire conversation, because, upon investigation, the record gives the Coast film factories a four-star rating in their analysis and treatment of those capable players who have made the 3,000-mile trip from Broadway.

Menus For That Party Mood!

[Continued from page 56]

apple. Cool. Cover with pie crust in the top of which 3 heart-shaped pineapple vents have been cut. Crimp edges firmly. Bake in hot oven, 425° F. 30 minutes. If you want to be really different make these pies in individual pie pans with a single heart-shaped vent, or you can even use heart-shaped molds and bake, turning out on small plates to serve.

LOVE APPLE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening	2 cups pastry flour
1 cup sugar	3 teaspoons Royal
3 egg whites	Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla	1/4 teaspoon salt
extract	2/3 cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating in well; add unbeaten egg whites, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavoring. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add alternately with milk to first mixture. Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. for about 25 minutes. Cool. Spread Tomato Filling between layers. Cover top and sides with frosting and decorate with candy hearts. Makes 1 three-layer cake.

TOMATO FILLING

1 cup unseasoned tomato juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2/3 cup granulated sugar
2 1/2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Heat tomato juice with lemon rind. Mix cornstarch and sugar and add tomato juice, stirring all the time to prevent lumping. Cook mixture until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and butter.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

1 unbeaten egg white
7/8 cup granulated sugar
3 tablespoons cold water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/4 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Put first 3 ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water; beat with egg beater seven minutes or until thick. Take from fire; add flavoring. Beat until thick and nearly cold; add baking powder. Continue to beat until thick enough to spread on cake without running. Sufficient for a loaf or 3-layer cake.

Reviews

[Continued from page 55]

tops in Hallowe'en entertainment. During this sequence Louis Armstrong sings "Skeleton in the Closet" and scores mightily as a singer and comedian.

Madge, in the ungrateful rôle of a social worker, is the most charming and beautiful "heavy" we have had for sometime. Little Miss Fellowes, thank goodness, proves again that she isn't just a cute child star—in fact she does the best bit of acting among the kiddies that we've seen since Bonita Granville in "These Three." After six reels of insulting each other, Madge and Bing fall in love and become Edith's legal guardians.

BANJO ON MY KNEE

ROMANCE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—20th Century-Fox

A RIGHT merry little tale of river folk on the Mississippi who have their own ideas about manners and society. Barbara Stanwyck (looking anything but chic in an old sweater and a percale dress) plays Pearl, a land girl, who marries Ernie Holley (Joel McCrea) of the houseboat Holleys. Joel has to leave his bride a few minutes after the ceremony because he thinks he killed the guy who dared to break river tradition by kissing the bride.

From then on the story is confined to their efforts at reunion. When Joel gets high-and-mighty and leaves her the second time Barbara runs away with a traveling salesman (Walter Catlett) to New Orleans. She is quickly followed by Newt Holley (Walter Brennan) who feels that he must keep an eye on his mule-headed daughter-

in-law, now that Joel's run off again.

Buddy (Buddy Ebsen), another one of the river folk, joins the Holleys in New Orleans and they put on a show at Minna Gombell's French Quarter restaurant which is a knock-out. Barbara and Buddy sing and dance and Brennan plays his musical "contraption." Of course Joel gets back from Havana in time for a happy ending, after he has torn the joint up and landed in jail.

The musical interpolations in the picture are topnotch—especially the Hall Johnson Choir's arrangement of the "St. Louis Blues." Walter Brennan unquestionably steals the picture. There's a grand supporting cast which includes Helen Westley, Hilda Vaughan and Katharine DeMille as river folk, Walter Catlett as a flirtatious photographer, and Anthony Martin as an entertainer who looks like Ric Cortez and sings beautifully.



Clark Gable, surrounded by some of the supporting cast in "Parnell," an adaptation of the stage success.



BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!

YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!

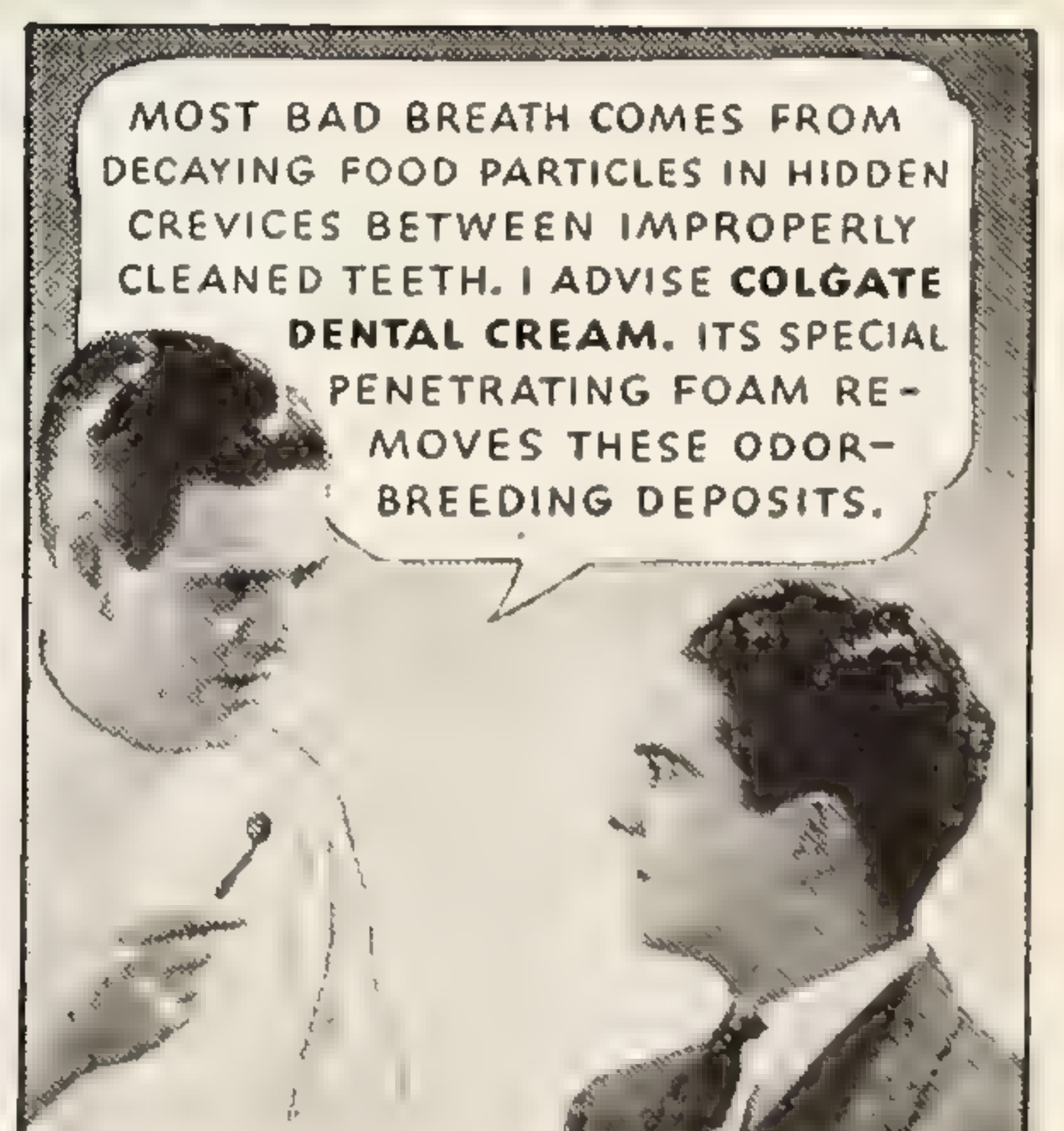


MEANWHILE...

MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST



MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.



3 WEEKS LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!

I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢

SKINNY? LISTEN TO THIS



Thousands gain
10 to 25 lbs.
this special

QUICK WAY

NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of your food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking curves, but also naturally lovely color, new pep that wins friends.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, better color and natural beauty come—you feel like a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and Iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few short weeks as they have helped thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.



Mrs. Grundy Regrets

[Continued from page 24]

"Why, Ham," Bette will say, when they arrive at a party, and are surrounded by people, "you forgot to change your shoes! You're still wearing your moccasins!"

Harmon will pretend to be much embarrassed as he looks at his feet.

"Why, so I am!" he'll say. "Well, it's too late to change now!"

When Leslie Howard doesn't want to dance, whether he is going to a private party, or to the Trocadero or Coconut Grove, he keeps on his carpet slippers!

Richard Dix, despite all the rules recommending cigarettes or cigars after dinner at a party, always hauls out his old pipe and smokes it. He says this works out to advantage because other men, reluctant because of what is and isn't proper, usually follow suit, and are grateful to him for paving the way.

Dolores del Rio always sits on the floor either at her own or other people's parties. She also invariably prefers to ignore the conventional words supposed to be spoken to a host and a hostess or either. She merely says "Goodbye" or "Goodnight," ignoring the hackneyed phrases. Often when the host or hostess is engaged in games or talking to people, she leaves without any farewell, but telephones or writes a note a day or two later. She considers the "I-had-a-grand-time" phrases bromidic and hypocritical.

Irene Dunne always has the greatest sympathy for hosts and hostesses because they seem to fret and worry about whether or not their guests are having a good time. Because of this, she makes it a point to entertain herself and stay out of their way. Sometimes she has to watch herself lest her host and hostess thinks she is snubbing them. This happened recently at a large party, after Irene had hidden out during its whole duration. She learned afterward that her hosts felt very badly because they believed she had not been at the party at all!

Walter Pidgeon is so interested in books that he always spends a goodly part of

his evening at a party in his host's library, making no excuses, just sneaking away by himself.

Binnie Barnes always takes Patricia Hayworth, a non-professional friend of hers, to parties whether Patricia is invited or not. She gets away with it because Miss Hayworth is an ornament and acquisition to any party.

Charles Winninger invariably pulls a flower out of the center piece on his host's dining or drawing room table, and places it in his lapel. But nobody ever can get mad at Charlie.

Always scared to death for fear he will bore people, George Brent lets the other fellow do the talking at a party. However, when he took up flying he became so rabid on the subject that he would but-thonhole anybody he could nab and start talking about aviation.

Pat O'Brien always has a new toast to give at every dinner party.

Joe Cawthorn always gets a crowd of men around him to sing the old songs and tell stories.

John Barrymore gathers folks around him and tells stories of his newspaper reporter days, as nobody else can tell them.

Mary Brian always dodges bridge.

Edward G. Robinson always helps wait on his guests at a buffet supper party, no matter how many servants he has in attendance.

If given a new puzzle to do, Harold Lloyd, even at his own parties, will pore over it, ignoring everybody, until he has worked it out.

Charlie Chaplin will start charades at his own or anybody else's party on the slightest excuse.

Joan Blondell never dances with anybody at a party except Dick Powell because they dance nicely together.

W. C. Fields likes telling conundrums.

Tom Brown has a store of Irish yarns he spins at parties.

Helen Hayes sometimes brings her sewing if it's a woman's party.



In "Waikiki Wedding," Bing Crosby (at right) finds the hula hula art a shaky proposition.

Lily Pons gets off in a corner and talks music to anybody interested.

And Betty Furness often brings her knitting to a party!

Joan Bennett is quite the most erudite keeper of parlor games in the colony. It was she who first seized upon "handies" and "knock-knocks" and gave them vogue in the film crowd. Guests at the Bennett house are always sure of stirring entertainment after dinner, whether it consists in building things with strange materials or knocking things off the walls with new-fangled weapons.

As a fine musician, Irene Dunne will produce an evening of serene classicism at the piano and everyone is happy. But for the parties that require a bit more verve and gusto, she has a stunt that never fails to bring down the house. This consists in playing "The Sailor's Hornpipe" with the right hand, Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" with the left hand, and singing "I'll be Down to Get You in a Taxi, Honey" at the same time.

One of the most spectacular party stunts of Hollywood in recent years has been the one-man imitation of a Scotch bagpipe band playing at a benefit, and Stuart Erwin held monopoly on it. But last year Stu taught it to Ann Sothorn and she has perfected the stunt to such a degree that the comedian has retired completely from the bagpipe field, overshadowed and disgruntled.

The Treasure of the Few

[Continued from page 27]

rightly, that George Arliss always plays George Arliss, whether he's dressed as Richelieu, Rothschild, or the Sultan of Turkey. But you can never say that Charles Laughton always plays Charles Laughton. He is an artist. It seems impossible to believe that Henry VIII and Captain Bligh could be the created work of the same man. And it seems almost incredible that the cruel, sadistic Captain Bligh of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and the sincere, lovable valet reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg address in "Ruggles of Red Gap" could be one and the same. When you think over pictures that Laughton was in you do not think of the movie actor Charles Laughton, a quiet man with a bubbling sense of humor and married to the exotic Elsa Lanchester, but you think, and vividly, of the rôle he played in a certain picture that appealed to you. It's keenly etched in your memory.

I cannot forget the effeminate, nauseating Nero of "The Sign of the Cross," or the merciless Captain Bligh defying the sea in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Laughton's Javert, the ever menacing policeman in "Les Misérables," is conceded even by the French to be the greatest Javert of all times. It took imagination for Laughton to conceive the magnificent menace he gave the rôle. If he had been out every night trying to run down photographers to take his picture for the rotogravure he wouldn't have had so much time for imagination.

And, just as you hate him in certain pictures, you love him in others. His Henry VIII was a vulgar but jolly old dear. His Ruggles of Red Gap a darling. The late Irving Thalberg was convinced that Laughton could play Mr. Chips of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," one of the most gentle, modest men in literature. There are many people who agree with Mr. Thalberg, and it is our great hope that Laughton will still be persuaded to play the part when the picture goes into production. From Captain Bligh to Mr. Chips in one generation can safely be called a gamut.

Walter Brennan is another of the humble actors whose part in a picture is always

**CHAPPED HANDS
FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND**

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!

"SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER after this snowy trip!" But Hinds puts back softness. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*. Quickly, Hinds soaks roughness smooth, comforts stinging "skin cracks." Creamy, not watery—every drop actually works *better!*

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!**

PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*, does skin more good.

**Now... Hinds contains
"Sunshine Vitamin"
that skin absorbs**

Hinds now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed*, and gives skin many of the benefits of sunshine. Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness—aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Mon. to Fri., 12:15 pm E.S.T., over WABC-CBS.

**DON'T LET
HALF-WAY CARE
STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH**



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth *look* white the tooth paste you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection*. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH
by
R. J. Forhan
D.D.S.

**HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER**



"The
CURLER
USED BY THE
STARS"

BETTY GRABLE, RKO Player

45 WOMEN OUT OF EVERY 100

who want soft, lovely, flattering curls use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. For many curls or just a few...more women use Hollywood Curlers than nearly all other brands put together. You'll know why when you try the "Curler used by the Stars."

Don't accept imitations... be
sure you buy Hollywood Curlers.



U. S.
PATENTS
2,000,893
2,000,894

3 for 10c AT 5c AND 10c STORES — NOTION COUNTERS

outstanding, no matter how small. Brennan came to Hollywood fifteen years ago. But it was not until he was given a small part in "Barbary Coast," where, as Old Atrocity, a waterfront hobo without any teeth, he practically walked away with the picture. Sam Goldwyn immediately signed him on a contract and when he was casting "Come and Get It" he found that he had a natural for Swan Bostrum right there on his own contract list—Walter Brennan. Brennan's characterization of the Swede is one of the outstanding features of the picture.

Twentieth Century immediately borrowed him for a Tobacco Road part in "Banjo On My Knee" and the rumor is that he walks away with the picture, despite the fact that it has Barbara Stanwyck for its star. He plays Joel McCrea's father in the picture, but you might be interested to know that in real life he is in his middle thirties and still a very young man. You wouldn't catch any of our Wonder Boys playing daddy to Joel McCrea, now would you? But Walter Brennan is an actor, he doesn't give a damn about age, beards, and make-up. His desire is to make each rôle he plays a complete character. Upon the sad death of Chic Sale recently, Brennan was rushed over to the Universal lot to take Chic's part in "Blonde Dynamite."

When it comes to real honest to goodness acting Humphrey Bogart is a young man for us to keep our eyes on. Well known on the New York stage, Humphrey was brought to Hollywood to play the gangster in "Petrified Forest" and proceeded to steal the notices on the picture right away from Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. In "Bullets and Ballots" he again played a nasty gangster, and played it well, and of course the idea might have gotten around that Bogart could only play heavies. But in "China Clipper" he played a "straight," in "Two Against the World" he played the romantic lead, and now in "Black Legion"

he plays a very sympathetic rôle, and it seems that Mr. Bogart can bring the tears just as easily as the hisses. With a romantic lead under his belt Humphrey could have been very temperamental, à la George Raft, and refuse to play any more heavies, but not that boy, he's an actor first, and a movie star last. It might be fun to kiss Anita Louise in the final fade-out, but Humphrey prefers a three weeks' beard and a bullet in the chest.

Every time you see George E. Stone in a picture you know you're going to see a fine bit of acting. George's parts are rarely large but, thinking back over pictures that he has been in, strangely enough it's George's rôle and scenes you recall rather than those of the hero. What do you remember of "Cimarron?" George's Jewish peddler of course. And will you ever forget his little artist who wanted to draw doves in "Viva Villa?" One of the outstanding performances in "Anthony Adverse" is his stage driver.

Paul Muni doesn't care how much he distorts his face, the more beard the better, or how ugly he makes his body just so long as producers, supervisors, and directors will let him act. Paul Muni is second only to Charles Laughton when it comes to possessing the gift of imagination which enables him to create outstanding characters. Muni has often been called the male Garbo of Hollywood, for he is a most elusive young man, and had rather have his eye teeth pulled than pose for photographers or give interviews to the press. It's almost impossible to believe that the same man played Scarface and Wang, so far different are the characterizations. Yes, "Scarface" and "The Good Earth" would make a pretty good gamut for an actor, too.

And, of course, speaking of gamuts in characterizations there is always Lionel Barrymore. But if we start on his rôles we'll be here all winter. Let's not, and say we did.



When Spencer Tracy needs a vacation he takes the missus and comes to New York to study plays. Always an artist.

The Stars And Their Flying Machines

[Continued from page 31]

husbands have all the fun. They climb right in and tactfully refrain from side-seat driving. Ray Milland's wife, having more spare hours than he, has been the expert in their household. She extracted a promise from Ray that he'd only fly over the airport. But when he got his pilot's license the other day he had to dash off somewhere, so he tore down to San Diego. He was about to re-enter his ship when suddenly out of the sky dropped his wife. She just wanted to be sure he got there all right!

Robert Cummings has graduated his first pupil, and any day he expects to graduate his wife. They fell in love when both of them were acting in the Follies, and now she is being as brave as he. Bob paid \$2300 for his Porterfield plane and it is costing

less in upkeep than his Dodge. The boys around the hangars kidded him so much about his partiality for vegetables—he interrupts his flying at noon to drive ten miles for a luncheon at a health cafeteria—that they nicknamed his green plane "The Spinach." Not to be outkidded, Bob has had this tag painted spectacularly on his pride-and-joy crate.

In the last two years Ruth Chatterton herself has done more to further commercial aviation than any other single person anywhere; her annual derby has demonstrated that at least seventy-five planes can be flown across the country in competition and without any danger. She devotes not only her own money, but her valuable time as well, to encouraging people to try the airways. She was the first actress to pilot a



Martha Raye and Louis Da Pron get their Grecian ballet mixed up with some catch-as-catch-can holds.

plane the entire distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She is a perfect model because, above all else, she is an intelligent amateur. Whatever Ruth has begun, from riding to mastering French, she has kept at with characteristic thoroughness.

When she vowed to excel in today's sport she went at it conscientiously, absorbing every minute detail. Consequently, she has had no narrow escapes. The new cream-and-red Stinson-Reliant she purchased in November cost \$12,900. Five may be comfortably accommodated in the broadcloth cabin. Ruth has been adding all the special gadgets, including a two-way radio, landing light flares, and a complete blind-flying instrument. This radio-directed mechanism enables her to tune in on a radiobeam which automatically draws the plane to its source. This alone is a \$5,000 investment; it is precisely what is used on the China Clipper.

Wallace Beery is the only other star with this super-safety device. His powerful Belanca seats eight and he makes frequent long business and pleasure jaunts. Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann almost always accompany him. A professional pilot is on his payroll and now he has over \$25,000 involved. He's had some pulse-pounding moments when caught in the clouds in a blanket of gray sleet. But snowy weather can't daunt him.

Wherever I go all I hear is flying gossip. George Brent admits he's still a bit shaky from his latest experience. He was about to land at Palo Alto when a radio structure four hundred feet high loomed before him. It was a mass of guy wires. Instinctively he did the correct and only thing to do; somehow he shot through. But when he looked back and saw what miraculous maneuvering he'd effected he eased down with a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach. Then he sold his plane. Six weeks afterwards it cracked up!

Universal had to cease all production when Jimmy Dunn zoomed his new ship gayly back and forth above the stages. His upkeep on it is only nine cents a mile so he was told he can well afford to go farther away! When he isn't dedicating an airport somewhere, he's bound for New Orleans. He must have a damsel down in Dixie!

Once Paul Lukas was chatting with his director, William Wellman. They learned they had participated in the identical his-

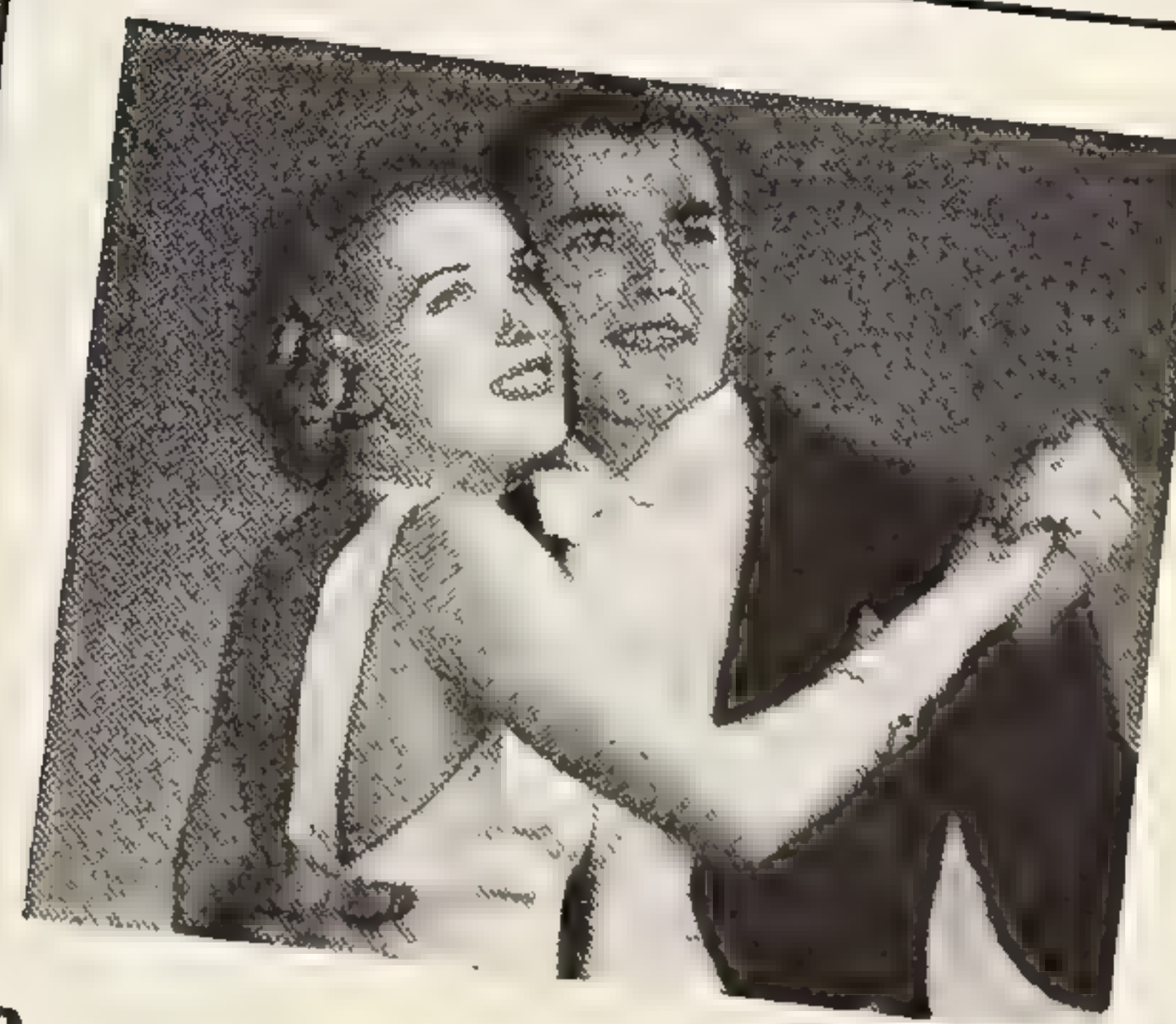
*Gentlemen don't talk
about it... but*



A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL
... AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING IS A
BATH WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!



1. THERE'S NOTHING so certain to queer you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of unpleasant body odor—keeps you so sweet and clean—so fragrantly dainty.



2. WHEN YOU dine and dance with *him* how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more *alluring* you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you use it too?



NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug,
department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

Alka-Seltzer

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC • NETWORK

30¢ 60¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS WE ARE WISE.



HEADACHE

IF AFTER-DINNER MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE.



SOUR STOMACH

A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW.



COLDS

I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO — TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY.



Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

toric air-fights in the World War. The American army claimed Wellman and Lukas was an Hungarian ace. Now Paul is giving Ralph Bellamy the benefit of his air knowledge. Dick Arlen, who at seventeen enlisted in the royal flying corps in Canada, frequently rents a plane these Sundays. And Victor McLaglen, a war hero, has established an air squadron as the newest adjunct to his lighthouse cavalry.

And so the conversation on the sets and at the parties goes. Ken Maynard is credited with being the very first star to secure a pilot's license. That was nine years ago, and in the interval he's had practically a new ship every year. He is the most adventurous flyer, too, continually departing for South America to investigate the ancient temples of the Incas.

Just to illustrate that actors don't have to employ doubles, Robert Montgomery and Robert Young took a plane up before the impressed audience at a Long Beach air fiesta. And I think Chester Morris draws a palm for jealousy—he flew his own plane when called upon to portray an aviator in a picture!

The new clothes and the new luggage that has to be bought for air journeys is equalled only by the novelties and new habits being born. Anita Louise is exceptionally glamorous in her chamois suede, full-length, fitted coat and matching suede cap. Merle Oberon has copyrighted her auto-gyro style hat. Try tacking on three

propeller-like blades and maybe she won't sue you! Dolores Del Rio has designed a unique non-spillable makeup kit that is fast catching on with the other actresses.

No longer need you fear that a star is leaving Hollywood forever. The stage reclaimed Brian Aherne, but it is a cinch he will be back for more love stories. I know, because he has stored his airplane at the field near me.

Instead of collecting at ordinary cocktail bars, the stars have started to throw their cocktail parties in chartered planes. Ann Sothorn began this stunt when she had eighteen friends up for the afternoon. And Katherine Hepburn has revived picnicking—who wouldn't want to fight ants and flies if they could go along with her in the small plane she hires for the day? The Douglas Fairbankses have put San Francisco on the map as a dinner spot. They invited half-a-dozen couples for cocktails at their favorite airport. It was five p.m. when Doug said, "Shall we fly to Frisco?" Shortly after seven they were sitting down in a smart hotel four hundred miles away.

If you are vacationing in a far-away residence the modern method is to fetch your guests by sending an airplane for them. This is what Marion Davies does when she asks sought-after souls to join her at her ranch. Sometimes I wish I were popular enough to have a ship dive down and get me. Marion, I think I can break away almost any day that suits you!

Ready for Love

[Continued from page 25]

picture colony?" And, for all her breathtaking beauty, the question that arose in my mind was how such extraordinary good fortune had gravitated to her!

"I don't know," she answered slowly, as though considering her dastardly deed for the very first time. "I suppose it was because I'd just come from high school and didn't know much of what it was all about. And, too, because it was only very late when Gloria Stuart withdrew from the cast and I was actually given the rôle of Hermia, which I understudied."

Not least among the strange incidents which have crowded into her full young life is the fact that she was born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1st, 1916, although only three years later her parents returned to America and eventually to Saratoga, California. There she attended grammar school, and, in rapid sequence, Notre Dame Convent, Los Gatos Union High School and then won a scholarship to Mills College at Berkeley—which, because of higher histrionics, she never took advantage of, though not to her regret!

It was while she was at Los Gatos that she was given the rôle of Puck (shades of Mickey Rooney) in the school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and one of Professor Max Reinhardt's better scouts watched her work and decided that she'd do nicely to understudy the rôle of Hermia, which, without further ado, she proceeded to do!

So much has happened to the little de Havilland since! There has been a long term contract, first for five years and then, on her agent's advice, she signed for seven years—and a long and impressive "financial program" to say nothing of a formidable list of picture successes which, in the last two years, have included such amazing coups de theatre as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Captain Blood" and the memorable "Anthony Adverse," to say nothing of

her current and brilliant performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Olivia told me, amid much laughter, how she had spent her last birthday falling in and out of a "river" on the lot at Warner's realistically enacting her part for "The Light Brigade."

"How did you like playing with the dashing Errol Flynn?" I asked.

"Delightful!" she assured me. "He is so pleasant and such good fun that, in the spirit of the whole thing, I didn't even mind getting wet and drying off by turns!"

"Well, it's good to know you're not going temperamental on us!"

"I've made up my mind to face my future with a practical viewpoint," she confided. (If you could ever hear the word "practical" coming from the unbelievably lovely Olivia!) "A star should realize she has just so many years to work and be popular and then—"

"And then," I asked, "what is your real objective? What have you always wanted to do?"

"I used to want to be a teacher, an English teacher, probably because my father was an English teacher who, because he was practical, later took over a law firm. But now," she finished impulsively, "I want to act for the rest of my life!"—which is as charmingly unpredictable an answer as are her moods!

In came the waiter and before long we were sitting down in front of a hastily improvised table and I was reaching for a napkin.

Drawing it out briskly to whisk across my lap I soon discovered, to my mixed emotions, that it was the napkin which so cozily had covered the toast, and looking down I saw I was all over toast and so was the rug.

I'm no de Havilland. I don't blush prettily. Embarrassment with me is just that. And toast on the rug is only one shade

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing.

These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken.

Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 304
Des Moines, Iowa



better than toast crumbs in bed.

Then I came in for a surprise.

Olivia rose grandly to the occasion. She said all the right things, assuring me that she loathed toast, that it was the very bane of her existence, that, indeed, I had done her, in a manner of speaking, almost as great a turn as had the intrepid Max Reinhardt, who started her on her career! In short, when I later met her mother, a charming, cultured woman, who has also been a dramatic coach, I realized that breeding and background *do* tell. Here was a little girl in modern clothes who, I felt, could be suddenly quite at home in the sweeping gowns and mannerisms of a grand lady! Here, I felt sure, was the answer to the enigma of the so-called de Havilland "luck." She was a natural born actress who, in the rôle of Hermia, had found a part which fitted her talents, ability and breeding as snugly as had the costumes her smooth young curves!

Just then the telephone rang, as it was doing continuously, and Olivia, who has no secretary (because of her "financial program"), answered it herself. Disguising her voice she assured an unknown caller that "Nobody is here." As she put the phone down she wore the guiltiest of expressions and her tongue curled from one side of her mouth to the other like some very wicked imp.

"I don't know what to do about them all," she explained, as it rang again.

This time it was different.

Obviously it was a boy friend calling "long distance," and, like some college freshman, her excitement, as she held on, was palpable. From her answers, which I really tried not to hear—do you believe me?—well I tried not to be *too* curious, he was very anxious to see her, wanted to know if she were coming to his town for personal



Virginia Field, in "Lloyds of London," so enthralled the critics and fans that a career in pictures is now a certainty.

appearances? Olivia, now dignified and in complete possession of the situation, told him unfortunately she was not—and then, after relating how much she had enjoyed his letters, inquired if he were "happy"?

For one moment I fully realized how serious is this business of being a bright, new, shiny star with (at twenty) a contract that seems to reach to the very border of

senility (twenty-five). And as she put the receiver down I asked if she had many such young worshippers?

"I have no suitors," she answered, guilelessly, the very use of the word showing what an old-fashioned romanticist is this charming and capable young modern! "And I'm immensely grateful that's true. I meet probably the most attractive and intelligent

Skin Flaky?

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

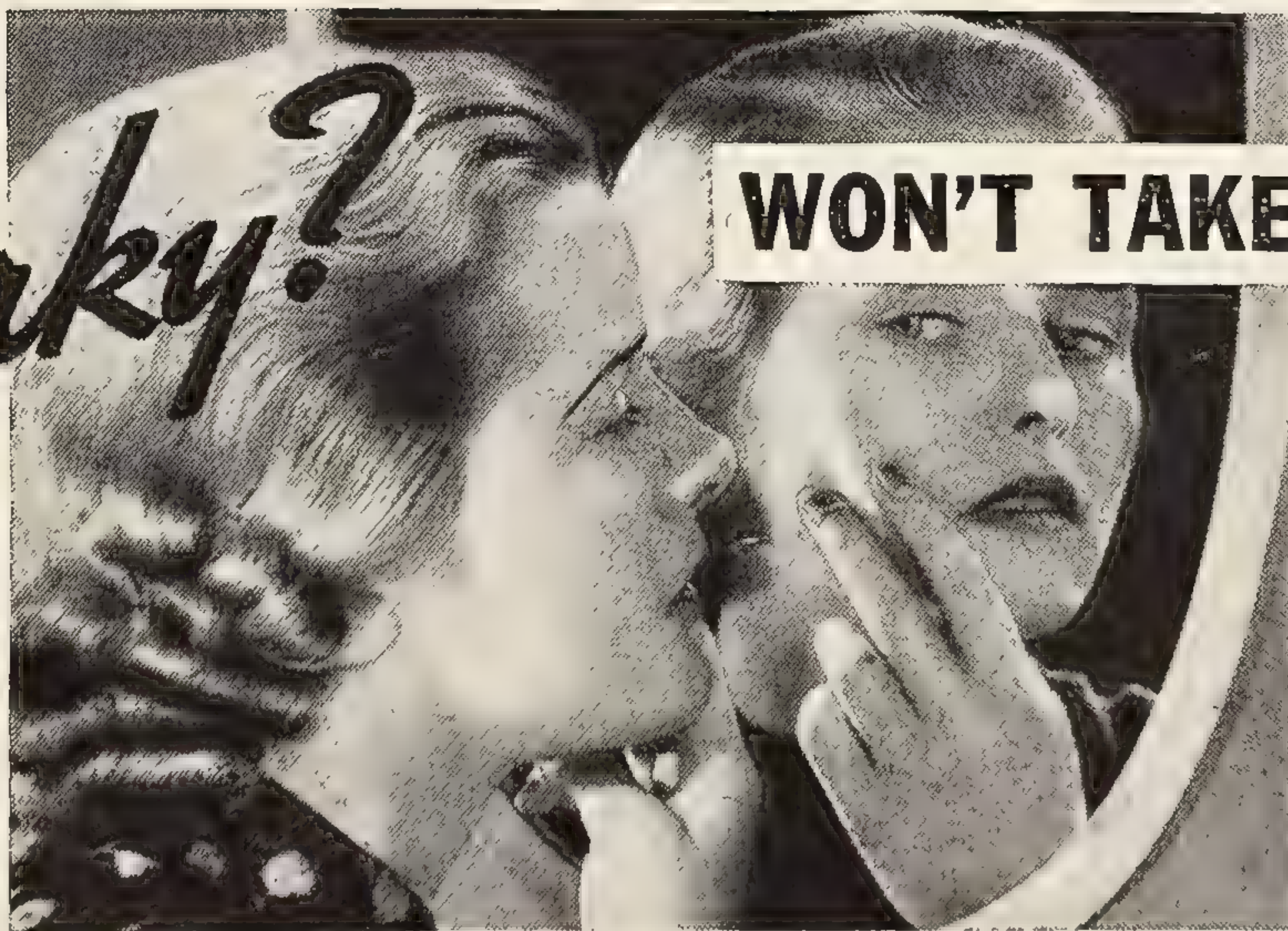
You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to *melt away* dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."



WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

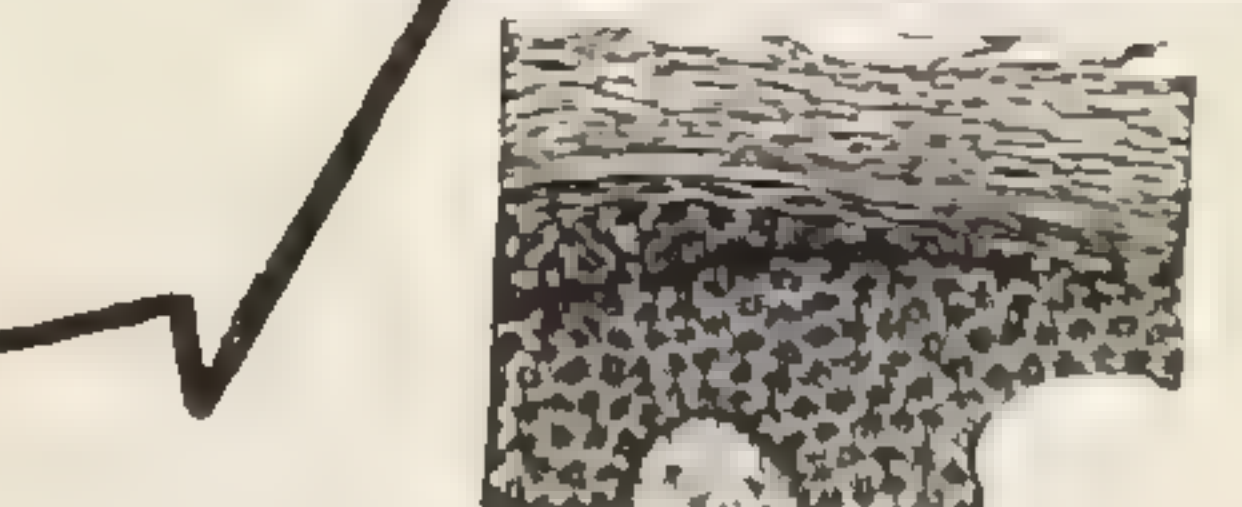
*Melt it Smooth
... Instantly!*

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—

Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.



How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can *melt* them off!

8-Piece Package

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-VB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

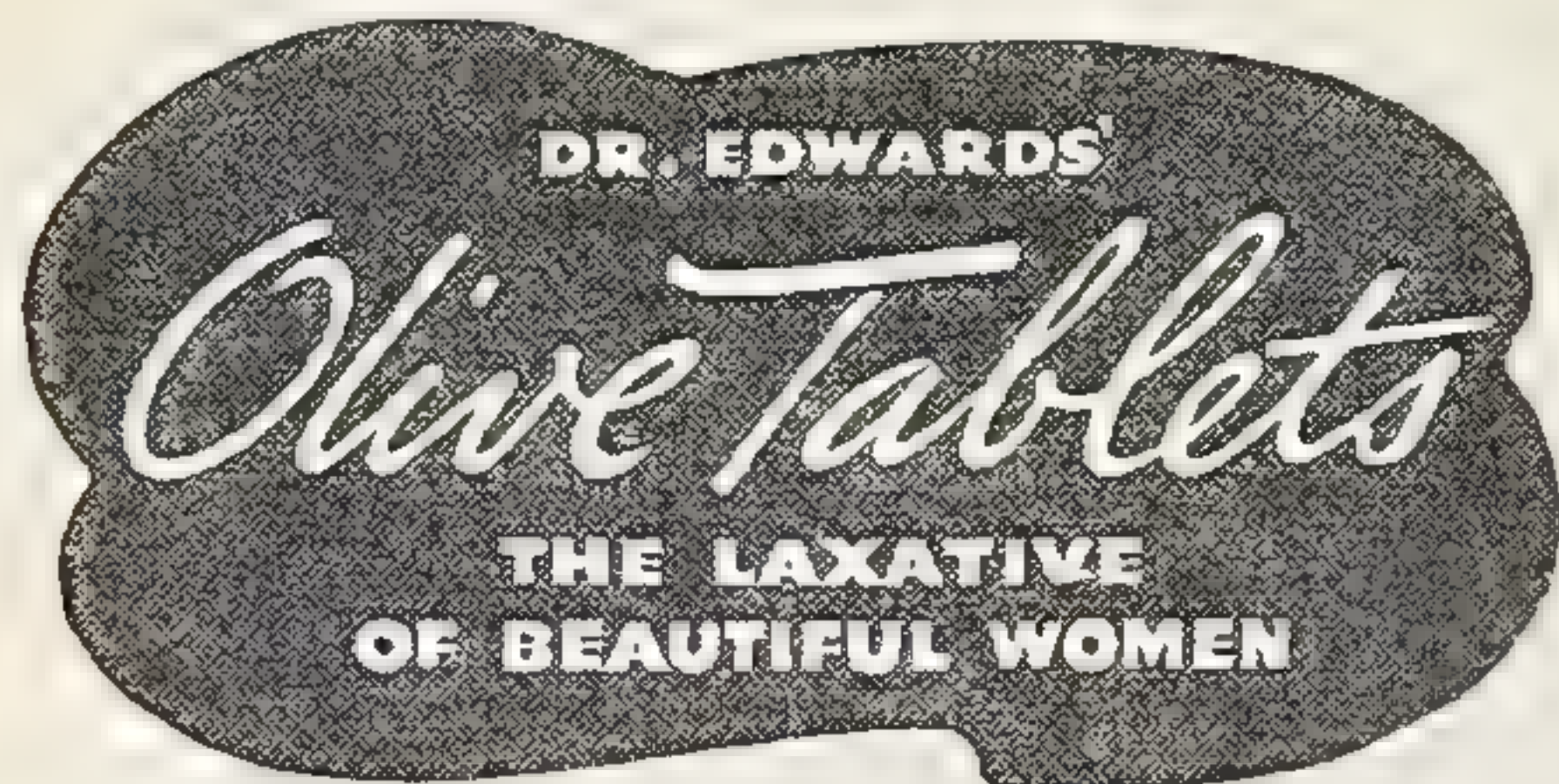


Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



— SONG — POEMS

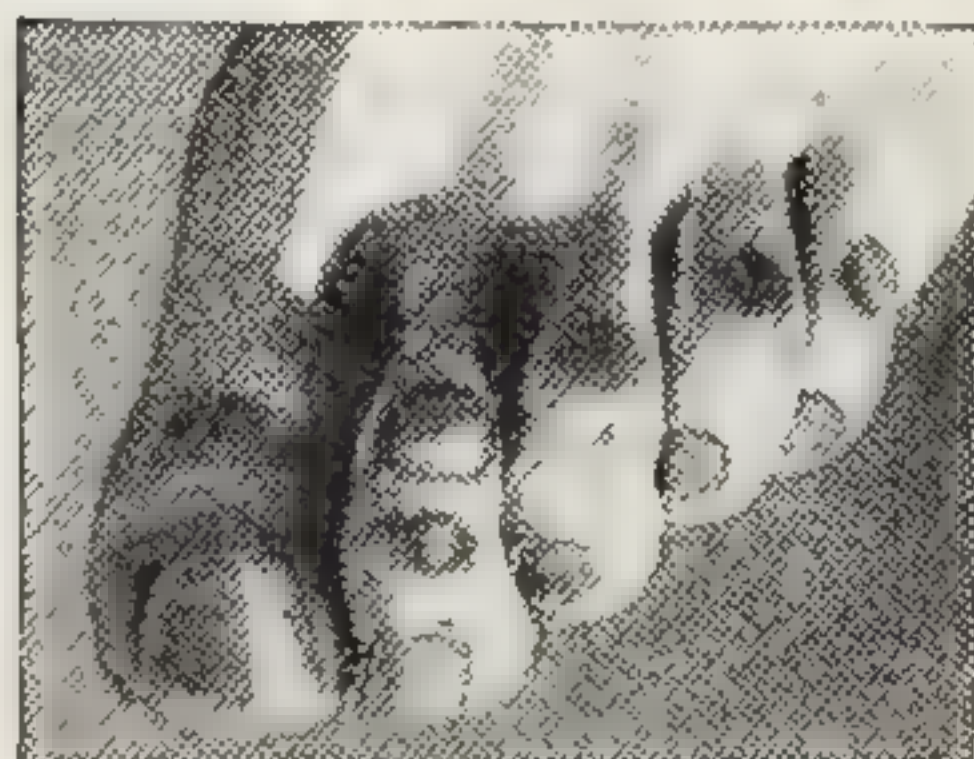
RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted at Once! Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Sacred, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send poem today for our offer.



WHY CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER unless removed ROOT* and ALL

Amazing New Method Removes Corn for Good!



WHEN you dangerously cut or pare a corn at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, more painful than ever. That's why millions of people are discarding these old-fashioned methods and now use this new easy double-action Blue-Jay method. The pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then that entire corn lifts out root and all in three short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a modern medicated tiny plaster. Easy to use, invisible. Get Blue-Jay today.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-81, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

men in Hollywood, but none has clicked with me romantically, and I'm very thankful for that at this stage of my career! My friendships are confined to men on my own lot because I'm so thoroughly tired when the business of acting, posing for stills, standing for fittings, being made up, having my hair dressed, being interviewed, studying my rôles, having story conferences with the director and all the other fascinating details that go into picture-making are through, I'm content to go straight home to bed—and call it a day! (advertisement)."

Her next part is in "Call It a Day," as the elder of two sisters, a rôle which she plays in real life.

"My own sister," she said, "wants to go on the stage now, though she's still busy at school and it's really too soon to know if she is fitted for acting."

In "Call It a Day" Olivia is supposed to be a young girl in love with Roland Young, who plays a mature, much-sought-after artist for whom she poses. This rôle should do much to popularize her in more modern stories—of which she expects to do three successively—returning then to costume parts, which are her favorites.

"People," she says, "knew how to live a century or two or three ago, graciously, with artfulness and taste. When I play in costume pictures it seems I have returned to those days and feel in sympathy and tune with them."

There is a flow of warmth about this young player that augurs well for her dramatic future, for it is plain to see that only the surface of her latent acting ability

has been tapped. And (old softie that I am), I believe that she is sincerely grateful love has not made more complex her already involved existence.

"I'm sure if I were to fall in love," she admitted, "that I'd be completely willing to devote the rest of my life to my husband and forget, entirely, that present important something known as my career! That is, important only to myself. If I retired tomorrow there would be five hundred others to take my place. One must be practical!"

That word again! Somehow I think it is a litany which she has learned against disaster, against disappointment.

"What do you think of it all?"

"It has been a miracle," she answered simply.

"Do miracles last?" I meditated, more to myself than for her consideration. "Can one forever be the darling of the gods?"

And, half to herself, she answered:

"One must take what comes, with laughter. So far only the good has come, but one shouldn't expect too much, just hope. . . ." Olivia, you can see, has assimilated some of the serene fatefulness of the land of Buddha, of the Orient which gave her birth. "Besides," she added, "anyone can entertain people—the really important thing is doing good—and being happy."

Happiness? Be assured she will find it, for her future is bright with promise and just beyond the studio gates rides a knight in shining armor. It is he who, eventually, will play the leading rôle in Olivia's true life story, and in his own way coin the phrase "Call it a day!"

Loretta Young

[Continued from page 21]

Loretta was only four, she played Fanny Ward as a child in a Fanny Ward picture. Then a few years later she was cast for a bit in a Mae Murray picture. Mae was so charmed with the cute little tow-headed child with the long lashes and exaggerated dignity that she promptly offered to adopt her—but even at that early age Loretta had a mind of her own and she didn't want to be adopted. Mae, upon learning that her ambition was to be a dancer, sent her to the Belcher school of dancing.

One afternoon when Loretta was four-

teen the Big Opportunity came. The phone rang and it was the casting director from First National calling for Polly Ann Young to come over to the studio at once to take a test for a part in "Naughty But Nice." Polly Ann was out of town, Betty Jane and her mother were downtown shopping, but Loretta had no intention of letting that job slip out of the family, so as quickly as she could she made it over to the studio and persuaded Mervyn LeRoy to give her a chance at the rôle. Colleen Moore was the star of the picture, and like Mae Mur-



The beautiful home that Loretta Young, the beautiful 23-year-old star, has provided for her mother and sister.

ray, she was instantly attracted to the ambitious child. It was largely through her influence that the studio offered Loretta a long term contract. It was not until the day the contract was signed that Mrs. Young discovered that the youngest and most independent of her offspring had not been in school for several weeks. It was on that day too that Loretta changed her name from Gretchen to Loretta—Colleen Moore chose Loretta for her. Her family and former friends still call her Gretch.

Six months before, Betty Jane had signed a contract with Paramount and at the producer's suggestion had changed her name to Sally Blane. The Youngs were on easy street now, with plenty of contracts, and plenty of names. In the course of events Mrs. Young became Mrs. Belzer and Georgianna was born.

At the age of sixteen Loretta fell madly in love with a handsome young leading man on her lot, Grant Withers, and without telling her family or her studio eloped with him to Yuma where she was married. This brought on a whole batch of disillusionments for romance-loving Loretta and, at the end of eight months, she was ready to call the thing off and return to the loving arms of her family—where she has been ever since. Within the past two years Polly Ann has married Carter Hermann, and Sally Blane has married Norman Foster, and last June they had a baby which they named Gretchen after Aunt Loretta.

Mammy, of "Gone With the Wind" fame, would have adored having Loretta for her little white honeychild, for Loretta is dainty to the highest degree. Even as a child she never over-ate, begged for cake or candy when visiting, or appeared without every hair and pleat in place. Today she is one of the best dressed of the Glamour Girls. She is mad about clothes and when she goes on a shopping spree it's really something. The first thing Loretta notices when she meets another woman is the shade of her hose—and if Loretta doesn't consider the shade perfect she nearly has a fit. If she doesn't know you she'll have the fit all to herself, but if she does know you she'll say, "Why do you wear stockings like that?" Loretta, more than any movie star I know, has the woman's point of view (she'd have to have this after twenty-three years in a family of girls) and she will take the woman's side in an argument every time, but I have noticed at Hollywood parties that men, not women, cluster around Loretta. Professional jealousy, no doubt.

Loretta's best bad fault, according to her family, and they certainly ought to know, is her complete indifference to anything on the floor. Maybe she's too dainty, or maybe she's just absent-minded, but Loretta will not pick up anything she has dropped on the floor. Before Polly Ann and Sally married they lived with Loretta in her beautiful white Colonial house on Sunset Boulevard, and here one day was staged a pick-up marathon. "Mother," said Sally and Polly Ann, "we're darned tired of picking up Gretchen's clothes. Her evening dress is on the floor now, just where she dropped it when she came in last night. Let's see how long it stays there." By actual count the evening dress remained on the floor for thirty-five days. There are no more marathons, for Loretta has since acquired a couple of maids who pick up things for her. (Anent the maids, Loretta has to say, "When they saw those cute uniforms I wore as a maid in 'Private Number' they immediately demanded that I get them new uniforms just like mine. I can't play a maid again—it's too expensive.")

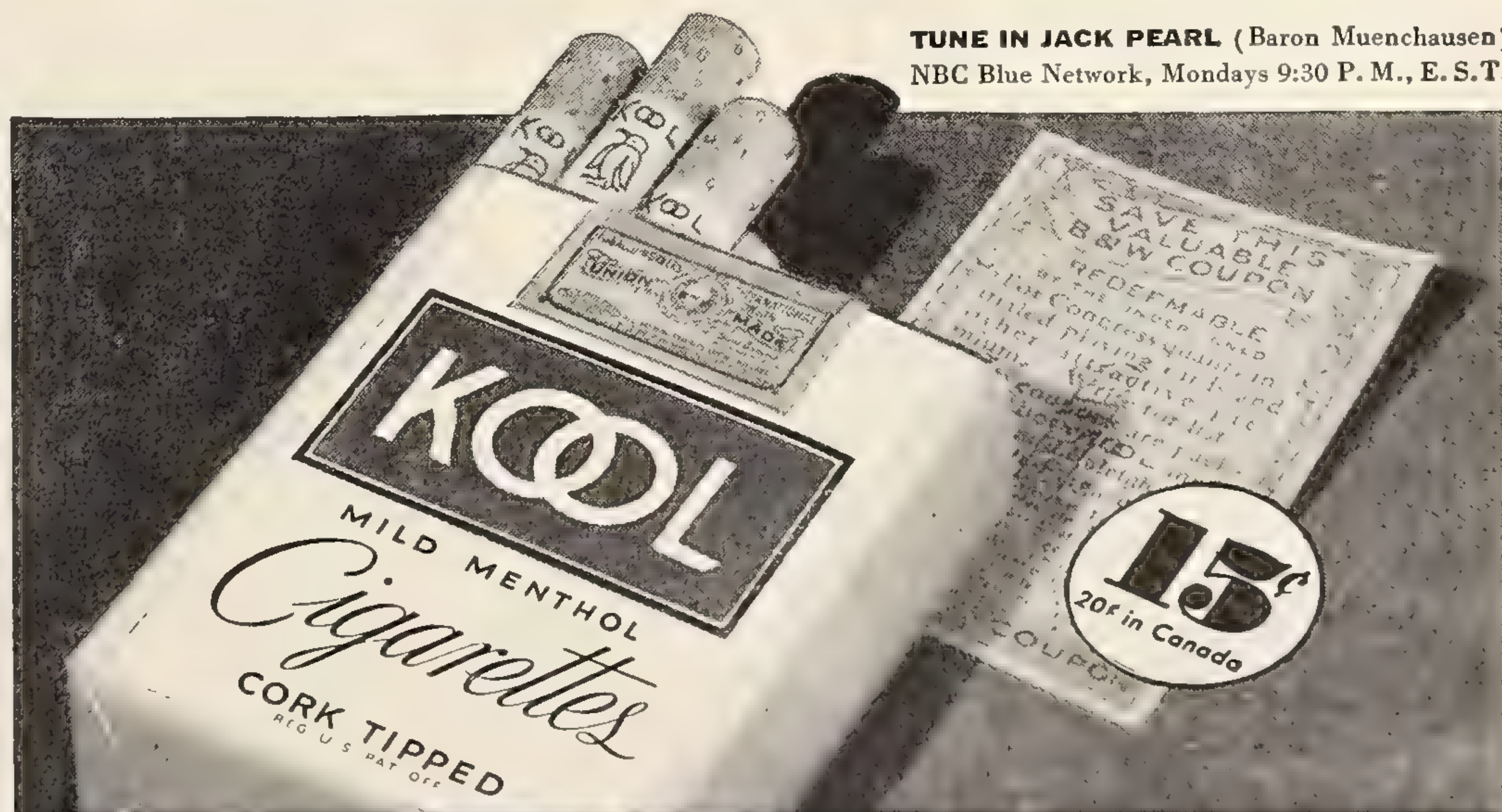
One morning, during her sixteenth year, Polly Ann and Sally almost fainted dead away when they entered Loretta's bedroom. There she was busily picking up all her clothes off the floor, and washing and ironing them. "How strange," they said, "she's

I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO KOOLS



WHEN you're in hot water, my friend, you'd better switch to KOOLS quickly. Their touch of menthol will soothe and cool that raw, hot throat. But in every refreshing puff the grand tobacco flavor stands out unspoiled because KOOLS are so *mildly* mentholated. With every pack a valuable B & W coupon...start saving them for handsome premiums. (Offer good U.S.A. only.) Easy on your throat, men...get KOOLS. They're better for you. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Muenchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Julep Cups—Heavy silver plate, 14 oz. capacity. Set of two . . . 175 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 13



Glassware—latest banded. 6 highball, or 6 tea, or 6 old fashioned—100 coup.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

**DOES YOUR SKIN
FEEL LIKE A
File?**



**USE
COUPON
BELOW**

Are your hands coarse to touch? Unsightly to the eye? Does your skin feel like a file?

Try using Italian Balm—a justly famous, rich and wide-spreading skin softener—and see how quickly your skin becomes soft again and smooth in texture.

Italian Balm is recognized, from coast to coast, as being one of the *quickest-acting*, most *inexpensive* skin beautifiers ever invented. In one of the nation's large cities recently, an independent survey of homes revealed this unheard of endorsement: Italian Balm was in the homes of better than 50% of all those buying any such preparation; in better than three times as many homes as any similar toilet goods item.

Non-sticky. Quick-drying. Approved by Good House-keeping. Send for a FREE Vanity bottle today.

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
2602 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have never tried
ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY
bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name

Address

City State

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., S-2652 Caledonia Road, Toronto

CONFIDENCE

**FOUNDED
UPON THREE
GENERATIONS
OF USE**



FROM grandmother ... to mother ... to daughter —Boro-Pheno-Form has been handed down as an easier, safer method of marriage hygiene. Today, this forty-six year old preparation is widely preferred by modern wives because it requires no water, mixing or measuring—yet it has the *same special function* as powerful liquid germicides. A dainty suppository is complete in itself. No danger of "over-dose" or "under-dose." Soothing and odorless ... At all drug stores.

**Dr. Pierre's
BORO-PHENO-FORM**

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. 20-B
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial package of
Boro-Pheno-Form and enlightening booklet. I enclose 10c
to be refunded when I purchase a regular-size package.

Name

Address

City State

up to something." She was—she eloped the next day.

Sleep is one of Loretta's greatest problems. She cannot bear the slightest glint of light when she is trying to go to sleep, and as light will drift through Venetian blinds even on the darkest night she has solved the problem by sleeping in a black masque. She cannot sleep on linen sheets because they scratch her knees and elbows, and so when she goes traveling or visiting she takes along her own sheets. It all depends upon the first thing that is said to her in the mornings whether she starts the day in a good mood or bad.

If you are a young male and contemplating a date with the lovely Loretta sometime in the future, though heaven knows how you're going to get around Eddie Sutherland, you might find this tip very valuable. Don't ever ask Loretta to meet you any place, or don't ever even offer to send your car for her. If you do, Loretta will do a slow burn that won't advance the friendship much. In fact you'll be lucky if you even see Loretta again. Loretta's young men have to call for her at her home in person—or else she won't play. Since she has been "going with" Eddie Sutherland—it's almost a year now—Loretta has become quite friendly with Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow who are close friends of Eddie's. The two couples make a delightful foursome at all the important social events in Hollywood. Myrna, who for years was Hollywood's best mystery woman (even a shade better than Garbo), under the excellent tutelage of Loretta and Eddie is now becoming one of our best party girls.

Loretta doesn't like football games, or

racers, and she heartily dislikes amusement parks. She is crazy about Donald Duck and calls Connie Bennett Donald Duck. When Loretta and Connie were cast for "Ladies in Love" everyone said, "My, my, there'll be plenty of fireworks now. Just wait until those two temperaments start clashing!" On the contrary, Loretta and Connie, who had only been casual acquaintances before, finished the picture as the closest of friends.

Loretta is a very religious young girl, she is generous to a fault, and adores children. Because of her sweetness and graciousness she is a "favorite" with the Press. She is painfully punctual about keeping her engagements, loves to go down to the hospital to watch operations, and can't bear to have anyone interrupt her when she is telling a story—even Dorothy Parker gets a cold look when she interrupts with a Parkerism. She will spend any amount for clothes, but drives a second-hand car. She usually gets what she wants around the studios, not by demanding but by kidding. As she expresses it, "I'm kidding on the square."

Loretta, today, at twenty-three and a Twentieth Century-Fox star, is a strange contradiction of adult and child. She has the poise and dignity and self-assurance of a woman of thirty, but just let something wound that famous Young pride and Loretta will sit in her mother's lap and cry like a baby. Right now she is trying to make up her mind as to whether she will remain in pictures and try to become a great actress, or retire from the screen, marry, and devote her life to a home and children. Loretta (at twenty-three) definitely does not believe that you can combine a career with marriage.

Just "Lucky"

[Continued from page 51]

the temptation to remain in a Broadway hit, playing but one part, and went to Dayton, Ohio, where for twenty-six weeks I portrayed all kinds of rôles, old men, gay young lovers, and even villains. It was grand training and I consider it a big opportunity that came at the right time.

"The next big break was when I went to the famous Denver stock company at Elitch Gardens, one summer, as leading man and met Florence Eldridge, the star. Again, Time was an ally. Now, just suppose I had not gone to Denver until the next season, or the next, who knows but Florence might have fallen for some other guy? But no, we met at the propitious hour and during the first rehearsal I tumbled head over heels in love with her. We were married and have lived happily ever since, just as in the fairy tales.

"Back in New York, Time again gave me a swift shove. I was signed to go on tour with the Theatre Guild when Jed Harris called me up and offered me the part of Tony in 'The Royal Family.' Lord, how I wanted that rôle! I knew better than anyone that it was just the part for me but I was committed to the Guild, so I turned it down."

Every March fan will remember that later on it was this very same play, "The Royal Family," that brought him to the screen.

Once again, Freddie was playing a summer engagement at the Elitch Gardens, when his good friend, the late Paul Bern, wrote urging that he come to Hollywood at once, saying the talkies had swept over the motion pictures and there were few actors ready to meet the new medium. Then, on the very same day came a wire

from Fred Butler, offering him the rôle of Tony in the coast production of "The Royal Family!"

"What a break that was," jubilantly exclaimed Freddie. "Can you understand my elation? We opened 'The Royal Family' before an enthusiastic audience in San Francisco, and after a successful run we came down to Los Angeles, and within two days various producers were talking contract with me. So, my film career was auspiciously launched.

"Now—had I played in the original New York company it would have turned into just another rôle and ended there, but waiting and giving it here, at the very moment the talkies had stirred up the screen industry, was a thrilling bit of luck. It put me over, so to speak, and was another example of how the element of Time has always boosted me along."

"Of all your pictures, which is your favorite?" I asked.

"'Laughter!'" he replied, promptly. "It was a mad, merry film and I was such a happy idiot all the way through. Anyway, I like comedy and clowning better than dramatics. My next favorite is 'Les Misérables.' I was crazy over my rôle, for it covered thirty years of Jean Valjean's life and had guts and power, with terrific drama. Do you know the part I liked best of all? That brief courtroom sequence where I play the dullard whom the police believe to be Valjean. It was the one Big Moment in that down-trodden life, and he was such a nice old fool, winking at the jury and mistaking their ribald laughter for friendliness."

Suddenly Freddie jumped to his feet and there in the spacious living room of his

beautiful Beverly Hills home, with the late afternoon sun as a radiant spotlight, he went through that entire scene. Believe me, it was gripping and very, very stirring!

Time Marches On!

Another important step was "Anthony Adverse," in which he played this wandering hero, for, while he has been featured and co-starred in many outstanding pictures, this was the first time he was individually starred.

Not that this matters much to Freddie. Seeing his name in Neons over the title of a picture isn't as important to him as having a good rôle in a good production, and he wouldn't even discuss it. He is one of the most modest and unassuming players in all Hollywood and, despite his brilliant successes, he still wears the same size hat he did in the early days. He prides himself that he always remembers that acting is merely his profession, the way he earns his living. Genial, vital, retaining his ideals, nothing seems to quench the sheer joy and enthusiasm he finds in living.

He is excited over his next picture, David O. Selznick's Technicolor production of "A Star Is Born," a modern drama laid in Hollywood and with little Janet Gaynor as the heroine.

He said: "Here's a good joke on me. After 'The Affairs of Cellini,' I decided very definitely that I was through with costume pictures for I was afraid audiences would tire of them. Then along came 'Les Misérables,' and I couldn't resist it, and this was followed by 'Anna Karenina,' with Greta Garbo. After 'The Road to Glory,' 'The Dark Angel,' and 'Anthony Adverse,' there was 'Mary of Scotland.' Well, somewhere along the way I found that costumes of another period added to the illusion of romance and intensified the drama."

When I asked Freddie if he thought



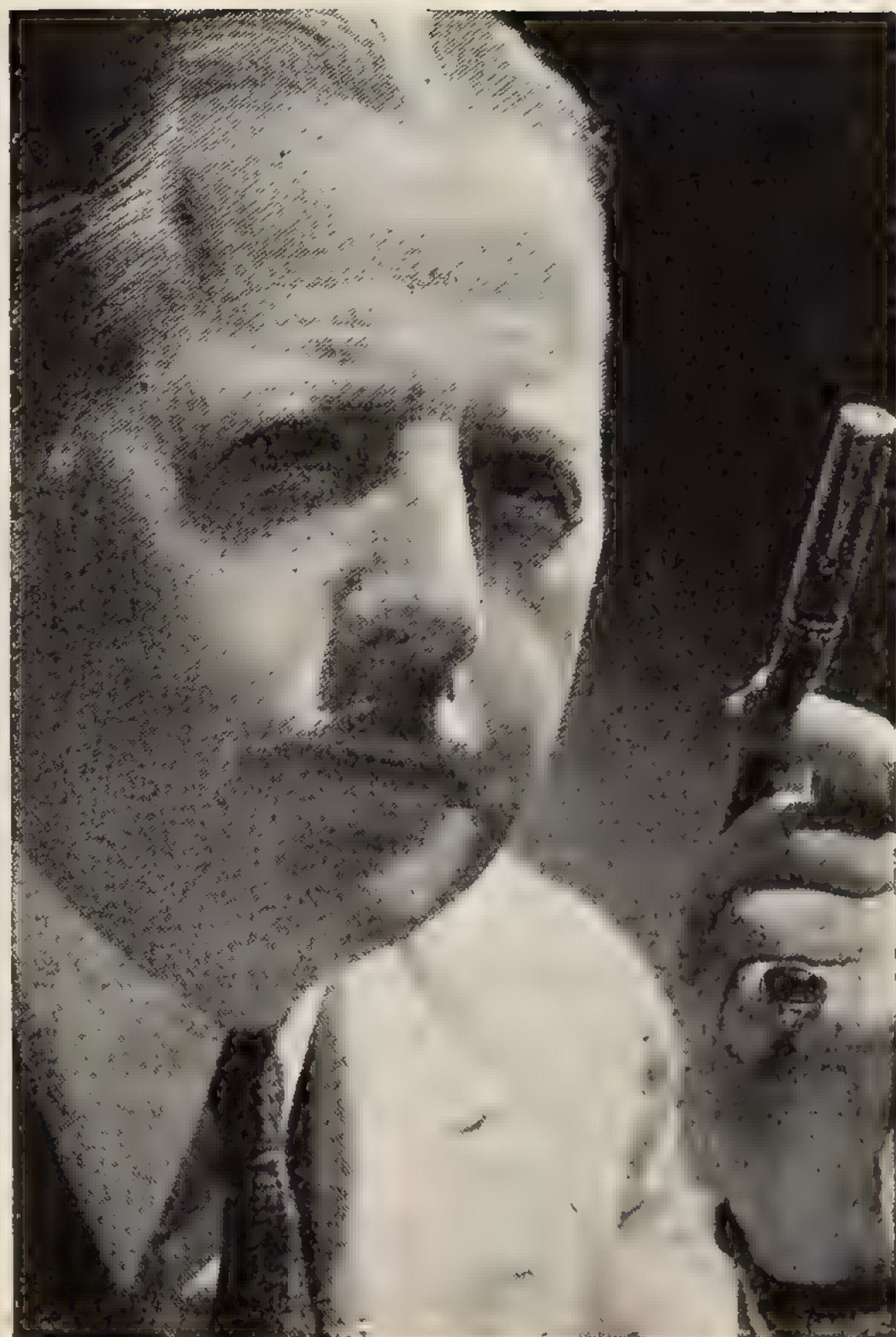
Badminton entices the girls in shorts. Patricia Ellis loves the game and any court looks better when she plays.

Romance was changing during this highly modernized era, he laughingly replied, "Not at all. Romance will never change. But—men must always be the seekers, for, to them, the joy is in the chase. Excitement isn't love. Love is fundamentally friendship, plus sex, and it must be built on the right basis or it will not last."

Adored by millions of screen fans, this merry March gives his devotion to his own Florence, and the two precious babies. Being daddy to three-year-old Penny, and to chubby little Tony—named Anthony, after his favorite rôle in "The Royal Family," is the happiest sequence in Freddie's *March of Time*!

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?" Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time.

Before they will give any laxative their approval, doctors make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own specifications. Read these specifications. They are important—not only during the "cold season," but all the year 'round.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable... Mild... Thorough... Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act... Form a habit... Cause stomach pains... Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands so fairly that many doctors

use it for their own families. And millions of other families, too, trust it so completely that they have made Ex-Lax the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

One trial of Ex-Lax will tell you why its use is so universal... It is thorough. But it is gentle... It is effective. But it is mild... It brings welcome relief—without stomach pains or nausea. That's why it's such a favorite, not only of the grown-ups but of the youngsters, too. And, just to make it even more pleasant, Ex-Lax tastes exactly like delicious chocolate... At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets
—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

**Relieves
TEETHING
PAINS
within
1 MINUTE**



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

**Blondes?
"Browns"?**

**HAIR
TOO
DARK?**



**Lighten 2-3-4
Shades With One
New Swedish
Shampoo and
Rinse—No
Dye Nor Bleach**

Blondes! Browns! Chestnuts! Redheads! Here's good news! No longer need you sacrifice the admiration, the alluring appeal and popularity that

go with naturally soft, golden-toned light hair. With New Blondex, the fascinating new Swedish Shampoo-Rinse, a single shampoo, followed with the New Blondex Special Rinse (supplied free), will lighten your hair 2 to 4 shades—at a cost of but a few cents. Safely, too, New Blondex brings out the full lustrous natural color and the shimmering highlights that your hair used to have, without dye or bleach. Gone is the dull, drab, oil and dust-darkened color that makes you look old. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with free rinse, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

**New BLONDEX SHAMPOO & RINSE
FOR ALL HAIR**

3 Lipsticks FREE!

Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known **FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick** FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with **FLAME-GLO**... send coupon TODAY!

**Flame-Glo
TRIPLE INDELIBLE**

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. 61 395 B'WAY, N.Y.
Send me 3 trial size **FLAME-GLO** Lipsticks;
enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

On The Grand Banks

[Continued from page 53]

schooner's from Gloucester, Massachusetts. We'll take you there after we're through fishin'—"

"I don't want to go to Massachusetts!"

"Well now!"

"I guess you don't know who my father is," the boy exploded. "My father is Frank Burton Cheyne!" He looked about him, expecting general consternation. Dorries were hauling alongside the schooner, fish were coming up on deck in a flood. The cleaning and salting gangs were hard at it.

"Well . . . don't you believe me?"

Nobody was paying any attention to Harvey. Nobody had heard of Frank Burton Cheyne—and wouldn't have cared, if they had heard. Fish were fish—and fishing was that schooner's business.

Captain Disko found a moment to explain finally. "Even if your daddy was a small part of what you say, it wouldn't be right to gamble two weeks' good fishin' against a yarn given out by an upset boy. However, I'm a fair minded man—so while you're aboard I'll pay you wages—three dollars a month."

He took Harvey by the arm and led him to a barrel half filled with cod livers. A man squatted beside it was cutting more livers expertly from the fish entrails tossed on deck by the busy knives of the crew.

"Now," said Captain Disko kindly, "you help Dan with them cod livers."

Frank Burton Cheyne's son gave one disgusted look at the sliding gurry on deck and screamed in a passion, "You think I'll do that?"

The scene that followed was painful—but principally to Master Harvey. He screamed and he raged and only good natured grins met his eye. He defied them all and declared his father would put them in jail as kidnapers.

Captain Disko who had been puzzling over it, sighed at last: "I guess there's nothin' else to do." Calmly and dispassionately he slapped the hysterical face and Master Harvey collapsed in a pile of cod-fish.

When night came down Harvey Cheyne still lingered on deck, defiant, stubborn as a mule. He would not lift his hand to help work this ship . . . he would not!

In the fo'castle, grub was on the table. Men were going below in shifts, men were coming on deck again, discussing the merits of Doc's cooking. Empty and woe-begone, Harvey lingered, refusing to lift his hand in work, forbidden to eat until he did.

It was Manuel, his good natured rescuer, who lied for him at last. Harvey had done some work, he reported. He was entitled to eat.

Put it up to a normal boy, no work, no eats—and he'll work. But Master Harvey Cheyne had the craft of the serpent and the stubbornness of the mule—and Manuel, for all his bluff about throwing him back into the sea again, had a soft heart. So, for a few days, Master Harvey remained a rebel.

But there is something even more potent than hunger in reforming a boy—his tendency to hero worship and his desire for human companionship.

Aboard the *We're Here*, Harvey Cheyne was subject to a strict taboo. He ate, he had a bunk to sleep in, but otherwise, for the men of that busy crew he did not exist. Even Manuel had as little to do with him as was humanly possible.

Dories were swung overside and fished with trawl or handline; dories were nested home again and all hands split fish. Spare times all hands chopped bait. Watches

were taken, sails trimmed, decks cleaned, gear overhauled.

The chatter of busy men, all hearts set on one task, to fill the hold with fish and sail back to Gloucester, went on all about him. Harvey, a small ghost, tried his best to join in, airing his scorn of them. Nobody heard him. They sang together as they worked and he joined his voice . . . but the others fell silent when he sang.

Manuel's indifference hurt worst of all. A robust, jolly soul this Manuel who made up songs and chanted them to the stars while he kept watch; a top hand fisherman though he fished alone. He had saved Harvey's life; he had intervened to make the boy physically comfortable. Now his persistent sharp reminders began to convince him that if he was not liked aboard, it must be his own fault.

One day when he had undertaken to show Manuel that he knew how to chop bait and nearly amputated his own hand, Harvey capitulated.

"Well, I guess I want to do something," he mumbled.

"Sure!" his hero jeered. "But you only want to do what you *want* to do! I tella you what you do! You go below in galley an' help Doc. You carry slops. You sweat in galley before you theenk about bein' fisherman."

"All right," said Harvey unexpectedly. He marched forward and slid down into the fo'castle galley, to reappear presently with a pail of slops. Something in Harvey was changing. For once he was facing realities—and dealing with them. He wanted to be a fisherman like Manuel and go with Manuel as his dory mate. If he couldn't accomplish that just by being Frank Burton Cheyne's son, then he would earn the privilege by carrying slops.

Breeze succeeded calm, calm succeeded breeze. Men said that Captain Disko could think like a codfish and that was why he could determine before anybody else off which treacherous shoal the cod would be feeding next. The *We're Here* sailed, anchored, sailed on again. Dorries went out mornings, nested home of nights. The silver flood of fish came slithering on deck to be cleaned and stowed and salted and



The camera catches Jeanette MacDonald as she is just about to enter the set for a scene in the long awaited "Maytime"

a rivalry grew between Manuel, who fished hand line, alone, and Long Jack who fished with a dory mate and trawl. Long Jack didn't like Manuel and he regarded Harvey as a Jonah and said so. The rivalry grew bitter.

Harvey meantime carried slops and peeled potatoes for Doc. Spare time, he read a book about ships in Captain Disko's cabin, learning the names of things and what they were for. Someday he would show that Manuel!

"We might fill faster if our Jonah catcher'd throw away his hand line and bend on a trawl for once!" Long Jack growled at breakfast one morning.

"You theenk I don' catcha as much feesh as you?" Manuel demanded.

"I ain't sayin' *that*—"

"Maybe you just bump your head when you leave bunk this morning, eh?"

"Or maybe you Portuguese just don't know nothing about trawl fishing?" Long Jack shot back.

"I tella you what I do," Manuel shouted as Harvey poured his coffee. "I take Jonah out weeth me today. I feesh hand line. I teacha heem same time. And I bet we come back weeth more feesh as you and Nate togethers!"

While Harvey heard, amazed and delighted, Long Jack demanded a wager and it was made, Manuel's new safety razor against Long Jack's new half dollar. Harvey sped on deck, a crafty plan in mind.

He had learned how to work for what he wanted, but Master Harvey Cheyne knew nothing yet about good sportsmanship. On deck, unobserved by anybody, he snarled the trawls in Long Jack's tub so that trouble was bound to follow. He intended only that he and Manuel should win the bet and using foul means to do it did not disturb his conscience, for he had none.

Long Jack's trawl fouled, as Harvey meant it to do. The big Yankee was drawn half out of his dory into the sea before Nate caught him. Three big halibut hooks were embedded clear through the flesh of Long Jack's arm.

Manuel saw, heard and grinned as he called over the water, "Maybe next time you get a dory mate what ain't old lady mixed up in knitting needles, Nate! Eh! That Longa Jack mad now!"

Harvey giggled. "I knew he would be. That'll stop them fishing for a while, I guess—"

"What you mean, *you* knew?" Manuel's sharp look darted to the boy. Master Harvey grinned. "When I heard you betting this morning I sneaked up on deck and tangled his trawl . . ."

He stopped, petrified suddenly by terror. There was a look on Manuel's face that boded trouble.

In grim silence the big Portuguese threw back into the ocean the splendid halibut Harvey had just landed. "You go back tell other feesh Manuel he got no dory mate—he only got cheat. You tella them good and loud!"

In silence he took the oars and headed the dory toward the *We're Here*.

"But I just wanted you to win!" Harvey cried.

Manuel said nothing while Harvey pleaded. He landed the boy aboard the schooner, then rowed back to fish alone.

A terrified boy stood by that evening when Captain Disko began cutting hooks from Long Jack's arm. Manuel, loyal to his dory mate, though he was a little cheat, let Long Jack blame it on him and kept his own counsel. Finally the infuriated Yankee, roused by Manuel's smile, flew at him with a knife. Harvey could stand no more.

Fearful as he was of Long Jack, the boy came between them. "It wasn't Manuel. I did it! I did it while you were having



**When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little
"Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged
Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!**

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out*! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores*! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on

the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

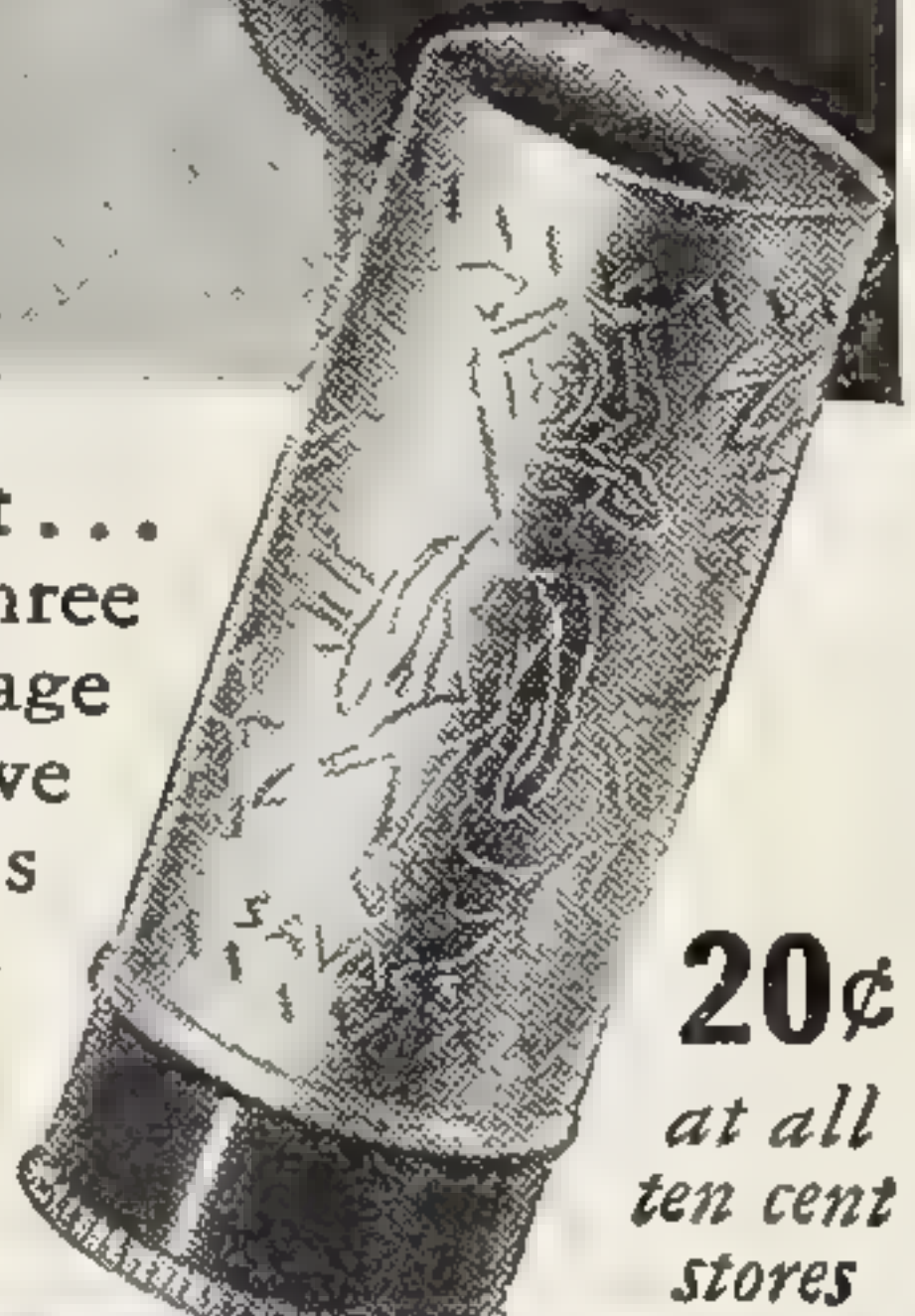
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

YOUR LIPS AS HE DESIRES THEM



Tenderly soft . . . warmly moist . . . and *savagely* red. These are the three requisites of lip-allure, and Savage is the one lipstick that can give them to you. And Savage is really indelible too; it clings *savagely*. Five seductive shades:

TANGERINE • NATURAL • FLAME
BLUSH • JUNGLE



20¢
at all
ten cent
stores

SAVAGE



Personal to Fat Girls!— Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

PLAY BY EAR

Send only \$1 for 15 magic lessons guaranteed to teach you to play popular music by ear or money back. No notes. No exercises. Postage extra on C. O. D. orders. Transposing chart incl. FREE for limited time only. Act today!

HOLLYWOOD SCHOOL of MODERN PIANO
"School of the Film Stars" (18th year)
Dept. 162-C, 6842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

She Got \$400.00 for a Half Dollar
I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G.F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 251 MehI Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

breakfast this morning. But I didn't mean you should get the hooks in you this way. Honest, I didn't! I just thought we'd have a little fun and win the—"

He darted suddenly away, Long Jack after him, knife in hand. In a moment Long Jack had him by the throat. There was murder in the fisherman's eyes.

Manuel broke between them.

"You toucha that keed and I tear you apart!" The good-natured Portuguese had gone white and murderously mad. "Me, Manuel talkin'," he shouted. "So don't make me mad, Jack. I get all sick inside. Worse than likker I get—"

Remnants of reason prompted Jack. He turned to Disko, extending the arm with the hooks embedded. "All right, start cuttin'," he growled.

A white faced, wistful boy sought out Manuel in the fo'castle.

"I . . . I'm so ashamed!" he blurted.

"Sure," Manuel answered softly. "We gotta be ashamed once so we don't do things again what we gotta be ashamed of, see?"

Manuel's words were soothing music to the boy's ears. Manuel was speaking to him again; they were going to be dory mates after all!

Captain Disko could think like a cod and drive a ship like the Flying Dutchman, but there was another Gloucester skipper who could do as well. Captain Walt Cushman of the *Jennie Cushman* was Disko's haunting nightmare.

When Disko smelled out new fishing grounds, scarcely had they dropped anchor before the *Jennie Cushman* drifted out of the fog, close on his heels, her crew calling sarcastic greetings over the water. When Disko caught fish, the *Cushman* caught fish too. It was a race between them, to fill up and turn home for Gloucester.

Off the Grand Banks Disko found the *Jennie Cushman*, arrived just before him. This was the last lap of their race; the final test. To fill the hold and be gone first! Nothing else in life counted for as much as that moment of triumph!

Dories went over, trawl and handlines went down. Harvey, laboring beside Manuel, fished with the best of them, a different boy from the Master Harvey Cheyne who had gone overboard a few weeks ago. Manuel was his god. The *We're Here*, his ship—the smartest, sweetest, swiftest ship afloat! Her crew were his shipmates and no finer men ever set a trawl or hauled a sheet. A hook embedded in his arm, but Harvey said nothing to Manuel. He could stand it till the race was over, scorning to waste time in having it cut out. Fish, that was what they wanted, a hold full of fish and so up anchor and homeward bound for Gloucester!

Fish!

Days and nights were a mad world ruled by fish. Men worked till they dropped from exhaustion, staggered up to sluice their naked bodies with icy brine, then worked again. The tempo of it grew faster, always faster. More fish and more, until the hold brimmed and Disko, grinning at last, bent a tarpaulin to the halyard and signaled home his dories.

In triumph Disko slid into the dory manned by Harvey and Manuel and started a tour of the anchored fleet, offering vain-gloriously to carry back any mail for Gloucester.

"I know what you're goin' to say and I don't want none o' your sarcasm," shouted one irate captain. "We saw your flag and heard your bell and I hope you founder with all hands."

Disko waved airily. "Nice to have your good wishes, John!"

A thin little man raced to the rail above them. "Say Disko, if our next baby's born afore I get back, talk Molly out of namin' him Hubert, will you? She's so danged set

on callin' him Hubert—"

"Another baby, Martin? Man, you ought to stay at sea all the time!"

And Manuel added to the general laugh, "That's what he do if he stay on this boat!"

But triumph died aborning with their next call. "Thanks Disko," grinned the skipper. "But we just come back from rowin' our mail over to the *Jennie Cushman*."

They glared at the *Cushman*. With jib and mainsail set she was drifting through the thin mists, getting under way. The ensign fluttered up to her main peak as she moved, signal that she was full and heading for home.

There was nothing left for Disko Troop to do but up anchor and after the *Cushman*. The dirty, thievin' land shark! Hadn't signaled he was filled up. Sneakin' his dories aboard; sneakin' out right under their noses. Well, by thunder, he had Disko Troop to deal with! Sail, would he? Disko would sail the bottom out of the *We're Here*, before he took Walt Cushman's wake to Gloucester!

The *Jennie Cushman* showed her heels in a freshening breeze that rose to a gale. The *We're Here* followed, a bone in her teeth, every inch of topsails swelled out tight as a drum. Her lee rail under the *Cushman* raced in a short cut across the shoals. Disko gritted his teeth and took a shorter short cut while the leadsman, reading marks that made his hair stand on end tried to remember how to pray.

"Watch me cut across his bow," Walt Cushman grinned and put the wheel down.

"Thinks he'll make me budge, does he?" Disko growled. "Yah . . . I'll budge like a barnacle." He held her dead on for the *Jennie Cushman* and schooner leaped at schooner.

Tense men held their breath, watching what seemed inevitable collision. Human nature couldn't stand the strain, even hardened fisherman nature.

"Lord's sake, Disko, here she comes!"

"Spit on her bowsprit when she goes by, boys!" Disko grinned, and swerved not an inch. And by inches only the two ships passed, white water sluicing off their lee rails.

Walt Cushman, seething with fury yelled down the breeze, "I had the right of way, you old beach goat!"

Disko roared after him, "Then you must have mislaid it somewheres. Aimin' to collect insurance off that wreck of yours?"

A breeze, half a gale . . . a gale! She was howling now, burying the *We're Here* deep. Topmasts were straining perilously, but Disko hung on.

In the fo'castle Manuel figured the profits of his trip. "And I've got my nine dollars wages," Harvey added proudly. "Sure, we very reech men, now," said his hero. "How we spend it, eh?"

Manuel had it all figured out. First the church store to buy candlesticks of gold so he could burn fitting candles for his father, lost at sea. Then a nifty purple suit and cloth topped shoes with big pearl buttons and a new tie with yellow flowers in it. "And I walk down Duncan street and I say, 'Hey, look girls—girls! Manuel, he's in town again!'"

"Aw Manuel, you don't go with girls!" Harvey's face grew long with disappointment.

"Sure, I go with girls," the fisherman began. And then he saw Harvey's look and understood. Harvey would be left out of that. "I think you're right, maybe," Manuel agreed slowly. "I don't go with girls. Justa you and me—we have fine time in Gloucester, eh?"

Through the glass Disko watched the *Jennie Cushman* and grinned with relief. Walt was striking his topsails at last.

"You'd best do the same, Disko," Long



The world smiles on Nelson Eddy, and Nelson smiles right back because the work he is doing in "Maytime" is just down his alley.

Jack growled almost under his breath. "Since you're such a nervous galoot, Jack, you can just go aloft and stand by to put the foretops'l in gaskets."

Long Jack stared, "Ain't you goin' to luff her first?"

"I'll luff her after you reach the mast-head. *We ain't heavin' to before we have to!*" Disko saw the fear in Long Jack's eyes and sprang to the mast to go aloft himself. It was Manuel who pushed him aside, inviting Jack to go with him. Long Jack took up the challenge and they went together.

Harvey, watching from below, boasted, "I'll bet Manuel's the best sailor in the whole fishing fleet!"

The crack of rending timber drowned his words. Long Jack slid down the stay and reached the deck. Manuel, a second too late, went overboard with the shattered topmast.

When they brought the *We're Here* up to the wind, Manuel floated, pinioned by a twist of steel rope, slowly dying of the coils that tightened about him.

It was too late to help. Every man aboard, aching to give a helping hand, realized that—and Manuel knew it.

One man aboard would not give up hope and that was because he was a boy in years—and a boy will not believe in death until it happens. Harvey, gone overboard after his dory mate, clung to the floating raffle and encouraged him to the end. Other arms lifted him away then, and carried him below to hide his sobs—for it is not seemly that a man should cry.

Minus a topmast and defeated in her race, the *We're Here* followed the *Jennie Cushman* back to Gloucester. There, at last, Frank Burton Cheyne set eyes upon his son again. But it was a changed Harvey Cheyne the father greeted. The boy had learned about life and love and death. He had learned to work and play fair with all three. And Cheyne's heart swelled with pride at what he saw, for he knew now that some day this boy would make a better man than his father.

THE most movie starish car in Hollywood now belongs to Dick Arlen. It's a black Duesenberg that fairly shrieks with chromium trimmings. Bet Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are jealous.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold treatment!* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the

system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets!* They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.



SKIN
Beauty
WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

SONG POEM Writers

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET revealing SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL SONG WRITING, including free copy of valuable Rhyming Dictionary and information on current market requirements. If you write poems or compose melodies, SEND FOR OUR OFFER.

M. M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU2 Studio Bldg. Portland, Ore.



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 1312,
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-ist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

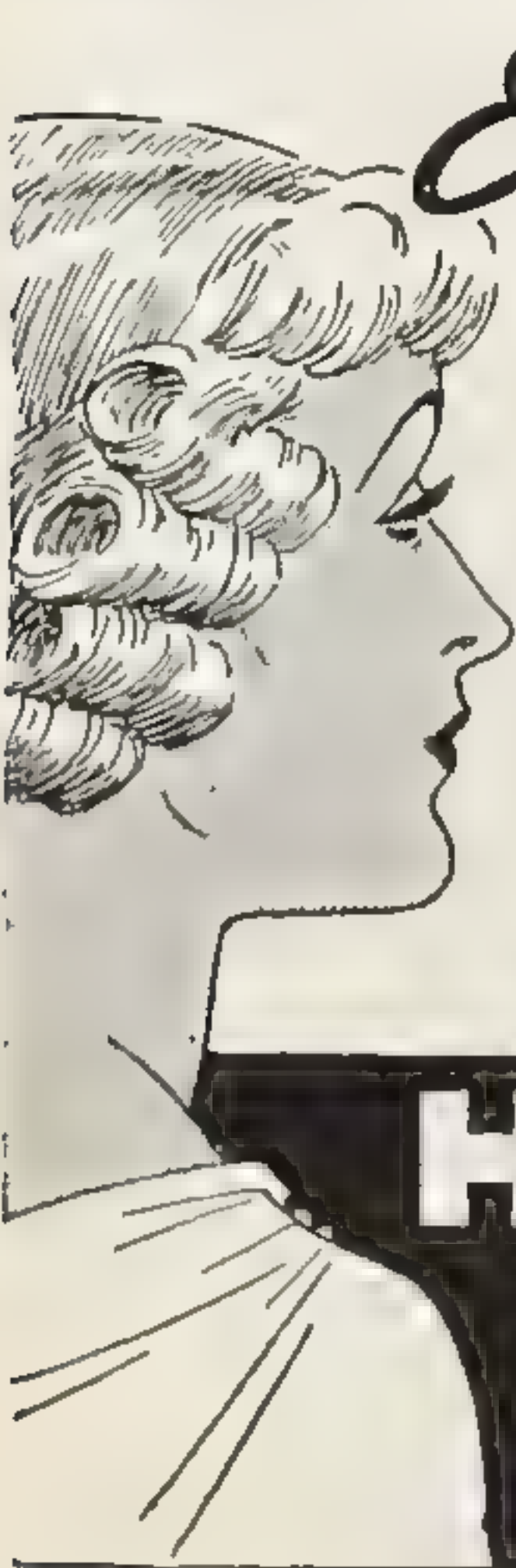
STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 563, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."
O. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 308, Providence, R. I.



Enchanting Hair

The fascinating allure of henna-treated hair has long been recognized by stars of screen and stage. To be absolutely safe and to obtain just the desired shade, always insist upon genuine Hopkins Rajah Brand Egyptian Henna.

J. L. HOPKINS & CO.
Dept. H
220 Broadway, New York

HOPKINS RAJAH BRAND EGYPTIAN HENNA

The Lady of Trills

[Continued from page 29]

fore the trumpet. Maybe next time I have to be the bass drum." She laughed. "But no, I do not think that will be so soon."

"They tell me, Miss Pons, that you are married three times in your new picture," I interpolated.

"Yes, in Hollywood they must do everything big. One time to be married in one picture, that is nothing. It must be three times, or we do not have the-how-you-say, box-office?"

The talk of marriage reminded me of Mr. Kostalanetz. "He was with you in Hollywood every weekend, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but poor Maestro, he have to fly back and fly forth. He have the broadcast from New York twice a week, you know."

"You know—" She interrupted herself with a melodious giggle. "I am studying to be a ballerina. Mais, oui! I have to work very hard to be a good dancer. We do 'Coq d'Or' at the opera this year, and for the first time the singers, we must all be good dancers too. It will be much fun, no?"

I guessed it would be. "And what else will you do at the Metropolitan, Miss Pons?"

"Well, they promise me I will not do any more the what-you-call 'nuts' ladies. But I don't believe them. No, Lee-Lee, she is always crazy—in opera, I mean! Linda, Lucia, Anina—all very much cuckoo." She went up to the top of her brilliant coloratura range on the last word and accompanied it with a tiny finger's gesture in the air adjacent to the tiny curl-crowned head. "Maybe I do Cherubino—you know, the 'Marriage of Figaro.' I would like that ho-kay." We both chuckled—Mademoiselle evidently because she liked the so American expression, I because I do not ever recall having heard it so adorably intoned.

"And pictures?" I ventured.

"Pictures? Oh yes, I will make more pic-

tures. I have the two-year contract." The difficult word hop-skip-and-jumped out. "I go to Hollywood next year after my concert tour in South America."

A somewhat befuddled Skye terrier scampered into the room and put a halt to the proceedings by climbing, without further ceremony, onto his mistress's lap. She gave his head a playful push and in her best grand opera style introduced the canine gentleman: "Mademoiselle—Panouche! Panouche his name means dirty rag! He is a very dirty rag too, sometime. But he is so cute. You like animals?"

Before I had a chance to reply, she beamed, "I love them," stretching the word love across the room and back. "I make here a home for little deers in the winter time."

"Little dears," I repeated, obviously puzzled.

"You know, with the branches on their heads." I was relieved. Her face lit up with French enthusiasm as she told of her plans for a deer sanctuary and of how she plans to dedicate the Silvermine home to that purpose. "That is why I like to live in the country—the animals and the flowers. Oh, you should see my flowers in the spring! Just like in Cannes—that is where I was born. Cannes, it is a 'ville de fleurs.' I will make here, around my house, a 'ville de fleurs' some day."

Then, suddenly glancing at a cherub-flanked clock on the mantel-piece, she jumped up, sending Panouche on his way. "I am afraid I have to practice now. I must say adieu, bonne amie."

As I sped back to Gotham along the leaf-strewn roads of autumnal New England, I thought often of this last word of Mademoiselle's. I thought too, how many "amies" she must have, among the millions of Americans around whom her magical voice has woven its spell of gladness!

Life Is Like That

[Continued from page 15]

past the photograph-murals of Paris in the hall, and on to dance in the dining-room above. However, they would not be required. The assumption seems to be that you just rushed in from a distant job on location and you arrive in what you happen to be wearing.

I have seen a girl shopping along Hollywood Boulevard in a mink coat worn over a backless sunsuit and shorts. Men can go almost anywhere at any time dressed in a tweed jacket and flannels.

"Are the girls really that good looking?" Far be it from me to tell you—it's all done with lenses and lights. I made some sketches of Miss Joan Bennett while she was working on a set. She looks exactly as she does on the screen. If you think I am going to tell you that Miss Dunne is all a matter of make-up and movie magic, you are crazy. Seeing them in person is just as good a break as you would think it would be.

There used to be a rumor that since all the youth and beauty of the world went to Hollywood the ones who failed to make the grade worked in shops, waited on table and filled the place with breath-taking and head-spinning gorgeousness. Don't expect to find something wonderful on every corner. I still think more beautiful girls can be seen more frequently around New York.

"Where are all these Hollywood folk when you don't happen to see them?" They are working, resting, playing. They work under the pressure of time and nervous strain. It is done in the seclusion of well-guarded studios. They want to save their youth and good looks so they like to sleep sometime. Like everyone else they like to play with their own crowd in their own places.

I met Miss Marjorie Gateson at a time when she had to reach a studio at six A.M., to be made up in time for work. She got back to her hotel at dinner time and soon disappeared to rest. Who wouldn't? I wanted to shoot some pool with Walter Connelly. That can be done when he is a leisurely actor on Broadway. In Hollywood he was getting up about dawn to drive about one hundred and fifty miles to work on location up in the mountains. So, no pool.

When he gets a chance, after he has convicted a lot of lynchings as a district attorney in a picture, Walter Abel goes out to Victorville and rides in the Mojave desert with his friend Cal Godshall who is chairman of the annual non-professional rodeo. I know what that is like. His horse twists in and out between the spiny bushes and the strange spiked Joshua Trees. Rose pink, naked mountains rise up from the hot sand

toward a faint line of green where the timber begins. Above that are gleaming snow peaks. The cattle men and their wives and daughters dance well in the Green Spot Cafe at night. Every one can take movie stars easily in that town for all the picture people who like a horse go there in October for the Rodeo and watch the cowboys.

Some of these unfortunate actors run down to Palm Springs and Indio where there are bathing pools and luxury, famous inns. They may tan in the sun or dance beneath the date palms. Good fishing or skiing can be had at various distances up the surrounding mountains.

"Why then are there any complaints?" I will give you two guesses and tell you mine.

The work is complicated with colossal collaboration. The playwright, Howard Lindsay, gave me a clue. He was fighting a story that stuck on his typewriter. His door opened and a funny looking gook put in his head.

"Can you use anything with canary birds in it?"

Howard said "No" and noted a touch of disappointment on the face as it withdrew to try another author down the hall. He realized it was a gag man who had thought of something that would be screamingly funny if done with canary birds. He wanted a writer who could fit it into his story.

Richard Connell, the writer who has recently sold his book, "What Ho," for a Gary Cooper picture, asked one of the executives at the studio where he is working in Hollywood at present:

"I suppose it will be easy to get a real husky Indian around here?"

"So and so is right in the next room," he was told, "he handles Indians. Ask him."

So, Dick went up to this guy and said: "I understand you can find a real, big, brawny Indian for this picture I'm working on?"

The man looked down his nose, aloof and haughty. He replied: "I only handle tribes."

"One hundred Chippewas or nothing," said Dick and went back to his typewriter.

Listed on the books of that studio was an inhabitant of Hollywood who offered to the motion picture industry four trained tarantulas.

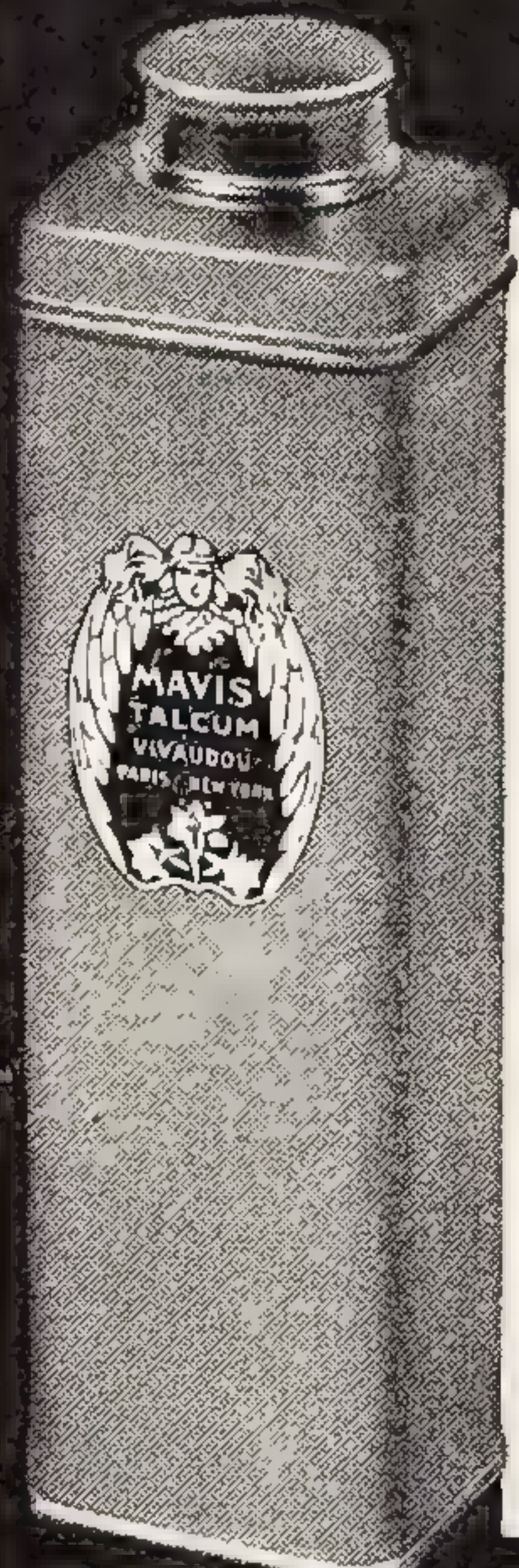
There is no race of man, nor form of knowledge or trick of skill that is not in Hollywood on demand. Behind the studio walls are many business offices. In them are the authors and their stories, the directors, the actors, the camera men, the carpenters, the designers of costumes and sets, all the people who get credit on your local screen and hundreds more you never hear about. Between them they tear a lot of pet ideas limb from limb. It must produce a very personal, intimate tension, particularly for actors.

I don't know why anyone in particular gets much blame for a poor picture or praise for a good one when you realize how many cooks stirred at the broth from its conception to the cutting room. I don't know why they do not spoil every broth instead of turning out jobs that are, every now and then, complete works of art. I suppose Walt Disney's stuff, alone, is the greatest contribution to international pleasure since the controlled use of fire.

One thing more, but don't tell anyone I said so. Most of those boys and girls have made good in the big town before they went out there. Walter Winchell or no, there is a privacy about New York compared with little places where everyone knows what you had for breakfast and all your errors from childhood on. Hollywood is a hick town compared with New York. It must be irksome at times with the incessant limelight on every small detail of life.

THRILLING OFFER BY MAVIS!

ONLY 25¢ FOR THIS STUNNING NEW SILVERY NON-TARNISHABLE Sweetheart Charm Bracelet



IT'S NEW! IT'S SMART! IT'S THE "RAGE!"
... to wear miniatures of those you adore on a Sweetheart Charm Bracelet. Be the first in your set to own one! Miniatures are reproduced from your favorite photos or snapshots—hand-colored by fine artists—set in a frame which clasps onto the bracelet.

THERE'S ROOM FOR NINE—sweetheart, chum, sorority sisters, movie stars, mother and dad. Easy to snap on or off. The bracelet itself is a series of gleaming disks etched with a flying dove. Non-tarnishable. Will not discolor the skin.

THIS WONDERFUL OFFER comes to you from Mavis—the velvety, delicately scented talcum Frenchwomen use to safeguard their daintiness. Make their charm secret your own. After every bath, before you dress—clothe yourself in fragrant Mavis. Its alluring all-over fragrance keeps you flower-fresh for hours. So soothing, too!

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS HOW TO GET ONE

Mavis Talcum Powder offers you this lovely Sweetheart Charm Bracelet—with one miniature to start your collection—for only 25¢! Stores can't sell them for anywhere near that low price. Just get a 25¢ size of delicately scented, flower-fresh Mavis. Mail in the coupon attached to the can, with 25¢ in coin, and any clear photo or snapshot (to be returned with your bracelet). For each additional miniature, send 10¢, photo, and a coupon from a 25¢ size Mavis. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

DON'T DELAY! HURRY! Order your Sweetheart Charm Bracelet today! Get your 25¢ size Mavis Talcum Powder now.

MAVIS

Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

ADDRESS ENVELOPES AT HOME
sparetime; Substantial weekly pay. Experience unnecessary. Dignified work. Stamp brings details.
EMPLOYMENT MGR., Dept. AK
Box 523, Jackson, Tenn.



This Beautiful Lifelike PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring.

48c

Indestructible! (Hand-tinted 25c extra)
Waterproof!

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we pay postage.
PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. S, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"COINS WANTED"

1909 CENT \$10—WE BUY CERTAIN COINS COMMON AND RARE—Others worth to \$6000; 1864-1865 Indian head cents, \$100 each; Dimes before 1895, \$450; Liberty Head Nickels before 1914, \$300; Large pennies, \$2000; encased postage stamps, \$13; Half cents, \$275; Half dimes, \$175; Quarters, \$300; Fractional currencies; Paper money; Gold Dollars \$1,500; Colonial coins, \$300; Silver dollars, \$4,000; 1933, 50c, \$4.00; foreign coins, \$165, etc. SEND 15c TODAY for ILLUSTRATED 1937 COIN BOOK, before sending coins. National Coin Corporation (520) Springfield Massachusetts.



I Have Special Work for HOUSEWIVES who need UP TO \$22 A WEEK!

If you need \$22.00 in a week—if you want a beautiful selection of the latest Spring and Summer styles for yourself also—**FREE** of extra charge—all without house-to-house canvassing experience or investment even without interfering with your household duties write me at once, giving your dress size and age. Nothing to pay now or at any time.

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
Dept. L-162, Cincinnati Ohio

No House-to-House Canvassing
No Experience
No Investment
Necessary!

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED



Straight regular features! Charm-ing new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction," (mailed in plain wrapper).

Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 41-X, New York



RAISE GIANT FROGS

FREE BOOK

A New Industry! Good Market Pleasant outdoor work. Start with small pond for breeders, expand with increase. Easy to ship. We Buy! People starting every state. See what others already doing. FREE frog book. American Frog Canning Co., Dept. 107-B, New Orleans, La.



GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Free Trial Treatment!

sent on request. **ARREN TABLETS** have helped to reduce thousands of persons without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let us send you proof at our expense.

ARREN PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Desk N-47, 307 5th Ave., New York

PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR

gives quick relief to

ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Send for **FREE** package of cigarettes and powder—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Standard remedy at drug-gists. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. S.C. 1, Rupert, Vt.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 4432 Chicago

Too Thin? UNDEVELOPED?
GAIN 15 LBS. DEVELOP 3 IN.
Wonderful new method really reaches basic trouble, starting development. Vitalizing, concentrated food powder completes results. Amazing results! Beautiful flesh, complete development. Guaranteed. Testimonials arriving every day. You need be undeveloped no longer. Write:
The Star Developing System, Iron Mountain, Mich.

FREE Treatment for Your BUNION!
Stops pain at once! Write for Free Sample of Fairyfoot. No obligation. Fairyfoot Co., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. Dept. 3762

U. S. Government Jobs
Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year
Many 1937 appointments. Common Education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. T265 Rochester, N. Y.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
(42nd yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

face "Broken Out?"
Relieve the soreness and aid healing by washing daily with Resinol Soap and freely applying
Resinol
Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 5-A, Balto. Md.

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS
For Immediate Consideration
Send Poems to
Paramount Music Publishers
Dept. 13B, Paramount Bldg. Toronto, Can.

REDUCE
● Dr. Hatch's Quick, Safe, External Method
Lose weight safely, without diet, drugs or exercise! Take off extra fat at only those places where you want to lose! Hundreds of celebrities in the last 25 years have kept slim youthful figures this easy, inexpensive way. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife, now available to the public.
Money Back Guarantee
Write today for a half pound jar of
DR. HATCH'S REDUCING CREAM—\$1.00
Cash, check or M.O. or C.O.D. plus postage
YOUTHFUL FACE and FIGURE INSTITUTE
853 Seventh Ave., Dept. SU-5, New York City

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 33]

laid her on the bed. Just as he reaches for the smelling salts the assistant director walks between him and the camera. That take, too, is spoiled, and he has to carry her once more.

"At least," I remark to Gordon Wyles, the director, "you're having fun on this set."

"Yes," he nods. "I'm afraid we may have our first serious moment at the preview."

"A very novel plot," I jeer to Fanya when we've left the stage. "It's just like—"

"'Ladies of Leisure' and half dozen other pictures," she grins.

Looking eagerly forward to next month, I leave her and trim my sails for—

R-K-O

ONLY one picture going over here. This boasts the presence of Preston Foster, Ida Lupino and Victor McLaglen and is called "Coast Patrol." It could be called "Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt" except that Twentieth Century-Fox own that title. Anyhow, that's what the story is. Pres and Vic are always battling. The only difference is that this time the girl is Vic's daughter and he doesn't want Pres for a son-in-law.

Vic isn't working in this scene but the other two are. The scene is the living room of his Cape Cod cottage, at New London, Conn., where the coast guard is stationed. Preston, as usual, is on the make. Ida wants no part of him and has just told him "Goodnight and GOODBYE" outside. But when she gets inside the house, gropes for the light and turns it on, there is Mr. Foster sitting in one of the chairs.

"You forgot this," he grins, holding out her bag.

"Mighty white of you to return it," she snaps, taking it.

"I think so," he goes on easily. "Do you always come into the house through the window?"

"Yes," she squelches him. "It's a left-over from my second story days."

Preston rises and goes to the door. "It's open"—opening it to show her—"I didn't want you to ruin your stockings."

Ida lifts her skirt and surveys her stockings. "They're all right," she tells him in a "Don't-worry" tone.

"I'll say they are," Pres agrees, looking at what fills out the stockings. As she drops her skirt, he continues, "I knew a man who stayed in a room twenty years because he thought the door was locked and never tried it. You should've tried it."

"I did try it," Ida objects as she crosses to the door, "and it was locked."

"Oh, no," Pres corrects her. "I made sure. Look." He steps outside, closing the door behind him. She quickly puts her hand out and snaps the catch. Once more Pres is on the outside looking in.

"You look ten years younger with dark hair," I lie to Ida.

"They told me at Paramount I look ten years older," she says. "They said I'm a regular character actress."

"Dear," Preston interrupts, "when they cast you with me that cinches it."

I kid around for awhile and start to leave. "Well, Dick," Pres calls after me, "that's the fastest you've ever walked out on me. Usually you stay for at least one take but this was only a rehearsal you saw."

Paramount

FIRST over here is "John Meade's Woman"—B. P. Schulberg's first independent production for Paramount release. This one stars Edward Arnold, with Francine Larrimore in the leading supporting rôle.

Mr. Arnold (and isn't he one of the finest actors in pictures? I might add he's also one of the most genuine people in pictures) is a lumber tycoon who has stripped the lumber sheds, thereby destroying the water ways so there is no water stored up. When the dry season comes and there is no water, the farmers start into town, led by Miss Larrimore. I forgot to mention Miss L and Mr. A have been wed earlier in the picture, but they are not getting along very well. If all reports of Miss Larrimore's temperament are true, that's easily understood, although it probably hasn't anything to do with the plot. At the moment, all she wants is to get even with Arnold for something he has done—or hasn't done. He is standing at the desk in the lobby of the hotel in this little town when the door bursts open and Miss Larrimore stands there pointing at him like an Avenging Fury. But the wind has started up, increasing in intensity and all at once a hurricane springs into being. It sweeps the men off the porch and Miss Larrimore along with them.

Arnold rushes to the door to look for his wife with whom, oddly enough, he is really in love. "Where is she?" he demands



Claudette Colbert, the ill-starred Maid of Salem, is tried for witchcraft by the narrow-minded elders of the community.

of George Bancroft, his lieutenant.

"She's here!" George shouts above the wind. "She was!"

But just then a crazy farmer staggers up with a gun, intent on "getting" Arnold, the cause of all their trouble. "I'm here," he yells.

Bancroft grapples with the farmer in an effort to save Arnold, the gun goes off and Bancroft lies bleeding on the ground beside Eddie.

"Tim!" Arnold yells. "Man, Man! Tim!"

And then Francine crawls over and laughs in Arnold's ear. "He's dead!" she yells, off her nut.

"Oh, God, bring him back," Arnold moans.

"He won't!" Francine throws the hooks into him.

"I'll burn in hell!" Arnold offers the Lord. "I'll burn in hell!"

"You're in it!" Larrimore screams.

This is really the first big dust storm that has ever been created for the movies and I mean to say they have done themselves proud. I feel like rushing home and taking a bath myself. But there are other sets to be covered so I restrain myself.

There is the ill-starred "Maid of Salem"—Claudette Colbert's latest. Claudette was in an accident during the production of this picture and almost got bumped off. When she finally got well enough to go back to work the strain was so great she was having hysterics all the time. And now, on top of all this, she's been accused of witchcraft and is being tried. As a matter of fact, all they have on her is that she is happy in a day when it is considered sinful to be happy. She has met Fred MacMurray, a refugee from Virginia, with a price on his head for killing a man. Naturally, he being the hero, he didn't really commit murder. He is only suspected. But, equally naturally, he has to remain in hiding until he's cleared. He teaches Claudette to dance the mazurka. Once she's dancing it by herself and when a little boy sees her and asks what she's doing, she playfully tells him she is dancing with a man. When the town gets het up over the witch question, it is assumed the man she was dancing with was the devil, himself!

Claudette tries to explain all this but the people don't want to believe her innocent.

"Mistress Clark," says one of the judges, "you have told a strange story. If there were such a man as you now claim, why didn't you tell about him in the beginning? Why did you deny his existence?"

"Because I believed Timothy had seen him and could describe him," she replies, her manner showing relief at his kindly voice.

"Why shouldn't he describe him?" the Judge goes on.

"Because he was a political refugee, in hiding here," she explains.

"Ha!" another judge sneers. "An artful tale!"

"Is he in hiding still?" the first judge continues.

"He must be," Claudette answers, "or— or he would come to me now."

"Is he known to anyone here?" the second judge persists.

"What is his name?" one of the elders puts in.

Claudette looks from one face to another, becoming tense—panic-stricken.

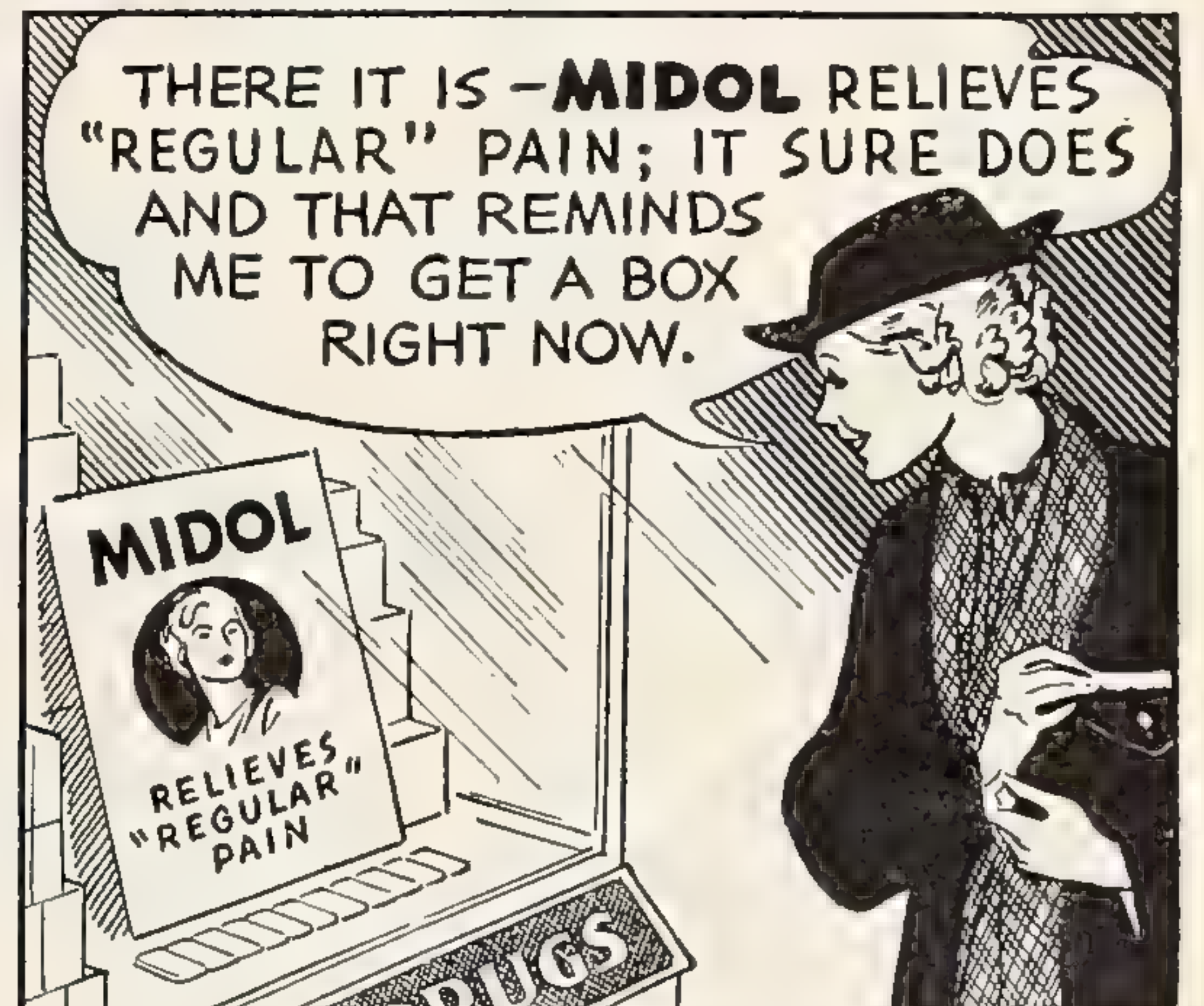
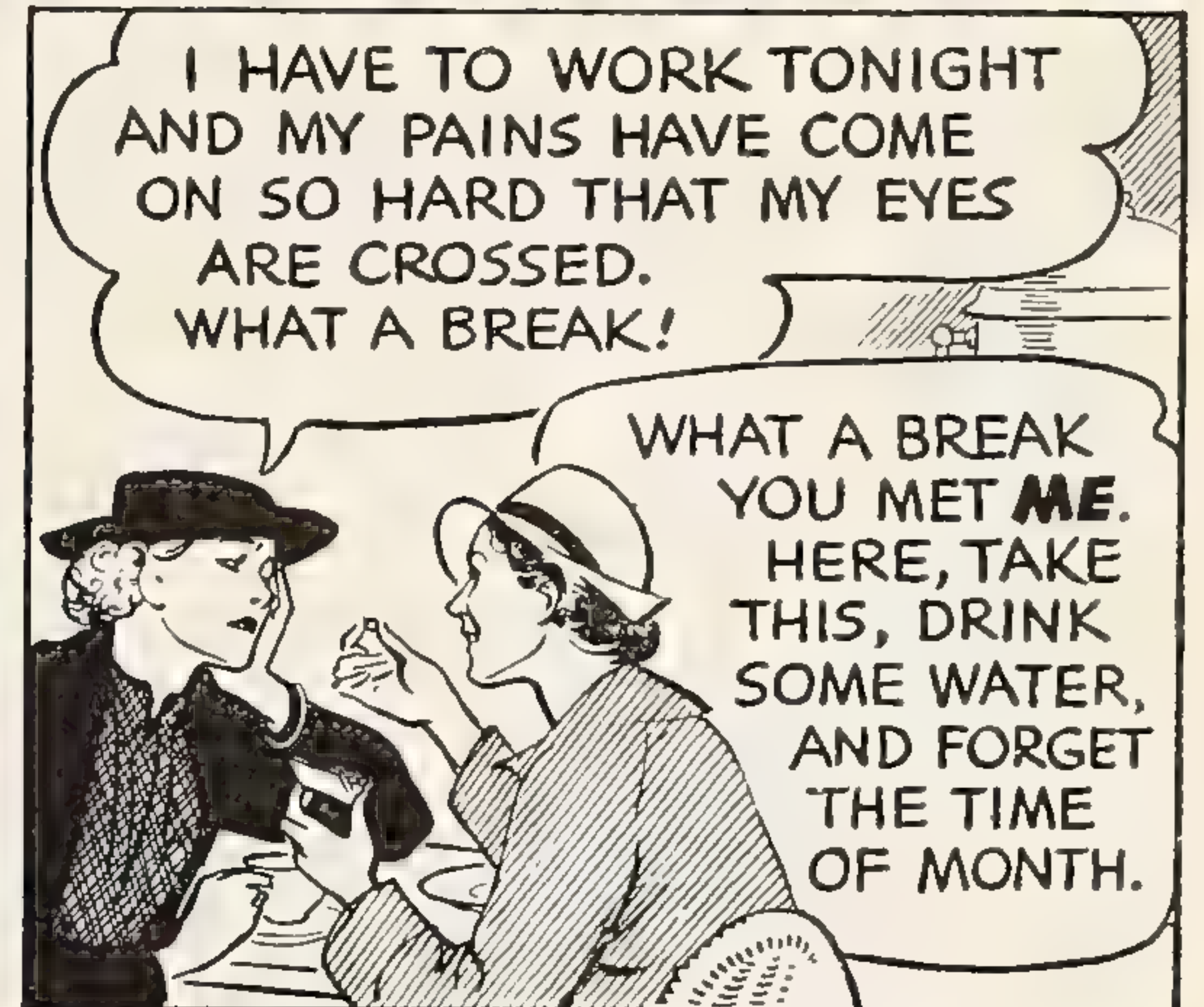
"Can you tell us anything about him?" the elder baits her.

"I cannot! I cannot betray him!" she screams, like an animal at bay.

She is making a strong impression among the spectators when Edward Ellis, another elder, rises suddenly and breaks in fanatically. "Of course, she cannot betray him!" he shouts. "She speaks of her master—Satan himself!"

That does it. Immediately there are cries

PROTECTING a \$40 JOB



MODERN women no longer give-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every

month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

ASTROLOGY

1937 READING NOW ONLY... 25c

Yogi Alpha, noted American Philosopher, now offers the new 2000 word 1937 Forecast and Reading for only 25c. This reading gives you Astrological inclinations Month by Month for the year 1937 and an extensive character delineation based upon an interpretation of your Zodiac Sun Sign. It indicates favorable and unfavorable days through out 1937. It discusses home life, business affairs, marriage happiness, travel, love and romance, health, friends, vocation, temperament, etc. Send only 25c (coin or stamps) and month, day, year and place of birth for this reading. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. C-2, San Diego, Cal. If a friend wishes a reading send 50c for 2 readings.



NERVES

GLANDS AND VITALITY

Your nerves are the communication system of your body. When nerves or glands become poisoned, all bodily processes slow up. Physical functions are impaired and old age overtakes you.

Enjoy Longer, Healthier Life

By keeping nerves and glands healthier and bodily processes in a more normal state of youth—VITAL-NERV promotes better health, greater vitality and challenges old age and nervousness.

ACCEPT 5-Day Treatment FREE

Without cost or obligation. Also valuable FREE, descriptive book. Write today without fail.

GRAVES LABORATORIES, INC. Dept. B-43, 17 N. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.



Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin... was unloved... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with this secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 349, Chicago.

Never Any DANDRUFF!



Start today with Glover's. Persist with it. See how it keeps you rid of Dandruff and beautifies your hair. This famous Medicine has been helping hair for over 60 years. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's or have your Hairdresser give you Glover's Treatments regularly.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



Do you think it's *hard* to learn how to play your favorite musical instrument? Well, it isn't. Now, through a new home-study method you can learn to play quickly and easily—without tiresome exercises or long hours of practice. Learn to play the U. S. School of Music way. Right in your own home. More than 700,000 have done so already. Decide now to play the Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone, or any other instrument you like. **FREE BOOK.** Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Mention instrument. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 1192 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

ITCH

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Learn Public Speaking At home—in spare time. Many overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence and increase earning power, this easy way. Write for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words* and requirements. North American Institute, Dept. 4432, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

FREE-MY PRICELESS SECRET

"HOW TO REALLY LOOK YOUNGER and MORE BEAUTIFUL AS YOU GROW OLDER!" You, too, can quickly conquer **WRINKLES; FLABBINESS; AGE SIGNS**, without surgery, pain, danger or seclusion. **"A VERITABLE MIRACLE!"**, say thousands.

Yours **FREE!** No Obligation. Write **TODAY.** **EUNICE SKELLY, Salon of Eternal Youth** Suite 12-C, The Park Central, New York City

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send for Offer

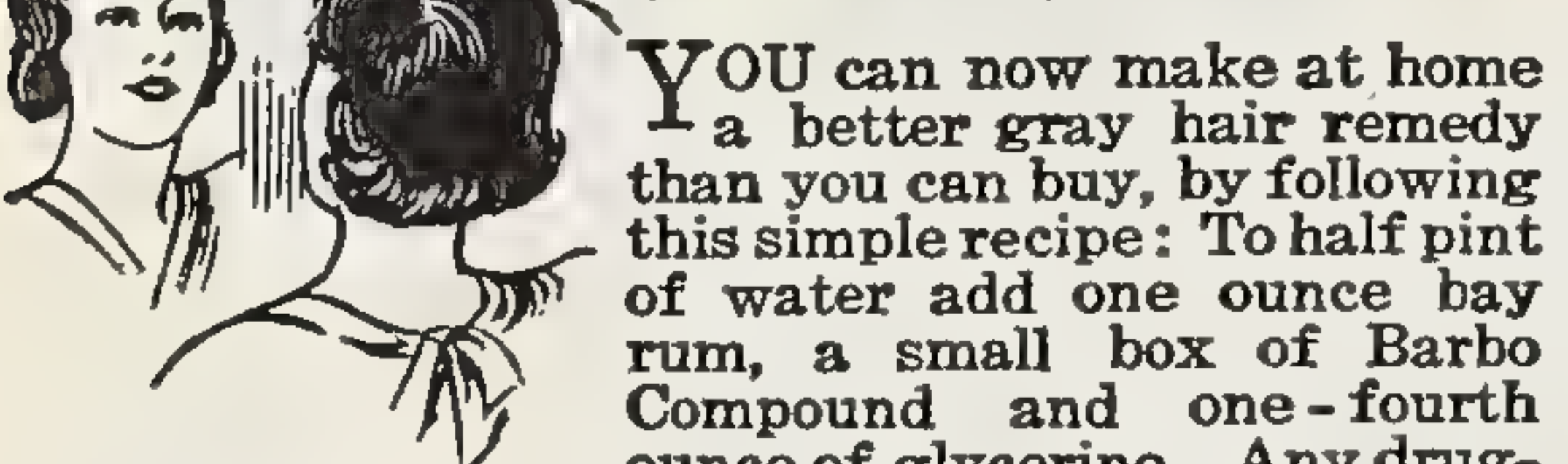
J. CHAS. McNEIL

BACHELOR OF MUSIC

4153 South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

GRAY HAIR!

The Best Remedy is Made at Home



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drug-gist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Women \$22 in a Week

up to and get your own dresses **FREE** of cost

Showing Latest **FASHION FROCKS**

... Direct from Factory!

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You can make up to \$22 in a week, full or spare time, and get all your own dresses free of any cost to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity. Send No Money.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. PP-135, Cincinnati, O.

of "Sentence her!" "Hang her!" etc.

It is hard enough on Claudette to have to work in a scene like this in her present condition without adding to her burdens by forcing her to make small talk. So I don't even go over to say "hello." Fred MacMurray isn't working in this scene and I don't know any of the others on the set. But there is sure a swell cast—Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergaard, Louise Dresser, Halliwell Hobbes, Edward Ellis, Beulah Bondi, Donald Meek, Zeffie Tilbury, Bonita Granville (the imp in "These Three") and Virginia Weidler and Sterling Holloway.

20th Century-Fox

ONE picture going out here, "Woman Wise"—another newspaper story—featuring Michael Whalen, Alan Dinehart, Rochelle Hudson, Douglas Fowley, Chick Chandler and Pat Flaherty.

The latter (who is really an old time boxer) plays a boxer in the picture. Whalen is a reporter (sports) who has been taking cracks at Flaherty for something. I believe he said fights were fixed.

Dinehart has arranged a private bout between Whalen and Flaherty. Flaherty is in the ring in his trunks, waiting for Whalen.

Then Whalen breezes in. He apologizes for being late. After a pleasant exchange of insults he climbs into the ring.

"Which do you want," Dinehart asks meaningly, "sixteen ounce gloves—or pillows?"

"Regulation," Whalen cuts him off. "Six ounces—and I wish it was your chin."

"Okay with me," Flaherty agrees. "Only look here, Mr. Browne, I don't want to hurt you. I got nothin' against you, exceptin' maybe those dirty cracks you made about me and my daughter."

"And I've nothing against you," Whalen agrees genially. "But with all due respect to your past record, I'd rather buy you a rocking chair for Christmas than knock you horizontal."

"Well," Pat begins, "if that's all, why don't we call it—" he breaks off suddenly as his forehead wrinkles and he turns to Dinehart. "Hey, which way is horizontal?"

"The easiest way," Chick butts in, putting his hands up to the side of his face. "The sandman route. You know, take a number from one to ten."

"Come on," says Pat furiously to Whalen. He turns to Chick for a parting shot. "Start counting—over him!" pointing to Whalen.

At Grand National

THERE are two pictures shooting out here. One is "Secret Valley" starring Richard Arlen. It is adapted from a Harold Bell Wright novel and is a good old time blood-and-thunder Western.

In this picture Virginia Gray, a New York society girl, marries a gangster without realizing what he is. She discovers it two hours after they're married, ducks out of the hotel, takes a train to Reno and hits for a lawyer, expecting him to handle the case. Well, as soon as the lawyer finds out who her husband is he gets cold feet and refuses to have anything to do with it. Virginia goes to another lawyer who agrees to get the divorce but advises her to get out of town and go live on a ranch until her case comes up. He won't let her go to a dude ranch because that's the first place people would look for her. Instead, he sends her to the ranch of a friend of his. And whose ranch do you suppose it is? None other than Dick's.

In the meantime the first lawyer, seeing a chance to ace himself in with the underworld, wires her husband that she's in Reno. The husband and some of his henchmen take a plane for Reno.

To complicate matters, this same lawyer (the first one) holds a note signed by Dick's father for \$10,000 and he says if Dick can't

pay it in a week he's going to get a judgment against the ranch. Dick is worried sick, I can tell you. It's nowhere near time for the round-up but there's nothing to do but round up the cattle and sell them before they're fattened up.

He gets his cow-hands together and off they start on the round-up. Virginia doesn't want to be left alone at the ranch so she stows away in the chuck wagon and doesn't show her face until they pitch camp. Dick is quite irked when he sees her. She blithely announces she's a stow-away so Dick says, "Well, you know what they do with stowaways, don't you? They make them work. Get busy with that stack of dirty dishes and pans."

There's nothing for it but for Virginia to dip her lily whites into the dirty dish-water and get busy.

"As soon as I finish this picture," says Dick grandly, "I start on another one called 'The Devil's Highway' and as soon as I finish that one I'm supposed to go to Morocco to make one for Gaumont-British."

"But you just got back from a six months' location trip for them," I complain.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Dick grins.

The other picture shooting out here is "The Great Guy" starring James Cagney. It's his first, needless to tell you, since he won his suit from Warner Bros. and became a Grand National star.

This is a story of the department of Weights & Measures. I can't tell you the whole story but the boss is sick and Jimmie is in charge. The scene is his office. James Burke works for the department and I think Bernadine Hayes does, too. Anyhow, Mr. Cagney has been on the make for her without getting anywhere much. He leaves her with Burke and sits down at his desk.

"Haile Selassie," Jimmie greets Burke as he sits down.

"I'll be goin' now, Johnny," Burke an-

Enlarge That Photo

Size 8 x 10 or smaller if requested.

Send no money. Just mail photo or snapshot—any size—any subject. Within seven days we will return an artistic enlargement on special, soft finish, double weight velvaton. Beautiful, fadeless, ready for framing; no extras to buy. You pay postman 45c plus postage. Specify size. Superior quality and safe return of your picture guaranteed.

45¢
3 for \$1



VELVATONE STUDIOS Fox Creek Sta. Detroit, Mich.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

EARN MONEY at HOME

Address envelopes, list names, sew, do other kinds of work. We show you. Send 3¢ stamp for details to

WOMEN'S SERVICE LEAGUE

17 Roxbury St., Dept. S-2

Keene, N. H.

nounces in a thick Irish brogue. "Don't be workin' too hard."

"See you tomorrow," Jim smiles. "And try to be on time."

"I'm always on time," Burke lies, and goes off into a long spiel on the exceptions.

Jim has work to do and doesn't pay any attention to Burke. Burke sees this and grabs Jim's arm to attract his attention.

"We close at five-thirty," Jimmie reminds him.

"Don't work too hard," Burke repeats. "I always say the only pleasure a man can get out of his work is by doing as little of it as possible. Unless it's a job that requires work, in which event (grabbing Jim's arm again) a man can always quit his job and look for one—"

"Good night!" Jim exclaims pointedly. "Good night," he adds smilingly to Bernadine. "Take care of yourself."

"Don't worry about her," Burke laughs. "She knows all the answers."

That's about all there is to this scene.

"Glad to be back at work?" I ask Jim.

"It's swell," he replies. "We've got a great cast—Mae Clarke plays opposite me—John Blystone, the director is fine, it's Douglas MacLean's first production for Grand National and he's doing a splendid job of it, and I like the story."

"You're really pleased with everything about the picture?" I query.

"Perfectly," Jim answers.

"The millenium!" I yell and duck as Jim brings up a haymaker from the floor.

There's one studio left—

M-G-M

I think they've taken liberties with the book, "Maytime," because when I saw the play years ago there was no such French cafe in it as this one I'm in now.

The time is 1865 and the place is packed. Nelson Eddy and some friends of his (students, all) are there, drunk as lords. Nelson is on top of a table singing some song (that wasn't in the stage play, either). He hits a high note, holds it until his eyes almost pop out of his head. When he can't hold it any longer, he falls over into the outstretched arms of his friends. They hold him aloft, going into a burlesque dance across the room. Finally they stagger and collapse in a heap. Eddy is catapulted over to one of the tables. When he picks himself up he is staring into the amused face of Jeanette MacDonald.

I take it that this is their first meeting.

The stage play was one of the loveliest musicals that has ever been produced—and one of the most successful, too, I might add. It may be that the scene I saw is only a sort of prologue they've added and the original story remains pretty much intact. If it does, you're in for a treat.

That about winds us up for this month so, until next year, Adios!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

FROM the Hollywood Reporter we copy the following, which in turn they copied from the London Daily Express: "I understand that the Ministry of Transport is considering a scheme for wiring off a large section of the West End and closing it to traffic. This compound will be reserved for Miss Marlene Dietrich, the film actress, and those who want to look at her. She will be flood-lit every evening from seven to eight, by kind permission of the Gas Light and Coke Company. It is hoped that this scheme will enable the eccentric minority which is not interested in Miss Dietrich to go about its business or pleasures without interference."

Kidneys Must Purify Blood



To Bring
Vitality, Clear Skin
and
Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Learn
PHOTOGRAPHY
at Home

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed. Common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements. American School of Photography Dept. 4432 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

ON APPROVAL!



WE DEFY you to tell this ring from one costing \$300.00! To prove it to you, we'll send it on for 25c down. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent full carat facsimile diamond, return it and we will refund your money. Wear at our risk. If delighted, continue payments of \$1.50 monthly till the total balance of \$6.00 is paid. Ring shipped postage fully paid to your door, by return mail. Rush 25 cents in stamps or coin to

MAIL COUPON NOW
BRADLEY BLDG., K-2, NEWTON, MASS.
Here's 25 cents, RUSH My Ring Today.
Name
Address

system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed to Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Text) today.

Learn
ADVERTISING
at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition—Easy terms. Send for free booklet of interesting information. Page-Davis School of Advertising Dept. 4432 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

Her EYES Won Him



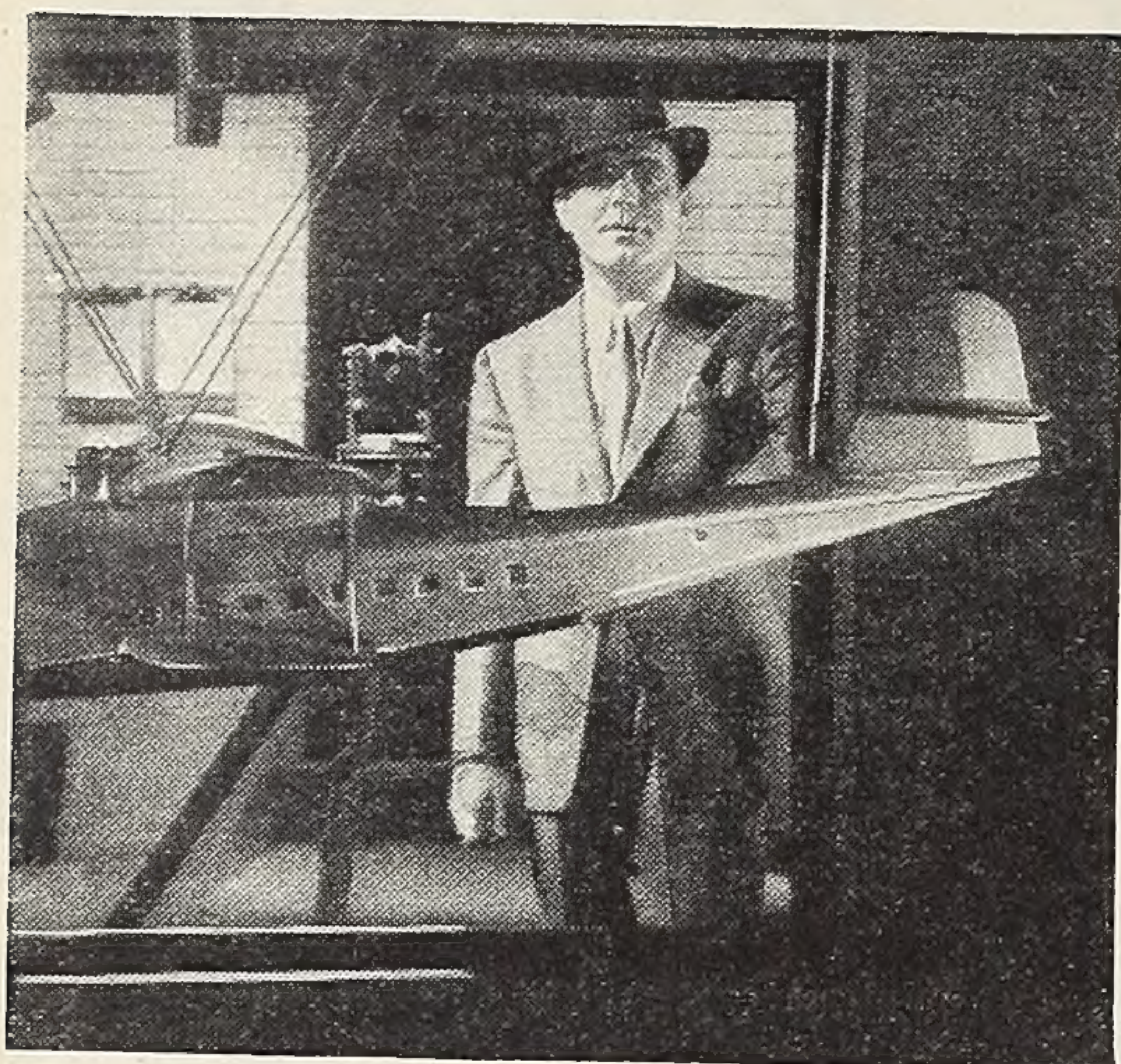
CLEAR..MILKY WHITE..LUSTROUS

THOUSANDS CLEAR EYES..In Seconds..New Easy Way

EYES reddened or prominently veined by late hours or over-indulgence—thousands of girls now clear them in seconds. With new scientific EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! Money back if it fails. Refreshes soothes tired eyes like magic. Stainless—safe. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store.

EYE-GENE

The Final Thing



Pat O'Brien in "China Clipper"

NOW come the birthdays of our greatest presidents, and these holidays suggest a duty to the men who direct the progress of motion pictures.

The screen has so successfully told the biographies of some of the world's gratefully remembered men that it could logically take up a further development. That is, have pictures that tell the stories of some of the great IDEAS which have so completely changed the world. Every idea starts very small, and, as men put their energies back of this idea, it gains in importance until finally it sweeps across the world and changes many lives. For example, the writer believes that the thrilling drama of the conquest of the air could be made into a great picture.

The story of how the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, from the humble setting of their bicycle repair shop, conceived the wonderful idea that man could fly is most inspiring. The facts do not have to be altered and glorified. Their school teacher sister gave them the necessary money and they went to the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk to try out their ideas. Here it was that they first flew. For the picture, a plane exactly like their first one could be made and flown. Make no mistake, there is drama and human interest in this story.

We owe the discovery of flying to the Wright Brothers and the screen *should* give their story to the world.

The picture "China Clipper" was a success everywhere. Now let us have a film giving Orville Wright the credit which dishonorable men have tried to take from him.

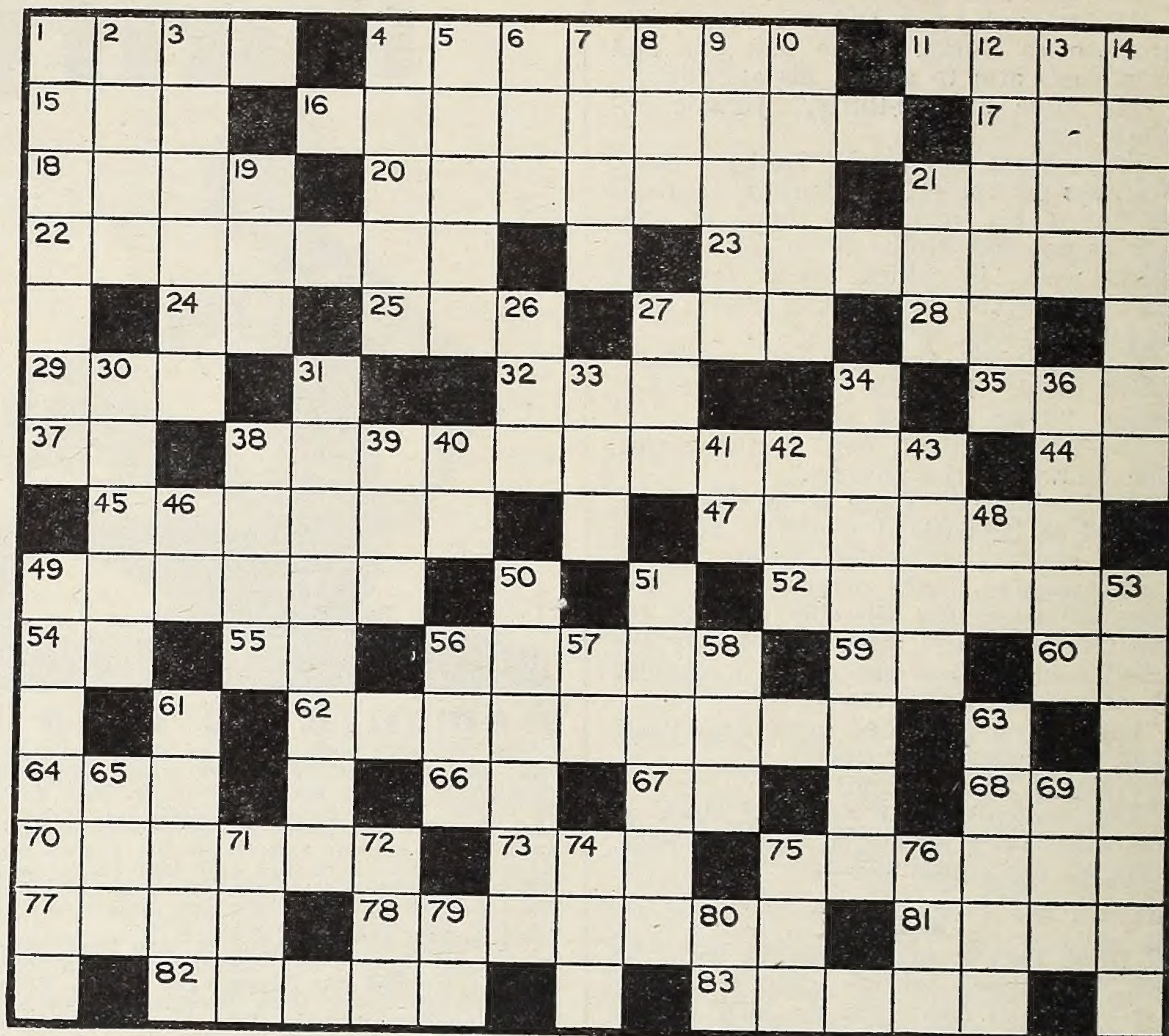
There are many great inventions that we use daily, and, like aviation, each began with just a thought. Motion pictures, also an American invention, should be the medium of telling the people of today the romance, imagination and drama of the lives of the men who changed our daily routines. We have met a number of inventive pioneers and they were all singularly quiet and modest men. The "idea" of one of them in particular has saved thousands of lives.

Now for pictures based on truth; thrilling, dramatic, inspiring truth.

Edw. Keen

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

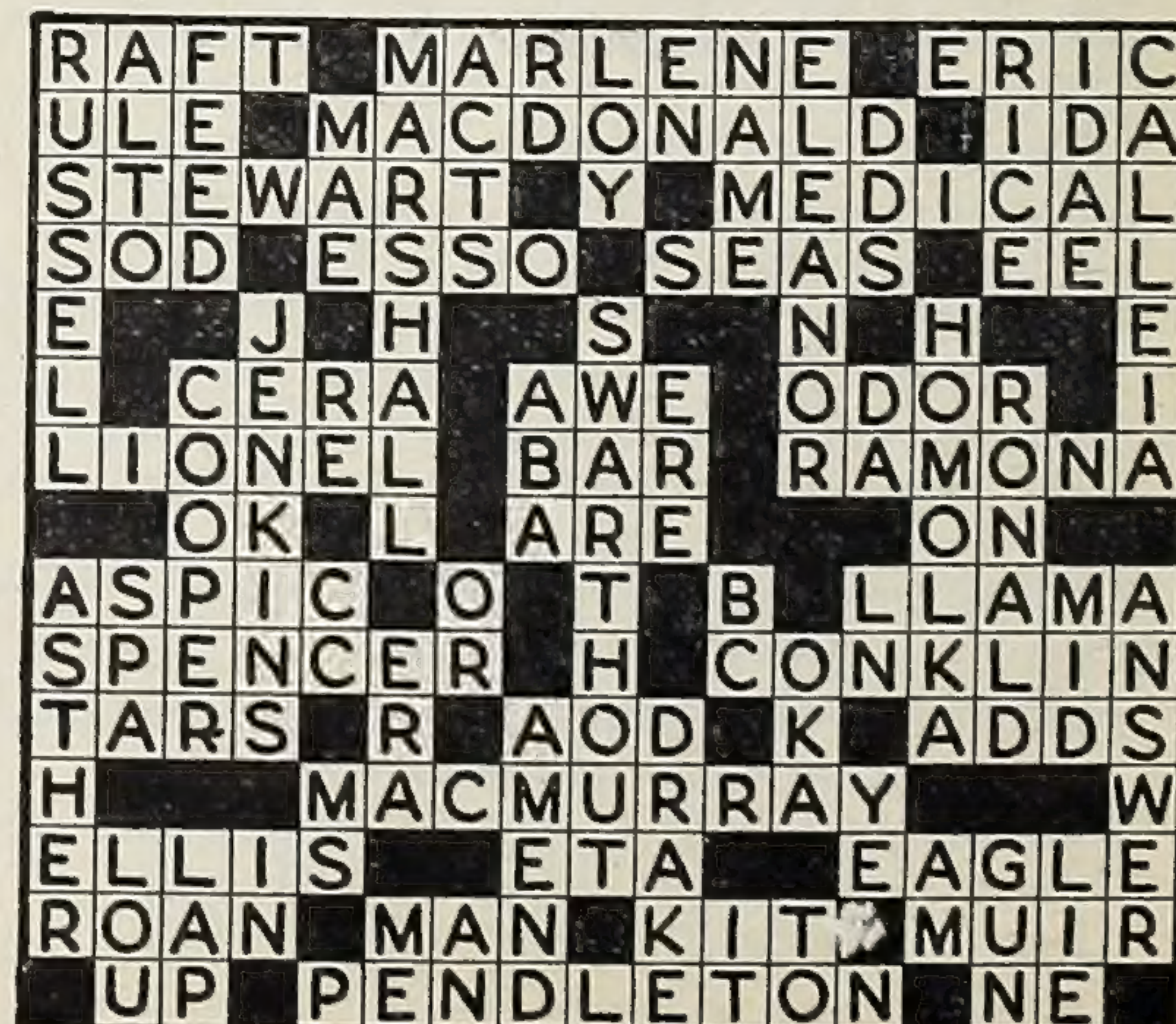
1. "Calamity Jane" in "The Plainsman"
4. Regards with strong approval
11. The valet in "The Smartest Girl in Town"
15. Mistake
16. "The Maid of Salem"
17. A shade tree
18. A number
20. Masculine name
21. Be inactive
22. Errol Flynn's brother in "Charge of the Light Brigade"
23. Funeral dirges
24. French preposition
25. A hardy cereal
27. A beverage
28. Dry measure (abbr.)
29. Inclination of the head
32. Paddle
35. Her latest picture is "Go West, Young Man"
37. Elder (abbr.)
38. A photographic process
44. A degree (abbr.)
45. With Lee Tracy in "General Delivery"
47. Mrs. Errol Flynn
49. One of the "Three Smart Girls"
52. A successor of Mohammed
54. Type measure
55. Shortened form of masculine name
56. Choose by ballot
59. North latitude (abbr.)
60. Symbol for Tellurium
62. To stop or seize by the way
64. Star of "General Delivery"
66. A British film actress (initials)
67. Thoroughfare (abbr.)
68. Track worn by a wheel
70. In a right manner
73. Female of the deer
75. "Oiwini" in "Three Men on a Horse"
77. Companion
78. Southern state
81. To be in pain
82. Gives assistance
83. With Bing Crosby in "Pennies from Heaven"

DOWN

1. He supplies much comedy in "Three Men on a Horse"
2. Ireland
3. He stars in "Come and Get It"
4. To modify
5. A field flower
6. Be silent
7. An image of divinity
8. To steep
9. The queen of the Barrymore clan
10. Fashion
12. A radio-active element
13. Island (poet.)
14. With Richard Dix in "The Depths Below"
19. A female sheep
21. Illicit Gold Buying (abbr.)
26. An age

27. Part of a circle
30. Musical instrument
31. He stars in "Winterset"
33. Endeavor earnestly
34. Fanciful
36. Make suitable
38. With Hepburn in "Quality Street"
39. A prefix
40. Expression of joy
41. Ordnance Department (abbr.)
42. A resinous substance
43. Small stream of water
46. Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" (initials)
48. Symbol for Titanium
49. "The Man Who Lived Twice"
50. Her next picture is "No Hard Feelings"
51. Featured in "Come and Get It"
53. Mrs. Ralph Forbes
56. Letter of Greek alphabet
57. Speech of hesitancy
58. First name of popular comedian
61. Robert Kent's love interest in "King of the Royal Mounted"
63. The blonde meanie in "Born to Dance"
65. Period of time
69. Exclamation of disgust
71. A call in driving animals
72. Touch lightly
74. Sash worn by Japanese women
75. Cry of a goat
76. An ugly old woman
79. The released prisoner in "Sworn Enemy" (initials)
80. Opposite Joe E. Brown in "Easy Going" (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



**"HOW'S FOR A DATE
MY FAIR ONE?"**



**Pretty, popular—on
top of the world—the girls who
guard against Cosmetic Skin**

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks *deep*, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—*young*. You'll find it pays!



**DON'T RISK
COSMETIC SKIN—
DULLNESS, TINY
BLEMISHES,
ENLARGED PORES!**



**I USE ROUGE AND
POWDER, BUT I NEVER
LET THEM CHOKE MY
PORES. I REMOVE THEM
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP**

LORETTA YOUNG...



**Star of the 20th Century—
Fox Production "Love Is News"**

A CHARMING PHILADELPHIAN SPEAKS HER MIND

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd

PERSONAL

HOBBY? *Designing my own clothes*

ARTS? *Painting — I do botanical prints*

ENTERTAINING? *Little dinners*

INTERIOR DECORATION? *Chippendale and Modern*

PETS? *Sealyhams — mine's named Daffy*

FAVORITE LINER? *The Normandie*

FOODS? *Mushrooms*

CIGARETTES? *Camels — I can't help adding "for digestion's sake!"*

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3RD, of Philadelphia, New York, and Nassau, photographed in the grand dining salon of the S. S. Normandie. "A meal isn't complete without Camels," Mrs. Drexel says. "They make food more enjoyable, and help digestion too."



When dining, think of digestion too!

A WELCOME mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of di-

gestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On ship-board," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."



A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOS — Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS